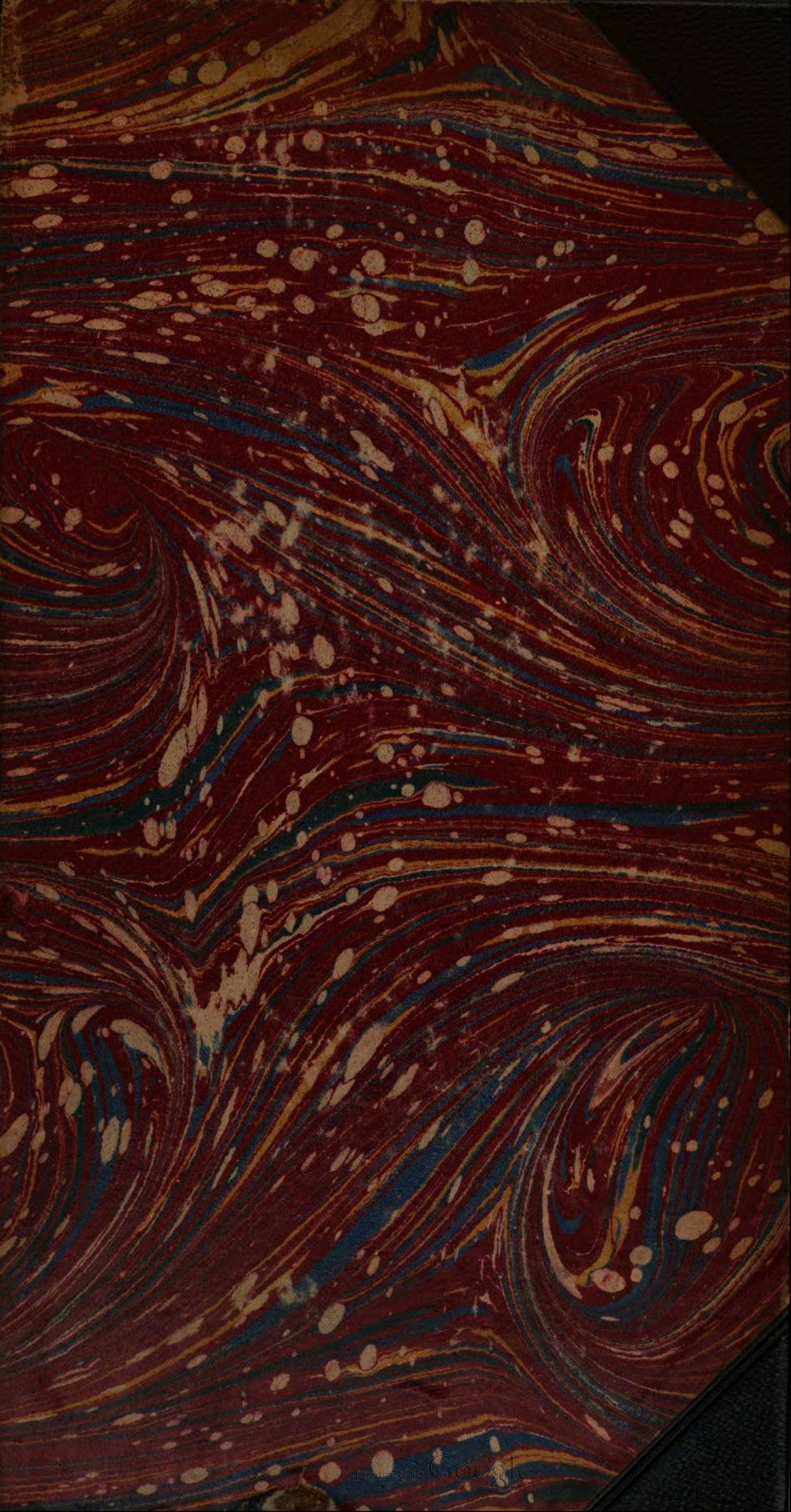

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John Marshall.
Chief Justice of U.S.

THE
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THIRD SERIES



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Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. V.

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NO. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF JUDGE MARSHALL.

JOHN MARSHALL, chief justice of the United States, was born in Virginia about the year 1756, and went through the usual course of classical education in a private school. The revolutionary war breaking out just as he attained to manhood, he immediately took arms in behalf of his country, and, as a subaltern in a volunteer corps, was actively engaged in repelling the enemy under lord Dunmore from the shores of the Chesapeake. He soon afterwards entered the continental service; in one of the regiments of the Virginia line, commanded by his father, the late colonel Thomas Marshall, in which he held the rank of captain. He continued to serve during the war, and shared the dangers and fatigues of the successive campaigns in the middle states, generally in the main army, and under the immediate command of general Washington. Youthful diffidence prevented his aspiring to higher rank; but he was universally considered as a most valuable officer, and his talents and amiable qualities gained him, in a very eminent degree, the esteem and affection of his companions in arms.

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A

When his military services were no longer wanted he engaged in the study of the law, and after a short period was called to the bar. About the same time he was elected to the Virginia assembly, and then a member of the executive council. Unassuming, and without any effort to press forward to public notice, he soon became eminent. In a short time he was at the head of the bar, and maintained that station as long as he continued in the practice, free from envy, and without jealousy. During this period he continued to serve in the public councils. He was a member of the Virginia convention in 1788, and although his time was necessarily engrossed by his extensive practice, he generally represented the city of Richmond in the state legislature. His political opinions, which were those of Washington, being, on the main points that separated the two parties, different from those of the majority, he was not accustomed to lead the political measures of that body; but, by a line of conduct at once firm and temperate, a deference for the opinions of others while he never acted contrary to his own, and a power of intellect which won the admiration, if it could not always gain the votes of his opponents, accompanied by the intuitive faculty of seeing through, at a glance, the most artful sophistry, and exposing it to the plainest capacity, he acquired, as he deserved, the general confidence of the members, and more than once carried with him an unwilling majority.

Hitherto his talents were little known, except by reputation, out of his native state. After having declined several invitations to take a share in the administration of the general government, he was prevailed on in the year 1797, when the injuries and insults of the revolutionary government of France had brought affairs between that country and America to a crisis, to accept, in conjunction with Messrs. Pinkney and Gerry, the appointment of an envoy to France. The occurrences of that embassy and its results will always form an interesting page in the history of our country. On the part of the French government the most singular intermixture of arrogance and meanness, of threats and allurements, was held out to intimidate or ensnare the envoys, and through them the American people, and reduce us, under the name of allies, to the condition of vassals: but though well aware of the fond partiality for France which had its birth in the American revolution, and

had gathered strength while the French nation, in quest of liberty, was struggling through different modes of despotism, the American embassy never swerved from the path of duty and national honour, nor for a moment lost sight of what they owed to themselves and their country. Their despatches containing the plain but eloquent narrative of what they had done and suffered were published to the citizens at large. Its effects were alike honourable to both, and for a time the accents of party were drowned in the voice of patriotism. The share that Mr. Marshall had in these transactions was well understood. One of the envoys rested his claim of merit on different grounds, the other was the first to do justice to his colleague.

Soon after his return to the United States he was chosen a member of congress, and during the short time that he remained in that body was as much distinguished as he had been in the Virginia assembly for his ability and candour. While looking back on the course of public opinion on political events, we are frequently struck with surprise at the high importance often attached to occurrences that appear to us of little moment, not recollecting that to our imperfect faculties objects are diminished by time as well as space, and that in every age and country passing events, seen through the mists of prejudice, are so distorted or magnified that it is generally by time alone that they are brought to assume their proper form and colour. Those who remember the events of that period will never forget the ferment that was excited both within and without the doors of congress by the affair of Jonathan Robins, and how it was allayed by a speech delivered on that floor, which, while it did ample justice to the arguments as well as the motives of opposition, left them on this question no ground to stand upon, and quieted the controversy.

On the——of——Mr. Marshall was appointed secretary of state. Becoming from that period a member of the administration, acting under the direction of the president, and his official duties being generally of a private nature, the details of the manner in which they were performed must be with a few exceptions, unknown to the public at large: it may however be said with truth that, although acting under a chief magistrate against whom the current of public opinion ran with increasing rapidity, Mr. Mar-

shall had the good fortune to escape the shafts of calumny, which, if they were aimed at him at all, fell harmless and unnoticed.

On the——of——he was appointed chief justice of the United States, the duties of which high office he has ever since continued to perform; how faithfully and with how much ability the memorials of the decisions of the courts of the United States in which he has presided will show. On one memorable occasion, when popular feeling was wound up to the highest pitch, and the sacrifice of a victim was demanded on the altar of justice, his steady adherence to the fundamental laws of the nation, and the calmness, deliberation, and tranquillity with which he performed the sacred duties of his station, uninfluenced by popular clamour, and unawed by threats, evinced a degree of firmness and magnanimity which, while it does him honour, holds out an example to his successors; and happy will it be for the American people if such occasions shall never recur, or if when they do happen his conduct shall be always imitated.

A life so actively employed in the performance of public duties could leave but little leisure for private occupations. Judge Marshall however found time after his appointment to his present station to write the biography of Washington. This undertaking, it is believed, was rather imposed by circumstances than adopted from choice. The history of the deeds of a man "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was to be gathered only from the general annals of the times, or from oral tradition. A higher impulse than that of mere curiosity induced a very general and anxious desire that an American pen should record those actions which did so much honour to the American name. The honourable Bushrod Washington, who was known to possess the papers and documents of his illustrious relative, the aid of which was essentially necessary to the due execution of such a work, thought it his duty to obey the call, and his friend could not refuse, at his request, to undertake the task. The numerous and bulky materials were examined and arranged, and five large volumes prepared for the press with a rapidity corresponding with the general impatience, and the work has been some years before the public. A detailed account of it would be foreign to the object of this sketch; suffice it to say that, although those

who expected to find in the life of Washington a series of romantic achievements, and the admirers of a style loaded with ornament, were disappointed. Among those who know how little the highest natural talent is able to perform in any particular walk of art or science without the aid of habit and discipline, and who make a due estimate of the difference between active and speculative life, it has more than answered expectation. On the whole, the general execution of the work is worthy of the author and the subject. Some slight inaccuracies in the style, the offspring of haste, may be remarked here and there, but its general characters are clearness, simplicity, and strength. The narration is not very often interrupted by the reflections of the author; but such as occur, and there are many in the latter part of the work, evince a powerful and well regulated understanding, and it deserves the high praise of strict accuracy and truth in the narration of events. Some have criticised it as not containing a sufficiently minute account of the private life of Washington, without reflecting that uniting regularity of conduct, with a deportment at once plain and dignified, he was not distinguished by any peculiarities of habit, and that the history of the life of Washington is that of American independence.

Chief justice Marshall having for a long time past filled a station, the gravity and dignity of which does not require, and very rarely admits any display of the powers of oratory, his reputation as a public speaker chiefly rests on the memory of those who have heard him at the bar or in the legislative hall. That he was a most powerful and impressive speaker was admitted by all, and when engaged in the discussion of a subject in any degree interesting he was always listened to with the most profound attention, yet with the multitude at the moment when he took the strongest hold on their feelings, and controled their judgment, he was admired rather as a profound reasoner than a great orator. In fact, his general habits accompanied him to the forum and the senate. *Prodesse quam conspici* was in every situation the motive and rule of his conduct, and though ever intent on doing justice to the cause he supported, his manner was unstudied, and on common occasions frequently careless, but he constantly rose with his subject: without the appearance of formal divisions, his arguments

fell naturally into the most luminous and happy arrangement. A style simple and clear, yet remarkable for its energy and compression, a quickness of perception that enabled him at once to lay hold on the strong points of his own cause and the weak ones of his adversaries, and when occasion required, a manner earnest and impressive, with the power of strongly exciting the feelings of those whom he addressed, when he seemed only to aim at convincing the understanding, certainly placed him on high ground as an orator, if oratory be the art of convincing and persuading. No doubt the same power of intellect, with a manner more diffuse, a greater copiousness of illustration, and more fertility of allusion might have entitled him to equal, though not perhaps to superior praise; but it is to be regretted that minds of an inferior order, allured by some brilliant examples, which they attempt in vain to imitate, have in some measure contributed to corrupt the public taste, and the absence of beauty is often atoned for by an excess of ornament.

In giving this sketch of the public life of chief justice Marshall the writer is justified by usage and the rules of propriety; but to obtrude the details of the private history of a living character on the community, even if it could be accurately collected, would neither be respectful to the individual nor the public. It is however allowable and proper to state in general terms, that the same benignity of disposition and simplicity of manners and deportment accompany him through every walk of life; that he passes those hours that are not devoted to business or study in the society of an amiable family, and a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintances and friends, and that he is valued most highly by those who best know him.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FRERON'S CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE.

THE following paper is one of those discriminating, clear, and intrepid productions, which tend to give character to the human mind, to break asunder the trammels of prejudice, and, if properly appreciated, even to constitute an epoch in the an-

nals of criticism. Without the least apparent bias from any sinister or unworthy motives, it presumes to speak of things *as they are*, not *as they are said to be* on the mere ground of precedent and high authority, or by writers whose judgments are overruled by the force of a blind and idolatrous admiration. There are few, if any works in English literature, which the public are accustomed to view through so distorted and fallacious a medium as the higher order of the British poets. This remark applies, perhaps, with more force to the writings of Shakspeare and Milton, than to those of any other author. Many persons—very many, who pretend to an ardent, an enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of these writers, do not, in reality understand their meaning. Without making ourselves responsible for the correctness of *all* the sentiments contained in the article which follows, we assert, without hesitation, that *most of them* are true. In the dramas of Shakspeare, enriched as they are with transcendent beauties, there exist many, very many of the most flagrant faults, both in sentiment and style, that are any where to be found in the English language. Identified, however, with the lofty and imposing reputation of the author, and sanctioned by the approbation of a long and illustrious line of critics; even these are not unfrequently referred to as models of elegant and correct composition—they are placed among the “flowers” and “beauties of Shakspeare.” To such an extent is this true, that, for nearly a century past, a reluctance to do indiscriminate homage to the prince of English dramatists, has been regarded as treason against legitimate authority—a refusal to sound his unqualified praises, has been considered as tantamount to heresy in letters.

To break the spell which has so long, and so unaccountably hung over this subject—to induce the lovers of polite literature to consider Shakspeare as a mere man, a poet, and nothing more, subject, like other men, to the errors and frailties of human nature—to make them dwell on his faults as well as his merits, with a view to guard against the contamination of the one, while they profit by the beauties and excellencies of the other—to be instrumental in substituting, in relation to all the most popular British poets, sound criticism in the place of that blindfold admiration which has hitherto so generally and injuriously prevailed—such appear to be among the objects of our distinguished correspon-

debt in furnishing us with the following able communication, and we do not know that he can better subserve the cause of literary independency and taste, than by pursuing the subject to a greater extent. **Ed.**

SIR,

THE excessive admiration of the English for Shakspeare, adopted almost to its full extent in this country, has long been a matter of surprise to their neighbours on the continent, the French and the Germans, who seem incapable of forgetting or forgiving the faults of this author, or of relishing his beauties; most probably from the great difficulty that a foreigner feels, in attaining a competent knowledge of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of a foreign people, as well as the more obvious deficiency he must experience as to the language.

It may not be amiss however to know, in what respects, and why, the sentiments of learned foreigners do not coincide with our own as to this poet; and I fancy we shall come nearer the truth of his character, by fairly examining his defects as well as his beauties; in which case I think we shall be led to discard some part of the excessive admiration we are accustomed to pay to the works of Shakspeare: an admiration forced upon us, and almost beaten into us, by the incessant and overstrained panegyrics of his own countrymen.

Indeed we pay, in my opinion, far too much deference to the whole class of poets and play-writers; a deference too, that we adopt in language but not in feeling: we have not the courage to speak out: we are overwhelmed with the weight of critical authority; and our orthodoxy on this subject, like some others I could name, is nominal only; proceeding from fear and fashion, not from conviction. A *fides carbonaria*; a literary conscience pinned on the sleeve of English criticism. Let the reader honestly answer himself this question: did you ever peruse Shakspeare or Milton through, continuedly, when you began to read these authors? Has not your perusal of them been desultory and occasional? because you are required to have read them. Did you ever read through the long winded pages of Thomson, or the solemn bombast of Dr. Young? a book I never take up, without thinking of Dibdin's song "Let us all be unhappy together!"

I shall not present the reader with Voltaire's lively, sarcastic, and disingenuous criticisms on the great English dramatist, but with the serious argumentative objections of the *Journal Litteraire* for 1717, p. 198. It forms part of a regular critique on the English poets, dramatists, and periodical essayists of that day. I think it is written by Freron, but I am not sure of this: *Le Bibliotheque Universelle* is Le Clerc's. Des Fontaines did not edit the review in question, and Freron *was* editor of a review of that period, and I believe of the *Journal Litteraire*. At any rate, it is a critique not tinged like Voltaire's with ill natured misrepresentation, and containing in my opinion much just remark.

"The tragic authors of that nation (England) are not a whit more sparing of their plagiaries from the French than their comic writers. Dryden, one of their most esteemed dramatists, has ventured to stigmatize the works of Corneille as *whipt cream*; yet compare his *Œdipus* with the *Œdipus* of Corneille, and you will find almost every beautiful passage absolutely pillaged from the French author; and even whole scenes are copied without mercy and without acknowledgment. Racine has been equally treated as an alien enemy: even without naming him, the English have stolen the whole of his *Mithridates*, and passed it for a tragedy purely English.

"It would be impossible to conceive such effrontery, if one did not reflect on the general contempt of the whole English nation for whatever is French, and upon the general ignorance that has hitherto prevailed among them of the language of their neighbours. I am well persuaded, that there are several able men in England, well informed on the laws of dramatic composition, who are acquainted with the human heart, and know the rules according to which pleasurable feeling is excited and continued by the development and exhibition of certain passions, who well know the superiority of the French tragedies over the English, but who dare not avow their sentiments except in private, on account of this popular prejudice: who fear to be accused, as correspondents of the enemy, and guilty of high treason against national opinion.

Certainly the English audience have not hitherto required of their dramatic writers to observe the usual laws of dramatic composition; and those writers, well satisfied with this indulgence,

take no pains to reform the public taste in this particular. They take even more liberties with tragedy than with comedy; and yet the learned men of England are more devoted to the ancients even than the French are. Generally speaking the Poetics of Aristotle is a work highly esteemed among them, as well as the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles, which have been the models and examples from which the Greek philosopher drew his rules, in those passages which relate to the theatre. But the *old* English dramatists appear not to have known these rules: the modern authors seeing their predecessors applauded, who had no pretensions to accuracy, and disliking restraint themselves, have chosen to tread the beaten path, rather than confine their genius by the trammels of Greek tragedy.

"It must be acknowledged, that among these rules, there are some not so essential as others, and which may almost be considered as arbitrary, such as those which prescribe the exact unities of time and place. It is not more difficult to imagine by a sudden change of decoration, that the personæ dramatis are conveyed to a different place, than to suppose that chance directs the matter so cleverly, that they all find themselves somehow or other together at the spot required. As to time, as all theatrical representations occupy less than the real transactions would require, the fancy may well exert itself a little, and thirty hours in the space of two, as easily as fifteen. A moderate liberty taken upon this point will not ruin a tragedy essentially good, conformable to nature, and to the design of such a representation.

"The design of such a dramatic representation, is to set before the listening spectators, in as natural and forcible a manner as possible, one event, or one action calculated to display the evils that may attend even virtue itself, if not guarded against the operation of certain foibles of our nature: or, to place before their eyes some one action or event, calculated to display the success of virtuous conduct, or the misery induced by crime. Such a representation should excite, sustain, and continually augment the attention, so as to affect and interest the spectator more and more, until he arrives at that degree of emotion which the author endeavours to inspire. Hence it should seem, that several persons of the drama, equal in the interest they excite—or several events

equally touching, happening to the same person, diminish the attention in proportion as they divide it: nor is it possible in a representation of two hours, so to manage different subjects as to bring forward with full effect all the circumstances necessary to place them in the strongest light, and to make the most forcible impression on the feelings. Let us endeavour to illustrate this by an example.

“A painting which represents Alexander in the tent of Darius, and surrounded by the family of that monarch, if executed by an artist skilled in his profession, will put this interview in relief, and bring out the subject, with every attendant circumstance most capable to affect the passions, and interest the imagination: every figure will merit particular attention; each may vary from the rest, but all will concur to excite sublime ideas of the grandeur and generosity of the conqueror. It would require some time to feel all the beauties of such a performance; and if the same space of time were occupied in running over a gallery of paintings, we should be struck but slightly with their beauties, for the impression made by one, would be quickly effaced by another. A skillful connoisseur would require a whole day to satisfy his curiosity: nay more, he would require to return again and again to examine each picture in detail, and to impress on his memory a full and perfect idea of the performance. A painting which presents us in a moderate space of time all the figures, and all the attitudes, expressions, and circumstances necessary to give relief to the principal subject, will give us an idea of a perfect tragedy. A painting which in the same time offers to our view on the canvass, as many different subjects as a gallery of paintings, is like a tragedy of many plots, which neglects the skillful delineation of circumstances necessary to bring out the principal story in full day, and to render the great characters energetic and touching.

“It is likely, that every one who reflects on what is essential to tragedy, will admit these rules to be so; and that without them a tragedy would not be tragedy. But upon this footing, the theatrical pieces of Shakspeare are not tragedies: although the English regard him as the most admirable writer of this class; and in the prologues of all those who have succeeded him, the influence of flattery is presented as to the god of the drama. It is ac-

knowledgeed that he observes no rules, but they pardon this slight offence, as to genius paramount to all rules, and who needs them not for the purpose of exalting and interesting the feelings of the spectator. But they are wrong: nor do they, who say so, believe what they say. Doubtless this author abounded in genius; and as he wrote (if one may so say) at hazard, he now and then seized hold of inimitable traits of character, but frequently accompanied with circumstances so little elevated, that one may doubt whether in his writings, the vulgarity gives relief to the sublimity, or the last makes us feel more sensibly the impropriety of the first.

"This author has imitated no one: drawing only upon the fund of his own fancy, he appears to have abandoned his works to the care of fortune, without selecting circumstances elevated and necessary to his subject, and without rejecting such as were useless or unbecoming. In those pieces which he has withdrawn from the character of tragedy, there does not appear one rule substituted in place of those offered by the ancients which he has neglected to study. His personages jump from the east to the west, and the spectator is compelled to bear them company, sometimes in one part of the world, sometimes in another. As to the limits of time, he respects them so little that the space of two years in his works, frequently represent many years; and you see the same act the man grown, whom you had been introduced to an infant in the preceding acts. Many of his tragedies contain nearly the whole life of the hero, and five or six of them comprehend a large portion of the history of England. It is true, these are called *historical tragedies*; but by whatever name they are called, they are meant for theatrical representations, and these appellations only prove, that the author or editor was sensible of the defects to which we object. Still it requires some reflection to fall into these defects, but the divine Shakspeare falls into others, which it requires only common feeling to render insupportable. In the most touching situations of some of his tragedies, where the spectator is all attention, and where he surrenders his feelings to the agitation which the poet has excited—in the very crisis of the performance, the attention is interrupted and the emotion tranquillized by some of those scenes of buffoonery which are hardly grave enough for the Opera Buffa.

" Thus in Hamlet. His mistress is dead: he is plunged into the deepest sorrow at the death of his father poisoned by his uncle, who succeeds in consequence to the throne and to the bed of the unfortunate king: we wait for the overwhelming sensations in which this last and heaviest blow, the death of his mistress, is calculated to involve him; we put ourselves in the place of the unfortunate Hamlet, and join in his lamentations: but we deceive ourselves; this is precisely the situation which the author has chosen to excite a laugh in that part of the audience who are weak enough to be diverted with his stale pleasantries. Two grave diggers come upon the stage, to dig the grave of his mistress, the young princess. After some skirmishing of quibbles, one of these important personages begins his digging with a song characterized by nonsense and buffoonery. The prince comes in with one of his friends, makes several unmeaning inquiries of the grave diggers, which brings out from them replies filled with dull equivocations and vulgar wit. They are interrupted by the funeral ceremony attended by all the court. It is then Hamlet begins to be apprised of his loss. He expresses his grief in some bombastic phrases, which are dictated by any thing but real feeling:

I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers,
 Could not with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
 Come show me what thou'lt do;
 Would weep? would fight? would fast? would tear thyself?
 Would drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her: and so will I;
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw,
 Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
 Singing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

But it seems this vulgar and disgusting rant must be forgiven. It was not the plan of the author to make the prince deliver himself in his usual, noble and natural manner; he was to put on the madman, the better to conceal his purposes of vengeance against

his father's murderers. His affected extravagance, joined to the real derangement of his mistress Ophelia, fills the piece with so many of these silly scenes necessary to the project of the author, that tears are far more scarce among the spectators, than bursts of laughter. What makes this composition still more extraordinary, is, that no tragedy can be found with a more shocking catastrophe; for almost all the persons of the drama, die in presence of the audience by poison or by the sword.

"What most delights the pit and the galleries, is the ghost of old Hamlet, who, armed cap-a-pie, announces to his son the crime of the king and queen, and calls on him to avenge his murder. Whether Shakspeare was really superstitious, or whether it was necessary for him to seem so, to please a people who in his day entertained these silly notions, I cannot say; but several of his pieces are filled with such puerilities, which the nation admire traditionally. The wits think he has marvellously succeeded in making these imaginary beings speak, and it must be acknowledged that the ghost of Hamlet makes a very forcible address, and that the replies of Hamlet are also very energetic. This young prince also, while ignorant of the real cause of his father's death, describes with great force the light conduct of his mother, who in so short a time after the death of a most respectable husband, could bring herself to a second marriage. But as it seems the fate of this poet to say nothing beautiful without some vulgar and debasing accompaniment, he makes his hero remark, that she had not yet worn out the shoes with which she followed his father to the grave. In truth, all that is excellent in this author is attended with so many vulgarities and insipidities, that his works appear the production rather of a disordered imagination than of a genius of the first order.

"Yet as a whole, this play of Hamlet is more tolerable than another theatrical performance of the same author, of which, even the title affords ground for fair criticism. I mean the life and death of Richard III, with the arrival of the earl of Richmond in England, and the battle of Bosworth field. Such a title deserves a full account of the play.

"Henry VI having met with many troubles during his life, dies; as well as his son the prince of Wales, who is murdered by

Richard duke of Gloucester. The crown thus passes to the house of York, in the person of Edward IV, brother to Richard: this last is determined to seize upon the throne at every hazard. He begins by infusing suspicions into the king, against George duke of Clarence, who is sent to the Tower. Richard, in love with Anna, widow of the prince of Wales, meets her as she is attending the funeral of her father-in-law Henry, the deceased king. She utters all manner of reproaches against her detestable lover, and prays for every curse upon his head. Yet, in the short space of this conversation, she becomes touched with his offers to put himself to death at her command, and very gallantly accepts him for a husband. King Edward having precipitately given orders to put Clarence to death, his brother as hastily puts the order in execution; and Edward dies of remorse. He had confided the guardianship of his two sons Edward prince of Wales, and Richard duke of York, to his brother the duke of Gloucester: this monster causes them to be strangled in the Tower. He is proclaimed king under the title of Richard III: many noblemen whom he supposes hostile to his tyranny, perish at his command. In one of the scenes, he is represented asleep on the stage, and the ghosts of all the victims of his cruelty, present themselves to him in a dream, and actually pass in review in their own proper persons before the spectators! These visions inspire him with excruciating remorse, and give him a presentiment of the catastrophe of Bosworth field, where he is slain by the duke of Richmond; who thus avenging the deaths of so many innocent and illustrious persons, arrives at the throne. What is not a little singular, the ghosts in this nocturnal vision sometimes address Richard, and sometimes the duke of Richmond, each of them still remaining in his own camp! A play founded on such gross improbabilities, and leaning on such vulgar prejudices, does not seem calculated to exalt the character of the author.

“In this manner the great Shakspeare has treated the history of England from the reign of William the conqueror to his own time. One may well suppose that he has composed a prodigious number of this sort of tragedies; and he has so; so many, that in number he may well compare with all the French tragic writers of the last century put together. It is difficult to imagine

how one life would suffice for so laborious an occupation, or how one brain could spin out so many different plots. I acknowledge, however, that if a man will write without rule, and give the reins to his imagination, he may write a great deal.

I shall quit this author after having spoken a word or two on one of his most celebrated works, entitled *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*. This Moor, general of the forces of the Venetian Republic, having gained the affections of a daughter of one of the senators, carries her off and marries her. In a pleading before the senate and the doge, he is acquitted, in consequence of his fair one acknowledging that the fault was as much hers, as her husband's. The married pair go together to Cyprus, where the jealousy of the Moor is excited by the treachery of an officer called Iago, who conceived himself entitled to a post which the general had given to another. Hence he intimates slight suspicions to Othello against his wife and Cassio, an officer who had been preferred to him. He carries the latter to a debauch, which takes place upon the stage. Iago sings some stupid drinking songs, and Cassio staggers about too drunk to walk or to speak, which is, no doubt, extremely diverting. In this situation Iago engages him in a quarrel with some half-witted fellow, in which several of the military men intermingle. Iago appears alarmed, and to give the business an appearance of criminal consequence, he procures the bell to be rung. The general arrives in the midst of this tumult, and incensed against Cassio deprives him of his post. This quickly sobers Cassio, who, inconsolable for his fault, is persuaded by the traitor Iago to endeavour to procure his pardon from the Moor, through the intercession of the wife.

This lady is induced, by the natural goodness of her disposition, to undertake the cause with warmth; a circumstance which Iago has the art to empoison. The credulous Moor grows cool towards his wife; and attributes his manners in this respect, to a violent head ach: upon which she takes a handkerchief out of her pocket to tie round his head. This handkerchief, the first gift of love, lies on the stage and is picked up by the wife of Iago, who is lady of the bedchamber to the heroine of the piece. She innocently gives it to her husband, who asks her for it. He throws it into the apartment of Cassio, who finds it; and Iago confirms the

suspicious of the Moor by assuring him that Desdemona had given it to Cassio. Othello gives instructions to Iago to put Cassio to death; and resolves also to take away the life of Desdemona, which he does by smothering her in bed. Iago excites the madman, who had the former quarrel with Cassio to attack him in the dark. He does so: Cassio defends himself, and mortally wounds his antagonist, receiving at the same time a wound himself. Iago, who is present at this assassination, pretends to run in at the cries of the wounded, and hastens to kill Roderigo, to conceal, more surely, his own part in this criminal transaction. The wounded are carried in, and the wife of Iago going into the room where Othello had smothered his wife, surprises and afflicts him by the tidings that Cassio was not dead. She sees her mistress expiring, and being informed by the Moor of the cause of this cruelty, she explains the whole mystery of her husband's treason: he comes in; she accuses him so harshly that Iago runs her through the body. He is seized; so is Othello, who puts himself to death, and the government of Cyprus is committed to Cassio.

"I shall not waste my time in criticising this plot; its faults are manifest: the actors are compelled to suppress three or four scenes in the representation: but I cannot comprehend how Desdemona, smothered as she is, can hold a conversation with her lady of the bedchamber. Had she been put to death by poison or the sword, this might well be: but a person *smothered*, must be deprived of all sensation: and if Desdemona could so far recover as to talk, she might as well recover for every other purpose.

"I shall not dwell on the older tragic authors, who have followed the immortal, the divine Shakspeare: their pieces are more or less irregular, not according to the observance or neglect of the rules of art founded on common sense, but according to greater or less irregularity of the subjects chosen.

"Another defect in all these tragedies, at which any other people would revolt, is that they aim at exciting pity and terror by the most dreadful cruelties, committed in the very sight of the spectators. This has been carried so far, that you may see on the theatre a man represented as broken alive on the wheel, complaining horribly of the cruelty of his tyrants."

So far Freron. I omit his criticisms on other English authors, which however contains much good sense. As to these remarks on Shakspeare, I do not see how they can be resisted. To me they are obviously just. That author doubtless excels in admirable and well sustained delineation of character and passion: his reflections on common life and human nature in various places, are forcible and interesting in a very high degree; and the poetry of his diction often rises to the sublime. But it is blindness, indeed, to be blind to the complication and absurdity of many of his plots—to the disgusting intermixture of vulgar scenes, sentiments, and language with the most interesting parts of his pieces—to the childish introduction of ghosts and witches to tickle the ears and eyes of the very lowest of the populace—and to the frequent incongruity of metaphor and bombast of language which his plays exhibit. It is high time that there should be something like common sense exercised in criticising the celebrated writers of poetry, whether dramatic, epic, lyric, or didactic: and that something like the exercise of common sense should be required from them. Milton, for instance, abounds in fine passages; but what man of taste can read without an intermixture of disgust, the invention of cannons and cannon balls in the fight of the angels, and the low punning in the first fight to which the success of this invention gives rise.

Sometime soon, I will review the lives of Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Prior, Cowper, with some remarks on Moore, Scott, and Byron. As a class of men I know few so very little entitled to admiration or applause as the poets to whom so much has been paid: to go through the dramatists, with the same view, would be too much: but of late this last set of writers have been brought by interest to respect public opinion and public decorum. Enough for the present.

Yours,

T. C.

Carlisle, October, 1814.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REPLY TO T. C.'S ESSAY ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THOUGH with you I admit the science and ingenuity displayed by the writer of the Remarks on Vegetable Life, which appeared in the Port Folio for July and August, yet I am far from being convinced that his arguments in favour of the sensibility and voluntariness of vegetables are conclusive. He appears, in the outset of his essay, to have hesitated himself. The investigation warms him; and before the conclusion, he pronounces without a *perhaps*. However, when we consider the passage which he selects from sir H. Davy, and some other hints thrown out in the essay, we are induced to consider the modesty with which he commences, as rather proceeding from a fear of alarming his reader, than from any doubts as to the truth of his theory. In the sentences which T. C. quotes from the Chemical Principles of Agriculture, professor Davy declares his belief in the immateriality of the soul of man. There is indeed a degree of obscurity in the manner of his avowing this belief, by which he gives some room for the severe criticism of your correspondent. But the intention of the deservedly celebrated British chymist clearly is to assert, that the life of man is of a more perfect and elevated character than that of vegetables, because human life is placed under the direction of a superior immaterial principle. That a chymist, and especially one of professor Davy's celebrity, should express to the world his belief in the immateriality of the human soul was not to be borne with patience. This, without a breach of charity, may be assigned as the reason of the attack on the professor. T. C. "flies the course" for a few pages to lessen the authority of Mr. Davy as a chymist. He returns to the race in order to run down the doctrine of the immateriality of the soul. This, however, he attempts to do indirectly. He seeks to elevate the vegetable from that low station which it has been supposed to hold, rather than to degrade man from his supposed elevation. That his object is not mistaken, appears from the introduction of Dr. Beattie and Dugald Stewart in a note, the former as of an "effeminate mind," and the latter as "an elegant and plausible trifler." It is certainly

fair, as the philosophers and critics of the old world have so long treated with contempt both our animal and literary productions, that we should begin to indemnify ourselves by making reprisals. And it must be gratifying to every *true American*, that we have literary men of sufficient enterprise to make the attempt, and of talents, both natural and acquired, to justify it. Certainly no American writer has been treated with more disdain by any European critic than Beattie, Stewart, and Davy have by T. C. But why have *they* been selected? Certainly, because they are among the most able and celebrated advocates for an ancient doctrine, which modern Philosophy in her pride has chosen to deny.

We are also recommended to a course of physiological study in order to prepare us for the study of metaphysics. We are then to proceed to the vibrations and vibratiuncles of Hartley. These supposed vibratory actions of supposed chordules performed in the medulla, or in the coats of the nerves, or some where else, will account for all the infinitely varied phenomena of thought, volition, passion, &c.

But it may be asked, how is the hypothesis of the sensibility and voluntariness of vegetables hostile to the immateriality of the soul? It is supposed that no one will presume to attribute to vegetables an immaterial principle. If, then, sensibility and voluntariness can be proved to exist where there is nothing more than organized matter, there will be afforded a strong presumption that man is merely an organized, material machine. Even did your correspondent succeed, I would not admit the consequence. This indirect mode of attacking popular opinions, has been adopted in other cases. Masked batteries are often remarkably efficient.

T. C. seems to have been aware that serious and dangerous consequences might be thought deducible from his theory; he, therefore, anticipates and attempts to set them aside. He expresses a fear that some will think vegetables too much elevated, or man too much depressed. Whether, with all his caution, he has not done this, may be inferred from the following example: "I entirely agree (Port Folio for July, p. 71) with Cabanis, Rapport du Physique, et du Moral de l'Homme, I, 134, that to these unfelt internal impressions, are to be ascribed all the phenomena of instinct, which in many cases operates on the organs of volun-

ary motion, even in the human species, till the expansion of the faculties attended with experience, converts what was originally (as in sucking) an instinctive into a voluntary impulse." Thus we find, that while voluntariness is attributed to plants, it is denied to infants, at least in sucking. The vegetable is then clearly elevated above the infant. I would gladly learn of T. C. (to use his own style with professor Davy) when the infant becomes as much advanced in dignity as the plant? Whether this ever happens? Whether plants in their infancy possess voluntariness? Whether if the reader who calls that vegetable instinct which he calls voluntariness is more bound to explain what he means, than T. C. is when he speaks of the instinct of infants. But, I recollect the infant plant is endowed with voluntariness. Its radicles shoot downwards, and its plumula upwards, we are told, by a voluntary impulse, while infants are said to suck without voluntariness! This I shall hereafter introduce for another purpose.

We are told "that divines generally ground the doctrine of a future state on the vivifying immaterial principle which exclusively belongs to man." I do not know on what this assertion is grounded. Divines have, indeed, introduced the immateriality of the soul as a collateral proof of its immortality. There is a degree of propriety in using it in this way. At least, if it be proved (what never can be proved) that all the phenomena of what has been called mind, proceed from the operations of a mere material machine, there will then be a cessation of all thought when the animal or material machine is dismounted at death. There is then an end to the doctrine of a future state, at least until the animal machine is re-formed. Divines have not only generally, but, so far as I know, universally, grounded the doctrine of a future state on express revelation. The writer of the strictures on Vegetable Life exhibits his own benevolence, but offers, when he expresses a wish to extend the capacity of enjoyment to the vegetable kingdom, no proof but what may be applied to all creation.

If any one were to write an essay to prove that minerals possess sensibility and voluntariness, he might introduce it with all those captivating benevolent views which T. C. has exhibited to render his theory plausible. It might even be extended to give countenance to the ancient mythology. How delightful would it

be to suppose Madam Terra endowed with sensibility and voluntariness in proportion to her magnitude, and that her fibres were agitated to the very centre with amatorial sensibilities when Sol or Jupiter embraces her! The whole stupendous machinery of creation might be most benevolently endowed with extensive capacities of enjoyment. Doubtless if some Darwin would sing The Loves of the Universe, there would not be wanting grave philosophers attempting to prove their realities by long series of elegant and plausible analogies.

It is hinted that vegetables and insects have equal claims to sensibility or capacity for enjoyment. "Considering how large a portion of the earth's surface is occupied almost exclusively by vegetables and *insects*, I am averse to believe that with respect to the production of happiness, all this should be a waste." But does it follow from denying that vegetables possess the power of sensation, that "all this should be waste?" Surely not. Insects unequivocally possess sensibility. Probably there is not a single plant in the whole vegetable kingdom, that is not absolutely necessary to the sustenance of one or more families of insects. Hence, though vegetables should possess no capacities of enjoyment, they are necessary to the production of that degree of enjoyment which is experienced by countless myriads of insects. The forests also, in supplying food for insects, feed many species of fowls. Supplies are also furnished by the forests to fishes. The fruits which they yield, and the insects which they nourish fall into the streams, where they are partly devoured by fresh water fish, and partly conveyed to the ocean for the supply of its inhabitants. On the fowls and fishes, thus nourished by the forests, man feeds. Thus, though vegetables themselves should be found to possess no sensibility, the forests cannot be said to be waste as to the production of happiness.

On this introductory show of benevolence, T. C. does not rest his principal arguments in favour of vegetable sensibility and voluntariness. He goes into an extensive view of the analogies between vegetable and animal life. On these analogies he evidently places much dependence for the confirmation of his theory. It is admitted that there are numerous and beautiful analogies between the vegetable and animal kingdoms—These are elegantly unfold-

ed in Darwin's *Phytologia*. T. C.'s paper is not much more than a condensed view of the first nine sections of that work. In some instances, indeed, as he warns us, he departs from the theory of Darwin. He keeps up the distinction between animals and vegetables, as when he says, "vegetables like animals," &c. Darwin declares, *Phytologia*, p. 2, "vegetables are in reality an inferior order of animals. However, the philosopher of Derby is certainly more consistent than the philosopher of Carlisle. Admit that plants possess all the properties that T. C. attributes to them, and they are not only animals, but animals of a dignified order.

All the analogies which are traced, even admitting them to be correct, scarcely afford a presumption in favour of your correspondent's theory. The formation, the growth, the development of the animal, and the performance of the greater part of the animal functions, are entirely independent of volition and even of sensibility, at least of perceptible sensibility, and imperceptible sensibility is a solecism. The whole artereal system, the lacteals and lymphatics, and the several organs of secretion all perform their functions, as independent of our volitions, as the revolutions of the planet Jupiter. We cannot prevent or control them but by the destruction of the animal machine. It is between these involuntary and even insensible functions of animal nature, and vegetable functions that Darwin and T. C. have instituted a comparison. Vegetables like animals assimilate food. Is the assimilation of animal food a voluntary act? No. Is it accompanied with sensation? No. Hence it affords no proof of T. C.'s theory. The same may be said of other analogies.

In the animal system, we have irritability, contractility, extensibility, and that kind of loco-motion which T. C. attributes to vegetables, displaying their various effects under the influence of their appropriate stimuli and impulses, without either sensation or volition. The muscles of the heart are irritable, and when stimulated by the blood they contract. But here is neither sensation nor volition. If the blood is conveyed through the artereal and venous systems by a muscular power residing in themselves, as is most probably the case, they afford another example of a similar nature. As to loco-motion, T. C. certainly uses it in a novel acceptance. It has been always before, so far as I know, employed to express that power by which an individual changes its

place. As T. C. uses it, nothing more is intended than the *growth* of an individual, and the motion of some members. Growth in the animal system is performed without either sensation or volition. As to the loco-motion of some members, I shall examine it presently.

Now though we were to admit all the analogies of T. C. before he comes to sensibility and volition, they do not afford even a presumption in favour of these latter. Whether it be a correct mode of philosophising to infer that vegetables possess some of the noblest prerogatives of animals, because they resemble them in some inferior properties, let those who are competent, judge. There are certainly more numerous and less equivocal analogies existing between brute animals, and the animal system in man, than between vegetables and animals. Man possesses a rational and immortal soul, shall we infer that brute animals do so too? To reason in this way, would be to act like those birds which we are told pecked the apples painted by a celebrated Grecian artist. The birds inferred that the paintings possessed the pulp of the apple, because they possessed the colour. After all, I consider the proofs adduced in favour of the irritability of the vegetable fibre as extremely equivocal. The most striking are drawn from a few plants. We might admit that a few plants possess it, and not all. Some animals have warm blood, others have not; some have the power of loco-motion, others have not.

Some of T. C.'s analogies, I confess I do not understand. When he says, Vol. IV. No. 2. page 178—"Vegetables, like animals, have an apparatus, by which light as well as the atmospheric and other gases are taken in and decomposed: part converted into nutriment, &c." Now I am to be informed by what apparatus it is that animals take in *light* and convert it into nutriment. Other great men, as well as professor Davy, can speak loosely it seems.

But let us examine the arguments which are offered *directly* in proof of these high vegetable prerogatives, *sensibility* and *voluntarity*. "I state it, says T. C. page 185, as a maxim universal, incontrovertible, that there is no evidence of cause and effect, but the constant concomitance of the circumstances; wherein the one always precedes, and the other always follows." This pro-

position may be susceptible of demonstration. It certainly needs it. I, for one, if I understand it, do not assent to its truth. Indeed it has been generally thought by metaphysicians, that mere concomitants of circumstances, affords no proof at all of cause and effect. Night invariably precedes day, and day invariably follows night. Is night the cause of day; and day the effect of night? Yes, if T. C.'s universal and incontrovertible maxim be true.

When a stroke of a sword takes off a man's head, we say the stroke was the cause of the man's death, death invariably follows such a stroke, as day invariably follows night. It is left for T. C. to point out what evidence we have of cause and effect in the one case, that is wanting in the other. It will not, I conceive, be difficult to find, and when found, it must be something else than mere concomitance. The proposition indeed, astonished me. I said, can T. C. really so commit himself! "Hartley on man, and the modern writers on physiology, Richerand, Bichat, Crichton, and the elementary works of the schoolmen," do not, surely, teach such metaphysical maxims.

In the preceding page, 184, of T. C.'s essay, there is a proposition, if possible, still more exceptionable:—"But whether in great things or in small, the general rule is the same: when I see motions and exertions, manifestly tending, and calculated to answer a particular purpose as means an to end, I presume that they are really intended to answer that purpose."—"And in all such cases, when I discover no impulse whatever *ab extra* to cause the motion, I have no alternative but to refer it to some excitement *ab intra*." What then? When the magnetic needle points to the north pole, as a means to direct the surveyor and the mariner, are we to suppose that the needle really intends it to answer that purpose? We know of no impulse from without. It must then, according to T. C. come from within; and if his reasoning, or rather assertion here, has any relevancy to his subject, the action of the needle must be sensible and voluntary. Besides, it greatly enlarges the field of enjoyment, and puts it into our power to communicate capacities of happiness to a most important class of minerals, nay, perhaps in the progress of discovery, to the whole of the mineral kingdom. T. C.'s own domicile. Clocks will also

be sentient and voluntary beings. Where is the impulse from without? The weights move the whole machine by a voluntary effort to recline on the lap of their mother earth. This must be admitted; for where is the impulse from without the weights? You will answer, gravitation. But what is this? what causes gravitation? prove it to be a cause operating from without? You cannot. Then it must be a cause from within. Now in T. C.'s vocabulary, the cause *ab intra* is synonymous with sensation and volition. Hence clocks are moved by a voluntary impulse.

But we do not stop here: we mount on the wings of our expansive and benevolent theory to the starry heavens. Mercury, Venus, the Earth (let us walk lightly over her) Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschell, and hundreds of comets in our own system, and planets and comets of other systems, perform their stupendous diurnal and annual revolutions sensibly and voluntarily, and no doubt, with high degrees of enjoyment proportioned to their magnitudes. Neither the mighty genius of Newton, nor the ingenuity of Laplace, has been able to prove the existence of a cause *ab extra*. Then since "*I can discover no impulse ab extra,*" I am compelled to pronounce them voluntary. Wonderful discovery! No matter about "*the shell and strata of the earth.*" She is sentient to her centre, otherwise she would not benevolently turn us to the sun every day. For though Newton's fluid, put into motion in right lines by Laplace, may carry her round the sun, no one has ever attempted to discover an *ab extra* impulse for her diurnal revolution.

Wild as all this is, I do conceive the chain of reasoning by which I arrive at these results, to be as strong as that employed by T. C. in his attempt to elevate the vegetable kingdom to the rank of sensation and volition. But the utter fallacy of the doctrine he endeavours to maintain will be rendered still more manifest by a detailed examination of his several arguments. "In a darkened room, the whole plant turns towards a ray of light purposely admitted—vegetables uniformly turn the upper surfaces of their leaves to the light." Whether T. C. adopts the theory that every bud and every leaf, every stamen and every pistil constitutes a distinct vegetable being, and that what we have been accustomed to consider one plant, is in reality a family of plants, does not

appear *clearly* from any part of the essay that we are examining. This sentence will be inaccurate however on any other supposition than that he differs from Darwin. By the "whole plant," he certainly intends what Darwin would call an assemblage of vegetables. Where then is the common sensory to which the volition is referred, which causes the plant to turn itself? We are told, that in the tragopogon and anemone the common sensory is "seated in the claws of the petals, or divisions of the corolla." But this will not do here. The whole plant bends itself. The common sensory must be placed somewhere in the main stem. If it be in the main stem, in the plant which turns, it must be so situated in every plant; for every plant is turned to the light. Again, what is meant by that act of volition? Is it a self determining principle? Does it embrace or presuppose the power of acquiring knowledge and comparing motives? Metaphysicians of the school which T. C. recommends, presuppose all these, in order to the act of volition in man. Voluntarity in intellectual beings, is, or ought to be the last result of their best powers of intellection. Are we then to suppose that a plant reasons before it bends its head towards the intromitted ray of light? or is the voluntarity of a plant essentially different from that faculty in man? all these inquiries are intimately connected with the subject. He who affirms voluntarity of vegetables, is bound to solve, at least the greater part of these difficulties. But waving all these considerations, we have in this case an impulse *ab extra*. Light is a material agent. It acts upon the plant before it moves. For though the whole intromitted ray does not fall upon the plant, some portion of it, either by refraction or reflection must. And the plant turns precisely towards that quarter, whence it receives the greatest portion of light. There is nothing more remarkable in this, than in the magnetic needle pointing to the pole. We might give it the name of vegetable attraction. It would mean, at least as much as magnetic attraction. Happily, however, in this case we can advance one step farther, in assigning a reason for this change of position in the leaf, without attributing it to voluntarity.

The action of light upon the leaves of vegetables, disengages oxygen gas, and more, as Dr. Priestley informs us, from the under than from the upper side of the leaf. The arteries of the

leaf run near the upper surface, where the vegetable blood is oxygenated; *Phytologia*, p. 272. Like the thin membrane that covers the internal cavities of the lungs, the delicate membrane which is spread over the upper surface of the leaf, attracts and absorbs the oxygen of the atmosphere. When the under part of a leaf is exposed to light, oxygen is evolved. Hence a small volume of air, near that surface, possesses a larger portion of that gas, than the other parts of the atmosphere in the neighbourhood of the leaf. No doubt it is rapidly diffused in every direction, but its constant evolution preserves its preponderance on that side. As the membrane of the opposite surface has an affinity for the oxygen, it will continually tend towards that part where oxygen is most abundant. Not only this, but various other vegetable phenomena may be satisfactorily accounted for in this way. If the leaf turned instantaneously as a man by an act of volition turns his hand, I admit that this account would be unsatisfactory. But it is performed by a gradual and very slow progress. The plant or leaf must be endowed with no common degree of that excellent virtue, patience, if it exerts one act of volition for several days. It would equal any thing of the kind in the animal kingdom. The account just given of the turning of the leaf, will also account for the turning of a whole plant. If the young leaves of the opening bud keep their respiratory or upper surfaces towards the light, the whole plant must bend that way. The impulse given to the leaf by the escapement of the oxygen from the lower surface will aid in producing the effect. After all, is the turning of the leaf or plant, more likely to proceed from voluntariness, than the sucking of a young infant; which T. C. after Cabanis, tells us, is not voluntary? Another argument of T. C.'s is:—"The tendril of the vine shoots straight towards a support within its reach, instead of forming a spiral, as when there is no such support." Surely the tendril, or the vine to which it belongs must have a knowledge that the support is near. It will naturally belong to the whole plant to possess this knowledge, as no one has hinted that a tendril is a distinct individual. Now, we must be informed by what means the plant acquires this knowledge, whether by a sense of hearing, seeing, or smelling; or by some external sense peculiar to the vine. This propensity of the tendril is not more surprising

than the circular motion of the planets, which would fly off at a tangent were the sun removed from the system. There is, however, great reason to doubt whether the tendrils of vines are as uniform in their tendencies towards supports, as some writers represent them. There are growing by my window, some luxuriant vines of the convolvulus. They are supported in their ascent on the wall by threads. On superficial observation, I imagined that they sent off branches towards the neighbouring threads only. Upon closer observation, however, I find that they send off shoots in every direction—that those which happen to touch the fasciculus on another thread and entwine themselves around it, become more luxuriant—and that those which go in other directions, fall by their own weight back into their respective fasciculi, or driven back by the wind, fasten upon and entwine themselves around them. I have not been able to discover any thing which I should be disposed to attribute to volition in these vines. But should the fact respecting the direction of the tendril, be admitted in its full extent, it proves no more than an attraction existing between the vine or its tendril and the support. That there are innumerable instances of more surprising attractions operating more uniformly and less equivocally, where no one suspects voluntariness, such a profound chemist and elegant scholar as T. C. does not need to be told. Few know them better. But surely we have more evidence that the sucking of an infant is a voluntary action, yet it is only instinctive. Again, says T. C. "The radicle obstinately tends downwards and the plumula upwards." Dr. Darwin, without recurring to voluntariness, gives, I think, a very satisfactory solution of this phenomenon. He says, *Phyto*.—p. 138, "We may in some measure comprehend a difficult question; why the plumule of a seed sowed upon, or in the earth, should ascend and the root descend, which has been ascribed to some mysterious instinct; the plumula is stimulated by the air into action, and elongates itself where it is most excited, and the radicle is stimulated by moisture and elongates itself thus where it is most excited, whence one of them tends upward in quest of its adapted object, and the other downward." Even without this solution, sound philosophy does not command her children to retort to voluntariness. The hair on the top of the human head grows forward, while on the back of

the head it grows downward. Many people, thinking to add to the beauty of their countenance, exert themselves for years to force the hair on the top of the head to grow backwards; still it tends towards its natural direction. Let it alone for a few days, and the labour of years is lost.

"Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

Shall we, on this account, say that every hair is endowed with voluntariness? We know it is not. As we see a similar action here, which we know to be performed independently of volition, we ought to conclude, that this and other vegetable propensities do not proceed from voluntariness. The philosophy that denies the sucking of a young child to be voluntary, and attributes the direction of the radicles of an embryo plant to voluntariness, must be perverse indeed. I lay more stress on this concession of T. C. than perhaps some readers will think justifiable. If it were an unintentional inaccuracy of expression, I would act a part ungenerous in the extreme to take advantage of it. But T. C. pronounces his assent to the theory of Cabanis in the most deliberate manner. The theory is, indeed, extremely plausible. In this instance, I think the excellent common sense of T. C. prevailed over the illusions of philosophical speculation.

"The stigma" we are told, "turns out of its direction to meet the anther, or the anther to meet the stigma." This Darwin expressly attributes to voluntariness, and states it as his opinion, unequivocally that every stamen and pistil is a distinct individual. He particularises cases, as in the *collinsonia*, in which the males widely diverge, and the pistil bends itself into contact first with one and then with the other, and thus alternates, remaining a few days with each. This is certainly astonishing. We can go but a short distance, perhaps I ought to say no distance, in exploring here the secrets of nature. I recommend, on this topic, to the attention of the reader, Smallie's Discussion of the Sexual System of Plants. He will there see on how equivocal testimony this theory rests—I am disposed myself, after all Smallie has advanced, to admit its truth, though not with the clearest conviction.

The phenomena of the *collinsonia*, if correctly reported, afford perhaps the strongest evidence in behalf of the voluntariness

and sensibility of plants that can be produced. They extend, however, to the anther and stigma only, and do not afford even the remotest presumption in favour of these attributes in other parts of the plant. To me indeed, they do not afford so much as presumptive evidence of even sensibility in these organs. Are there not electrical phenomena precisely similar to those exhibited by the *Colinona*. Similar alternations happen in what we call the *minus* and *plus* states. We are as much justified in ascribing them to voluntariness as those of the plant. We are seduced by the application of the term *life* to vegetables. The experiments of Dr. Pechier of Geneva, reported by Dr. Darwin, *Phyto. sec. vii. 2*, appear to me decisive; though as opposing a favourite theory of Darwin, he viewed them in another light. "One of these (experiments) consisted of his tying down the stigma of *epilobium angustifolium*, and yet in due time the anthers burst and shed their pollen—also that he castrated the stamens of this flower, and yet the stigma opened and arose, as if the anthers had been present. Another experiment consisted in his confining a branch of *berberry* berries in a glass, and subjecting the stamina of the flowers to the vapour of nitrous acid, which by this stimulus arose from their petals to the stigma." Now though there be a harmony established by which the pistil is expanded at the time the anther is ripe for shedding its pollen, yet it seems by Pechier's experiments, that these actions are entirely independent of each other. The pollen is shed from the anther as the apple falls from the tree, and the pistil receives it as the ground receives the falling apple. This receives ample confirmation from the *diœcious* plants. The male is on one tree, and the female on another. The pollen is shed without any contact, or even influence of the one upon the other. There is nothing similar to this in any natural impregnation in the whole animal kingdom. The *ranæ* do not afford a parallel. For though the impregnation is external, there is contact. In the impregnation of plants, no one pretends to attribute sensation or volition to any part of the plant, but to the stamens and pistils. As they are supposed to enjoy pleasures unknown to the plant on which they grow, Darwin's theory must be adopted. Every stamen and every pistil must be a separate, at least a distinct individual. Then we have a species of vegetables, produced

by other vegetables totally different in appearance, and in every other property from the parents which produced it. What resemblance has the stamen of an apple blossom to an apple tree? None at all. We have nothing similar to this in the animal kingdom. The production of the aphid or vine fretter mentioned by Darwin and other naturalists is not similar. The aphides produced without sexual intercourse are every way similar as far as observation has gone, to those produced in the ordinary way of animal propagation. The hypothesis which affirms that stamens and pistils are distinct vegetable beings thus disturbs the order of nature and introduces anomalies the most monstrous.

But we are assured that plants have a common sensory, and the proof is that if the foot stalk of the leaves of some plants be pricked, the whole leaf contracts, and when the edge of a bud is touched in its axilla by sulphuric acid, it dies. The touching a leaf and its consequent contraction offered as a proof of voluntariness, common sensory, &c. reminds me of two lines in an Idyll of Theocritus.

Οὐδὲ το τέλει φίλοι ποτίμαζαίμεν πλάταγρον,
 Ἀλλ' αὐτὰς ἀπὸ τοῦ ποτίμαχ' ἔξαμαρτύν.

The tuneful swain of the Grecian bard, may have acted a more rational part than most moderns would be willing to admit, in deciding that his mistress would prove unkind, when the leaf scratched with his nail did not emit a clear sound, and rotted speedily when laid upon his bare arm. From mal-pulsations of the lover, the knowing leaf may have been able to decide the fate of his love, especially if it was touched near its brain. After all, may not some leaves be of a texture so delicate, that upon principles merely mechanical, upon a slight touch of one part the whole will move? May not an irritation or derangement of the vessels near the footstalk produce a remora of the arterial circulation, or a diminution of the elasticity of the fluids, diminishing at the same time the expansion of the vessels, and thus produce a contraction? In fact, any thing which deranges the usual proportions of the fluids, in the upper and lower vessels of the leaf, will produce a contraction. In hot days and dry weather, the leaves

of corn and other vegetables contract so much on the upper surface as to form tubes. This is not produced by an extraordinary stimulus of heat; for in wet weather it does not happen, however warm. It appears to proceed merely from a diminution of the fluid in the vessels of the upper side of the leaf. In the leaves of some plants, a slight irritation, as it is called, may produce a similar effect. As to the sulphuric acid destroying the plant, it may be remarked, that a drop of this acid will destroy the texture of cloth to more than the extent of an inch, not so rapidly indeed as it destroys a bud, or a leaf; as in these, the vessels and the fluids diffuse it rapidly to the extremities. The vegetable organization is soon entirely destroyed.

But we are told that plants sleep, and Richerand defines sleep to be "the repose of the organs of sense and voluntary motion." Therefore plants possess organs of sense and voluntary motion. This argument was surely intended for a popular one; it could not be designed for philosophers. Death is *certainly* the cessation of voluntary motion and sense in the mere animal; now as vegetables certainly die, and there may be some doubts started as to their sleeping, this popular argument would have been drawn with more force from the death of vegetables.

But let us examine what is meant by this sleeping of vegetables, that we may not practise a deception upon ourselves by names. Mimosa and many other plants close their leaves at night. In the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, forty-six plants are enumerated which sleep periodically; or which close their leaves at night. The mere abstraction of heat may produce this effect entirely in a mechanical way. Almost every substance in nature contracts by the abstraction of heat. May not this be precisely the case with the fibres of the leaves of those plants enumerated? It ought not to appear surprising that the action of light itself, should produce a mechanical expansion of fibre. The oxygen generated by the action of the light may produce an extension of fibre, which will cease when the action of the light is suspended. To call this folding of the leaf by the name of sleep has something in it fascinating. We might, however, with as much propriety, say that the blades of corn sleep at noon in hot and dry weather, and that the grasses sleep when cut down by the scythe. In all these cases,

the leaves appear to fold up from a mere diminution of the fluids. At night there is a diminution of the vegetable fluids, as is proved by many experiments.

What is meant when we are told by T. C. that the fluids of plants ceasing to circulate, or circulating less freely in cool nights is an instance of motion produced by the abstraction of stimulus, I do not understand.

We are told with considerable emphasis, that the *hedysarum gyrans* and the aspen move their leaves, when there is no wind stirring to affect them. I have never had an opportunity to examine the *hedysarum gyrans*, but as to the aspen, if it does possess such a power, I have never been able to discover it. Its leaves are certainly often seen in a perfectly quiescent state, at least without any visible motion, precisely at the time when there is no wind. A slight gale indeed shakes its leaves, but without a wind or some external impulse, I am persuaded it never stirs a leaf. I am fortified in this opinion from an examination of the leaf, especially of the foot-stalk, which is slender, flat, and almost as thin as paper. A self-motion of the whole leaf must proceed from a muscular effort of the pedicle. We should then expect more appearance of muscular strength in that part. It is indeed a form well adapted to move by light winds, but not of itself. I suspect a minute examination and attention to the *gyrans*, would equally set aside its claims to a self moving power. Its pedicles are also remarkably long and slender. It moves up and down only when the sun shines. The impulse of the waves of the atmosphere which rise by the heat of the sun, may account for its motion. The assumption of a fact which does not exist in the case of the aspen, should lead us to receive with caution other facts, which are remarkably out of the common course of vegetable phenomena.

Having now noticed all the principal arguments and facts relied on by T. C. in support of his theory, I shall offer a few considerations, which I think operate against his hypothesis. This is not indeed necessary. If the arguments upon which it rests fail, the theory falls of course. I might here perhaps fairly offer the opinions of numerous naturalists who have been most minute in their investigations of the vegetable tribes, and have not ascribed to plants those exalted attributes which T. C. claims for them. I

might adduce Linnæus affirming only that "*crescunt*" *they grow*, while he says that animals "*vivunt*," *live*. I might introduce Buffon saying, Nat. Hist. vol. II. p. 283, Lon. Ed. that "the zoophytes seem a set of creatures, placed between animals and vegetables, and make the shade that connects animated and *insensible* nature," by which he evidently excludes vegetables from sensible nature. I might add, that Boerhaave and St. Pierre and many other eminent naturalists, have either denied that plants possess feeling and voluntariness, or in long disquisitions on plants, are silent as to these properties. I am aware, however, that all these might be treated as professor Davy has been. Indeed I am not myself disposed to place much reliance on mere authority. Yet it would seem strange, that from the beginning of the world to modern times, philosophers should have never suspected plants capable of pleasure and pain—that the whole human family should have been permitted for several thousand years to ravage a world of sensible beings without ever suspecting that they were inflicting acute pains on fellow sentient creatures. One would have thought that the Deity, as he has upon all *animals*, would have imprinted some marks on *vegetables*, by which even the peasant or the savage could distinguish between passible and impassible beings. It would seem to argue some want of care in the Creator, to endow a being with susceptibility of pain, and leave it in the power of the multitude, ignorant of this property. For T. C. expressly contends that vegetables are susceptible of pain.

I think the small degree of sensibility imparted to the more imperfect animals, as the zoophytes may be fairly urged as a presumption against the possession of that attribute by creatures of an inferior order and of a more imperfect organization. Some distinguished men have even denied that the lower orders of insects are capable of suffering pain. St. Pierre, who was at least remarkable for benevolence and minuteness of observation, says, *Etudes de la Nature*, vol. i. p. 283,—"*J'observerai, comme une chose digne de la plus grande considération, que les especes d'animaux dont la vie est prodiguée au soutien de celles des autres comme celle des insectes, ne paroissent susceptible d'aucune sensibilité. Si on arrache la jambe d'une mouche, elle va et vient, comme si elle n'avoit rien perdu.*" This doubtless is pushing the

matter to an extreme. But besides the example of the mutilated fly, we might produce many others to show that the lower ranks of animated nature scarcely afford equivocal evidence that they possess sensibility. We have hence a right to presume that the taper of sensibility which so faintly glimmers in the inferior regions of animated nature is quite extinguished before it descends into those of the vegetable world.

That gradation of being which we discover in the works of God, seems to require such a link as that of organised living beings without sensation. The vegetable world then forms a beautiful shade by which animated and mere lifeless nature are beautifully blended together. In this view it is a great laboratory, provided, arranged, and operated upon by the author of nature, where nutriment is elaborated for the vast world of sentient beings. In a benevolent view it is no more necessary to endow vegetables with capacities of pleasure, than the tools of a mechanic, which are made use of to furnish us with the comforts of life.

It would be truly astonishing that vegetables should be susceptible of pain and yet have no power to express it so as to excite compassion. Perhaps there is not an animal nor animalcule which does not possess this power in some degree. It cannot be affirmed of more than a very few vegetables, even by the most sanguine friends of the Darwinian theory.

If plants possess irritability similar to that of animals, and if they possess any it must be similar, why have we no instances of vegetable inflammation? Vegetables receive an infinite number of wounds, but have they ever exhibited inflammatory symptoms? I believe not. Though I should not be astonished, after the question is stated, if some brisk fancy would hit upon some vegetable phenomenon to which he would affix the name inflammation and proceed to trace numerous analogies.

T. C. appeals to the psalmist in support of his theory, as I think, without deriving from him any support. I appeal to Moses: "And God said," Gen. i. 29, 30, "behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb

for meat." This grant was made before the introduction of moral evil into our world by the fall of man. All suffering is in consequence of moral evil. When all the plants of the earth were delivered to man and to other animals for food, a right was given to inflict upon them pain if they are sensible and voluntary beings. Indeed the very constitution of animated nature demands the vegetable world for its support. Hence we have beings created, which, on T. C.'s theory, must originally have been subjected to pain. Though I dare say but little about the perfections of Deity, yet it appears to me, that his benevolence would not make such an arrangement. I know it may be objected, that animals live on each other; but I deny that the constitution of their nature demands it. All the support of animated nature is ultimately derived from lifeless matter, and nearly all by vegetables. It will require a greater effort, than I think any physiologist can make, to prove that any animal cannot be sustained on vegetable without animal food. The grant of animal food to man was not made until more than sixteen hundred years after his fall, and was a consequence of that event. I am aware that an attempt has been made to torture the Hebrew original of the passage quoted from Genesis, into a grant of animal food. Such a translation, however, does the grossest violence to the original text, as any Hebrew scholar, who examines it, must acknowledge.

T. C. complains that he is compelled to write "without book." Much farther back among the mountains and woods, I have greater reason of complaint on this ground. I certainly may plead this as an apology for the many imperfections which will be found in these strictures.

Some of the remarks on T. C.'s paper may be thought too severe. I hope, however, I have not gone beyond the example which he set me, in his manner of treating Davy, Beattie, and Stewart, names sacred to literature, characters who have received, and I think merited, the applause of almost the whole literary world. I have no intention to detract from the merit of T. C. Nothing but talents and attainments of the loftiest order could have produced such a paper as the one I have been examining. We may admire the display of intellectual vigour while we dissent from the theories which it is exerted to defend.

Bedford, 1814.

J. R. W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PHILADELPHIA UNROOFED,

A story in imitation of Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux."

"No leaven'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold."

(Concluded.)

"I have kept you so long with these men," said Asmodia, "that we shall have but a moment to spare at the singing club we saw, in passing, about an hour and a half ago. I wish you to look in upon its members, if it be only for an instant, in order to contrast them with those of the society we have just left. Time presses for other objects, and we must hasten away. You will find there carousing together a party of Englishmen, who have just finished a hearty supper. These men have resided here for many years as merchants and agents, and still cling in sentiment to the royal government they left at home, while they treat rather cavalierly the republican one by which they have been adopted here. Along with these Britons *by birth*, are assembled this evening some of your own countrymen, who are Britons *by prejudice*; some high-toned characters in whom the asperity of party has overcome the love of country;—such as look with idolatrous gaze upon the wonderments of England, and hold up her morals and institutions to all other nations, as the only models of virtue and policy worth copying. These foreign partialities have a pretty extensive existence even after forty years separation; nor will they wear off until you learn to prefer your own country to all others;—to view with indulgence those few things that have not yet attained to European perfection;—to excuse even the political errors of an adverse party;—in a word, to feel yourselves (as in fact you are) the favoured children of a fertile soil, which yields to you blessings and comforts known to few people beside your own. But it is time for us to move: fix yourself fast, and I will take you thither in the twinkling of an eye."

So saying Asmodia flew with the scholar to the neighbourhood of Fifth and Market streets, where, having uncovered a tavern:

he exposed, to view a large room full of company, who sat round a table listening to the last verse of a song that a jolly-looking, rosy-cheeked man was singing, the chorus of which they repeated in these words:

All ye, my brave boys, who have voices to sing,
Give praise to the regent and George the old king.

Asmodia had placed Frederick in a position to see and hear all that passed. Soon after he was stationed the song ended, and the president rose to give a bumper toast, which he proposed to drink standing. The bottles moved briskly, and when the company had risen, the president cried out with great animation, "the king." Whether it was the king of Bantam, of Rome, or of England, was left to the feelings of every one to interpret. Meantime, "the king," "the king," echoed through the room. A general buzz followed. "God bless him," said one: "he is a fine old fellow," whispered another; and after a kind of universal greeting and felicitation upon the goodness of the old man's heart, and doleful shrugs upon the badness of his head, the president said that before he called for another song he would beg the favour of a toast from a highly respectable guest who sat on his right; then turning to a native American of a prepossessing countenance, and who had lately returned from Scotland, where he had spent four years for the education of his children, he invited him to favour the company with a sentiment. The American rose with alacrity, and imitating the oratorical toast-givers of England, who pronounce a long speech first, and short toast afterwards, spoke to the society thus: "Part of you, gentlemen, have had the rare happiness of being rocked in British cradles, and part of you, who drew your first breath in this hemisphere, have inherited from your ancestors a becoming veneration for good old England. England! immortal England! meet your sons where we will we find them loyal to you; meet your sons where we will we find them proud of you! whether at home, amidst your own exuberance, or dispersed over the wide spread earth, they love you, they praise you, they invoke Heaven to bless you! Your sacred soil, your stores of science, your mines of wealth, are their constant boast. What foe, say they, presumes to invade that soil; what people can rival those

sciences; and what wealth but yours can purchase the comforts and luxuries you enjoy! Great in courage—pure in principle—magnanimous in action, what is left for you to attain on this globe? Nothing! nothing! Like the works of art that issue in perfection from your hands, a polish adorns your matchless virtues and your sapient laws! To Europe, whose chains you have just broken, you seem an object of admiration; to us, whom you have shielded for years from the stroke of death, you ought to be an object of love. Britannia, this apostrophe, made in the midst of your children, springs from my heart; their American friends will join, I doubt not, in this just tribute of praise; they will join in the sentiment I shall propose to be drunk for your honour. I give you, gentlemen, the fast-anchored isle: a bulwark to our religion, a model for our politics, and the last hope of suffering humanity.”

The company received this toast with loud applause, and were upon the point of rising to accompany it by nine cheers, when the malicious demon bent his body forward and breathed the vapour of discord into the open mouth and dilated nostrils of a middle-aged American who sat under him, wonderfully delighted at the speech he had just heard. He snuffed up the entire dose as he sprang from his chair. Unconscious of the revolution that was working within him, a good-humoured smile still played about his lips, mixed, however, with an expression of irony, while the wrangling spirit exhaled by the mischief-making imp was penetrating to his heart. He whirled his glass round three times, before he spoke; then addressing the author of the toast, he said to him, “Sir, as you have lived abroad some time, you may have forgotten our simple mode of speech: will you please to tell us what you mean by your toast?”

“I have no explanation to give,” replied the other; “the words speak for themselves; and so far from wishing to explain them away, I declare them to be the essence of my political creed.”

“Mighty well, sir,” resumed the first, as he swept his arm round the table to command attention: “mighty well indeed: so the hand that is raised to strike us to the ground is the bulwark of our religion! The abused people of this country are a set of penitent sinners, who are to work out their salvation by stripes

and blows; to kiss the rod that disciplines them, and thank these defenders of the faith for the flagellation they so kindly bestow! When the flogging is finished, we shall no doubt be taught our political catechism, and learn to tolerate all British assumptions at sea; all her orders in council; her monstrous efforts at monopoly, and insolent attempts to cast every thing but her fast-anchored isle and its dependencies into midnight darkness. Upon my word, gentlemen, you may call yourselves republican federalists, federal republicans, or by whatever other political denomination you please, but you cannot boast much of Americanism. Why, what a contemptible race we are becoming! If we have one national virtue left, not a single voice remains to proclaim it. We are all French or all English; all buried in the jacobinism of the one nation, or borne away by the monarchical madness of the other. To gratify your hatred against your government, you are willing to yield yourselves up to those who seek your destruction. Some of you cry out that you will invite these British castigators, should they visit us with their scourges and bulwarks, to walk into your parlours and drink a glass of wine; forgetting, poor souls, that they will first put you into the kitchen, and then drink your wine without your leave. You gave great feasts also to a British minister, after he had laughed at you and insulted your government: you giggle maliciously now when your own troops are defeated, and give public dinners at the moment the allies of your enemy triumph in Europe, and leave you to fight that powerful foe single-handed. Never, in all the rancorous conflict of party rage, does the honour or welfare of your country approach your thoughts or influence your actions. In days of yore it was a maxim among nations, "In war, enemies: in peace, friends;" but you seem to think none your enemies except your own rulers. Sir, I like not your toast. The fast-anchored isle is become too voracious in all her appetites; and very particularly of late, she has turned a voracious philanthropist, and fidgets, and scolds, and threatens about the negro traffic, while she steals shiploads of unhappy wretches from our own salubrious shores, to transport them to her frozen colonies of the north, or to her sickly ones of the south: and your sailors too"—

At this moment a ferment that had agitated the audience for some time burst into loud cries of "order, order," when Asmodia jogged the scholar, who was listening with great attention to the vagaries of this bewitched politician, and stiffening the fibres of his curvated tail, bid him jump into his saddle, as he could stay no longer. In an instant they were both in the air, sailing down Market-street towards the post-office in Third-street, opposite to which they stopt, and Asmodia dropping gently down upon the pavement, took from his bosom a large packet, which he put into the hole of the office shutter.

"What have you been doing, asked Frederick?"

"Nothing," replied he, "but forwarding, according to its address, the manuscript I took from the pocket of that earless wretch Lauderlac. It is a libel on the memory of Washington, and yet it will be eagerly read and admired."

"Scandalous," exclaimed the scholar; "but pray, sir knight, inform me, if you please, of the cause of the gentleman whom we left speaking just now, entering into a quarrel with the whole company, and uttering sentiments so opposite to the universal opinions of his associates?"

"Each member of the two supper-parties I have taken you to this evening," said the imp, "is infatuated by passion and prejudice, and it is only when, like the Pythia of Apollo, they become distracted by my afflation that they speak the truth. The person you have this moment left was inspired by me, not for the sake of creating a disturbance, but to let you see the errors of your own political sect. And now, my young friend, we will occupy ourselves with other topics, and shape our course towards a house in which is assembled at this moment a celebrated society of physiologists:—it is a rare and fortunate opportunity for you, and I regret exceedingly that we could not be present in the forepart of the evening. Its members are concluding, however, at this late hour, some most important experiments; so let us lose no further time, but fly to them immediately. The air is cool," added he, as his buoyant body raised the scholar from the pavement; "the air is cool, and you must button your coat well over your breast."

Scarcely had Frederick complied with the demon's directions when he found himself in rapid motion, traversing the squares diagonally, from the post-office to Pine-street near Sixth, where

his conductor balancing himself, stretched out his hand, and alighted upon the house of a noted physician in that district, at the same moment that he opened a part of the roof for a passage,

"Here," said he, "Nature is displayed, explained and unravelled in all her freaks, charms and harms. The owner of this dwelling is at the head of the virtuosi, and entertains a party of them at supper to-night. Their meal has been postponed for the sake of some curious trials now going forward upon the recommendation of a Swiss naturalist, whose treatise lies open upon a table before them. These men by their great science penetrate the arcana of living things, as by galvanic art they resuscitate the dead. Tractoration, too, a native of America, is occasionally applied to the halt and blind. They are this moment making some observations with microscopic glasses; and as you cannot avail yourself of their instruments, I will, by my superior art, so improve your vision and your hearing, that the minutest object shall be seen, and the softest sound be audible."

Asmodia then turned to the scholar, and brushing his eyes and ears with the tip end of his tail, discovered to him a new world. In a phial which the master of the house held in his hand he saw multitudes of animalculæ that had been taken from the black vomit of a yellow-fever patient. This important discovery overthrew at once the numerous theories upon the cause of that disorder; but whether the effluvia of animal or vegetable putrefaction generated these flies, or whether they arrived here from hotter climates by their own volition, or were driven by inauspicious winds, remains yet a doubt for the learned to speculate upon. Is the insect inhaled alive? or is the egg, floating on the atmosphere, taken into the system by respiration? These queries are put to the controversial writers who have treated of the origin of this epidemic, as the demon did not think proper to explain those points to the student.—The instruments of the company could scarcely magnify such diminutive beings sufficiently to see them in motion; but our hero plainly perceived them frisk about in playfulness and love.

On a broad board with sides to it, and filled with earth, lived a nation of ants, who moved in the great glare of light, with as much industry as if they had been animated by a noon-day sun. Some

touch'd their horns as they passed one another, and a soft sound like language came from them, while others assisted in silence their weaker brethren. Many were engaged in milking the *puceron*, a small animal that they enclose in yards and supply with food. From these they draw a store of milk, which is afterwards churned into butter, and kept for family use, or made into cheese. The dairy ants were aided by dogs, or domestic insects still smaller than the puceron, and who showed their usefulness by keeping these in order. Frederick, by the art of the devil, heard them bark, and saw them attentively watching the gate by which the pucerons are permitted to go out to pasture in fine weather.

The experimenters now took a bat, whose eyes they burned out with a hot needle. This they did to prove that bats rely upon auricular rather than visual aid in their flight. In effect, the poor blind creature flew as well as when blessed with eyes; but when, directly after, they stopt up his ears with wax, he dashed himself against the wall and died. These useful investigators of the hidden wonders of nature, exhibited next a snail, whose head they had cut off about a fortnight before. A new one, with lively eyes, was looking in their faces with expressions of gratitude and fear. It murmured something in its language, which Frederick heard distinctly, but could not, of course, comprehend. The demon perceiving him anxious to understand it, turned to him and told him that the snail was entreating the philosophers not to subject his neck to the knife a second time, since he alone had had the good fortune to get a new head, out of fifty of his companions that were decapitated with him; and he blessed his stars that the experiment had so happily succeeded in his little person.

As soon as the snail had been disposed of, one of the members threw seven kittens into an air-pump, which he presently dissected half alive, to show the distention of the lungs, the labouring of the heart, the discolouration of the blood, and other phenomena of the doctrine of pneumatics.

Phosphorus, a distinguished fellow of this distinguished society, now turned to a large retort, and addressing himself to the company:

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove to you by means of my nitrous tests, that the moist miasma of boggy ground, forms an

air less pure, and by consequence less salubrious than that of the common atmosphere of our dry plains and hills. This, you will acknowledge is a great discovery, and by it I account not only for our own intermittents, remittents, and agues, but for the deadly effects of the thick and viscid vapours of some Italian caves, which condensing near the surface of confined waters, are prevented by their own weight, from scattering their poisons abroad. These, like the mephitic fumes of our swamps, though in a more powerful degree, prevent the wholesome functions of the lungs. Now the air that I have procured by my chemical art, not only corrects these direful corruptions, but by its subtle and rarefied quality will transport him who inhales it, to the joys of the third heaven!"

Phosphorus ceased, and seizing a hollow tube in which he had confined this valuable ether, placed it first to the mouth of one, and then to another, until he inflated their chests with a sufficiency, taking care to measure the quantity according to the physical wants of each member, which he did with great judgment by turning a brass cock that was placed half an inch from the end of the siphon. By this means he proportioned the supply so exactly that the phlegmatic was put upon a par with the sprightly and the old with the young. No sooner had this oxygen gas began to operate than they all danced about the room in youthful folly. Some faces that had never smiled, were seen this night brightened into transport, and some whose native spirits had never quickened them beyond the medico-pace, could now eclipse Manfredi's boldest leaps. Their raptures, however, were of short duration, for the volatile gas was soon expended; but so accurately had this exhilarating dose been apportioned to each philosopher; that it evaporated from all at the same instant, and the whole party stopt as of one accord, like a company of dancers when the music is suddenly silenced. A profuse sweat ran down their cheeks;—they panted for breath. When a little recovered, they raised their eyes, and peeping at each other through their *experimenting* spectacles, seemed to awake from a trance. As these celestial ecstasies passed away, a pruriency for terrestrial pleasures seized on their stomachs; the exercise had sharpened their appetites, and each man called aloud for his protracted meal. A servant soon

entered to announce that it was ready; so without more ado, they all moved from their aerial atmosphere, to the dense steams of a hot supper. Frederick and the devil, who sat perched just above, convulsed with laughter, did not fail to follow them to their banquetting room.

As this was the feast specially served up and prepared for this society of learned men, a *lusus naturæ* was exhibited at the end of the table in a pig with two heads. In the middle stood a dish of steaks, dressed in the *Dollan* style, and moistened by the red juice of its tender meat. This the host recommended to their hungry stomachs in terms not to be resisted, and in a few moments they declared to a man that it was the most delicious thing they had ever tasted. The whole was devoured. Not so the pig, which was rather an object of curiosity than of food; but it was the occasion of a short metaphysical discussion upon the organization of man and beast. *Operosus*, after eating heartily of the steak, pointed to the pig, and addressing himself to Dr. *Quizom*, the master of the house, said: "Sir, I would fain know whether that extraordinary animal, which is furnished, as we perceive, with two heads, two pairs of eyes, and two pairs of ears, may likewise have a two-fold heart? Do not misunderstand me, sir: I mean two distinct, fully formed, separate hearts, each capable of exercising its appropriate functions; of receiving and returning the blood in equal circulation through the system; for I know full well, that in our own species, many a man with but one head, and a poor one too, carries a double heart in his breast. But to return to my question, doctor: did you attend to the anatomy of this grunter?"

"My dear *Operosus*, replied the host, I examined the physical organization of this little monster, with that admiration which ever accompanies the lover of nature or of nature's works, and I am happy to be able to inform you that he possessed but one heart. My reflections were carried from this small carcass to the contemplation of the human system, and more particularly of the human mind; and whilst we are feasting our corporeal matter upon the pig in question, let me propound a few queries upon this great subject. And first, whence came we; or rather who created the moving and immutable things that surround us? whence the centrifugal and centripetal powers? whence the origin of this and

other worlds? One makes the air, another the water to be the first cause: a third attributes the formation of these elements themselves to the wisdom and power of an infinite spirit. Pythagoras believed that spirit to be a mind or soul, pervading all things, and from which human minds are drawn. A fifth gives the attributes of divinity to the four elements. Fifty other theories, as little understood as they are irrational and absurd, have grown out of the speculations on this same thing called the mind. Is it material? Is it immortal? The catholic church support its immateriality, and so does the high church of England: but have they scriptural proof of this pure spirit, called mind or soul, being distinct from the body? Most certainly the animal and human frame demonstrate their mutual dependence; for if our corporeal functions cease, our passions, thoughts, recollections, and all the numerous faculties which form the mind, cease with them, depending, as they do, "upon the known properties and laws of our anatomical organization." The great giver of all things, he who gives the power of motion, of will, of feeling, can, no doubt, bestow immortality on this abstruse spirit; but whether he does or does not, seems too remote for human speculation. It is our wish—our hope, that he will reward the good and virtuous with a better world, and punish the guilty beyond the grave, with heavier penalties than the pangs of conscience or the laws of men."

The doctor ceased; and *Lucidus*, who had listened to him with great attention, gave, in few words, the conjectures he had gathered upon this subject from the Utopean writings of many a christian and heathen dreamer.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is to physiology alone that the question of the materiality of the human soul, and even those of liberty, freewill, necessity, &c. owe their complete elucidation. Sensation engenders ideas, and whether we feel in immediate contact or not the objects that give us thought, we must have reference to some impression made by some external object at a previous moment. The whole phenomena of the mind and its various workings, may be resolved then into perception; for our thoughts, imagination, love, &c. depend upon having perceived or not: from the nature of this cause and effect, every volition must be the necessary result of previous circumstances; so that the state of the

system which calls into action the voluntary muscles; that is a state of want, desire, or inclination, whether to act or to abstain, arises from antecedent events to which the animal is exposed; and the action of the voluntary muscles is as equally the result of necessary laws as those of the involuntary."

"Whether you have proved or disproved the existence of a soul, capable of surviving its mortal tabernacle," cried *Metaphisico*, "is not what I shall trouble my head to deny or affirm; for, in truth, your expositions do not seem to me altogether devoid of confusion: but, since we are upon the subject of Omniscience and its derivations, I must pray you to indulge me with a moment's hearing, and I will give you the definition of a Supreme Being, according to the notions of a great German philosopher, whose *pithy* and *perspicuous* writings I much admire.

"God, says that extraordinary man, is the first cause of things: for those things that are limited, such as we experience, are contingent, and have nothing in them that render their existence necessary: being evident that time, space, and matter united and uniform of themselves, and indifferent to every thing, might receive motions and figures entirely different and in a quite different order, it results that the world's existence is an entire assemblage of all contingent things. This cause must be likewise intelligent, and have considerations of existing substances with some possibilities—This must be understanding—This must be ideas. This must be the will that fixes those ideas: and it is the power of these possibilities that gives efficiency to this will. Understanding is the source of essence, and its will the origin of existence: and there you have, in few words, and in the clearest logic the truth of what I started to prove: do'nt you think so, gentlemen?"

There was no denying so lucid, short, and simple a theory: a theory vastly superior to the schemes of atoms, voids, elements, and what not: and yet Frederick thought that *Metaphisico* would have demonstrated in a much more impressive way the existence of an all-powerful, all-perfect, and all-merciful God by taking the company to the window, and pointing to the sky, lighted up, as it was, by a brilliant moon, and ten thousand twinkling worlds, scattered in *regular irregularity* through the vast, immeasurable heavens, far beyond the faculty of man to number, or his feeble mind

to comprehend. "Who, exclaimed Frederick, wants such jargon as I have just heard to convince him of the being of a God, the father, creator, and governor of all things, whose works around us, above us, below us; whose providence, retribution, goodness, justice, wonderful greatness,—all, all engraved upon our hearts and acknowledged by our understandings, prove it every moment we breathe! Is it not so, Asmodia?"

The scholar turned to the demon, and saw him agitated, humbled, and terrified. His ill-shaped hands covered his face—heavy sighs escaped from his bosom, and he appeared a prey to inward torment. For a moment he could make no answer. A short silence ensued. Gradually he recovered, and said in words that trembled on his lips: "*Undoubtedly there is a God, whose hand waves in mighty power through the refulgence of his own blessed abode and strikes with terror the guilty people of mine.*"

The pious Frederick raised his eyes to that God, and implored his holy protection; then casting them again on the company beneath him, gave his usual attention to what was passing among them.

"My learned friends, said Dr. Quizom, what I have heard from you this evening, has both convinced and delighted me. We are a band of experimental philosophers, and I cannot conceal from you the joy I feel at the entire success of a trial made this night on your palates and stomachs. A vile prejudice, scouted, however, by many of the aborigines of this continent, has gone forth in favour of the ox and its family. They tell us that its flesh is superior to all other for steaks. Now I have long since had my doubts upon this head, and this night's experiment has put them forever at rest; for that meat, which you have devoured to the last mouthful, and found so sweet in flavour, came neither from the ox's surloin, nor from the buffaloe's, nor from any of the horned tribe."

"What! interrupted *Carnivero*, have we then been eating horse flesh?"

"No, no, my friend, resumed the host: your supper has been made out he rump of a species of cattle, that neither graze nor ruminate. Rise, gentlemen, and let me show you that our red brethren from the west can now be usefully appropriated to our subsistence,

even when stript of their animated powers; and whether their soul swoon with its life, or borne on wings, fly to a happier region, where 'their dog and gun will bear them company,' we can here fatten on their mortal part, and leave the rest to the conception of those speculators, who, pregnant with conjecture, feel and fumble like a man bereft of sight, about the events of futurity. Look, here is my larder, continued the doctor as he opened a closet; behold! I have yet a good store of the same kind of flesh as that upon which you have just feasted, and which, I make no doubt, you will all find as easy of digestion as bear's meats."

The company had risen at his request, and stood huddled together behind him, eager to see this rare and delicious aliment. Doctor Quizom took a key from his pocket, turned a lock, and opening a folding door, exhibited to their unbelieving eyes, the body of an Indian, with his back turned towards them, from whose flesh were cut the tender steaks on which they had supped. Amazement, rage, nausea seized on their well fed stomachs. Oh now for a phial of oxygen! now for the philosophic temper, superior to prejudice, and ever ready to pronounce that which seems good to be good indeed! But alas! these men were all again human; or rather their anger had transported them beyond human nature. The quick-sighted host saw the rising storm in their clouded brows and distorted features; and it was well he did, else his life would have paid the forfeit of his experiment. Taking the hint, therefore, in good time, he left the astounded anthropophagi, and betook himself for safety to the street. The confusion which succeeded his departure was indescribable, and the demon giving his companion proper warning, immediately removed him to Third street between Walnut and Spruce.

Several carriages stood before a large house in Third street, and the lights that were seen at every window drew our travellers' attention, as they hovered over the gardens. Asmodia stopt upon its roof. A ball had been given there that night, and the company was scattered through the house. Some were supping, some at cards, and some dancing. Selser looked at the assemblage now before him, with more delight than astonishment; for since he had seen the display at the theatre, these brilliant sights possessed no longer the dazzle of novelty. His eyes rested first on the danc-

ers. He observed, at a glance, that the women danced well almost without exception, and that there were but few exceptions to the ungraceful movements of the men. The *pidgeon-wing* and *entrechat*; *les pincets* and *pas de basque* figured grotesquely from the heavy feet of these, while their fair partners turned through the ever changing cotillion with superior elegance.

"Here, said Asmodia, we have genteeler, if not more honest sports than those we have left."

"More honest! repeated Frederick. Name not such lovely objects as these with — but pray, sir knight, who are those two charming girls just throwing their tippets over their slender forms? A thin muslin garment seems to be their only dress. I can trace through their transparent robes, the fine proportion of each limb. How firm they step! what symmetry! what —."

Asmodia interrupted him. "The mother, said he, of those two sisters, (for such they are) saw them clothed in flannel before they left home; but these imprudent chits, led away by the absurd rage for fashionable dress, dropped their fleecy petticoats the moment their parent's eye was withdrawn, and braving the frost of winter with a light July covering, will cause, perhaps, the funeral knell of one or both of them to sound on her distracted ear, before the week is spent.—Look into the adjoining room, continued the demon, and see those elderly ladies at cards. Elvira, the youngest of the set, has lost this evening one hundred dollars, which is a twentieth part of her husband's income. The thoughts of her imprudence more than her bad luck, have disordered her very much: she rises now from table to conceal her tears. The lady by her side has been proportionably fortunate: but see the knave drawn slyly from her muff: with this she doubles her stake; again it will return to its hiding place, and again, by slight of hand, it will sweep the board: Cast your eyes now upon the supper-room below. Those young gallants are impatiently waiting for the women to retire, and then this place, which is a resort for the best company in town, will be, like an ale-house, wrapt in the fumes of tobacco.

"Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys;

—————banishing for hours

The sex whose presence civilizes ours:

Thou art indeed the drug a gard'ner wants,
 To poison vermin that infest his plants:
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind,
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms,
 As little mercy, as he, grubs and worms?"

So says one of your poets: but observe that 'glory of your kind' just rising from table. She has a young family of children at home, and carries away from the feast a pocket full of cake. You stare, my friend; I commend her modesty for not having rifled the sugared pagoda that stands before her. The time has been when a general scramble took place for the fragments of a supper: and why not? every country has its peculiarities. At an English nobleman's house you must pay for your cards; at an English dancing assembly, the women make a property of every pack; are you invited to dine at a Dutch merchant's? you are taxed by the house-servants somewhat more than the price of a tavern. See that lovely group curtsying in the hall: they are the children of *Credolio*. *Credolio* has lately turned land-jobber. Possessed of all the maxims of the moralist, all the caution of the wary, and all the reading of the learned, he is hourly the dupe of a gang of swindlers who surround him. Rigidly honest, he will scrupulously rectify a mistake of fifty dollars, and at the same moment sign a bond for a million, without the slightest chance of being able to pay even one year's interest. He is still on his legs and his family indulge in the luxuries of the town; sport shawls from the camel and merino of one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars cost, unconscious of the approach of pay-day, which is close at hand, and will be to them a day of ruin. The halcyon hours of speculation and trade are but few and fleeting to the sanguine and injudicious, as I shall have occasion to show you to-morrow. Opposite the door-way stands the coach of *Beeram*, a rich man; yet so careless of his credit, that he suffers his tradesmen's bills to lie unpaid, and his door to be beset by duns, with money enough in bank to discharge all he owes. This unaccountable disregard of justice and honour frequently injures those who have no dealings with him. Ten days ago, a poor, though punctual man by the name of *Buram*, sent for a mason to do some work for him;

but the mechanic, mistaking him for *Beeram*, refused to go, as he supposed he should have more trouble to get his money than to do the work.

Look in the corner of the ball-room, on the right of that large picture, and you will see a young lady surrounded by men. She has no female companion with her. *Stella* has estranged her own sex, principally by affecting to despise those rules of decorum which custom has established in society. Her singularities are tolerated by the men, without being applauded, while they excite the disesteem of every virtuous woman, who attributes to her failings, indeed, which she does not possess. The reputation of a fashionable lady is like Chinese paper: it must be handled lightly to endure: a blot, however small, scatters over its silken surface, and defies the knife or pounce. When these delicate materials are once stained, the spot expands and ever after remains.

The man most assiduous about this fair lady is *Fertillo*. No one manages his finances so admirably. He would be a treasure to a government with an embarrassed exchequer. His felicity in finding ways and means, is the wonder of all who know him; *and if the fiscal department of any country needed a prof,* *Fertillo* could uphold it with credit or cash; and yet he has no apparent means for his own subsistence, although his establishment is in a style of neatness and elegance seldom attained by men of known fortune. Next to him is a young man who has risen from obscurity to wealth by the chance of a lottery ticket. It is he who stands before the large mirror. See how gaudy his dress, and how conceited his air. If he does not ruin himself too soon, he may perhaps correct, by an intercourse with the world, that low-bred gayety, which he mistakes for sprightly wit. He still speculates on the wheel of fortune, and no man thinks oftener of your churches and academies, although he never saw the inside of the last, and seldom visits the first. A wag might indeed call your rising edifices of religion and learning, so many gaming houses; for they are bottomed on lotteries and built by gamblers.

But turn your looks toward the side door, and observe those handsome young fellows walking arm in arm in the anti-chamber. *Menias* is distressed for money; he has a project to execute to night that will cost him two hundred dollars, and is now soliciting

Pulcherias to lend him that sum for a few days. *Pulcherias* subsists himself upon loans, yet he is the most *generous* man alive with *other people's* money. This day he borrowed three ten-dollar notes to discharge two years subscription due by him to this very assembly, and now, thoughtless of to-morrow, thoughtless of his honour or his credit, he hands, as you may see, the whole amount to the needy *Menias*. Remark that man who joins them. He is a good dancer, yet declines dancing. When his friends are disposed to be merry, he is grave; when they are grave, he rattles. Would they have him ride, he persists in walking; if they are for a lounge on foot, he is sure to order his horse. His soul delights in contradiction and caprice. *Alcibiades* cut off his dog's tail to turn the conversation of the town from himself to the animal; but this man sacrifices his understanding to attract notice. His old associates are growing weary of his whims, and he begins to perceive their neglect: yet the evil of eccentricity is, that he who has once practised it, continues to appear odd, even in his attempts to act like other men; and he finds himself punished for his former folly in his very endeavours at amendment. An artificial character is so detestable, that the person who assumes it, cannot bring the world to give him credit for rationality of conduct, even after his own reflection has induced him to adopt it.

Yonder is a man of letters. *Porrosus* comes here to exhibit his latest compositions. He carries his lucubrations in his pocket. See him unfold a paper to read to a country gentleman, whom he has drawn into a corner. It is a Latin version of the twenty-third stanza of your great national song *Yankee Doodle*; but *Rusticus* is rather a votary of *Bacchus* than of the muses, as his jolly looks very plainly show. 'D—n your Latin, Mr. *Porrosus*, he cries: give me three bottles of madeira, and I will talk Hindoo or He-brew with you. I love chiming, my honest bard, but its the chiming of glasses." *Porrosus* was too much accustomed to see his labours treated with disrespect, to be discouraged or affronted, so, folding up his verses, he interrupts *Rusticus* to ask if he has ever heard the derivation of the word *Madeira*, and without waiting for an answer, tells him that *Madeira* comes from *Mad-air*, that is to say, it infuriates the person who drinks it, and gives him very mad airs in society. But see, the poet seizes his friend by

the button, while he draws another paper from his pocket. This is an essay upon etymology, in which Porrosus endeavours to prove, as in the word *Madeira*, that proper names as well as other words are derived from a primitive signification, not very dissimilar to the import of the word, in either some dead or living language, and such

"He starts at home, and hunts them in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark."

The most ingenious of these deductions he now solicits Rusticus to hear. Hark! he reads whilst his companion turns from him."

Mobby—An American drink made of potatoes; from which is derived *mob*, a rude concourse of people, sometimes seen in this country and elsewhere.

Chesapeak—*Chesapaqua*; or the waters of Chesap.

Rapahan-aqua; or the waters of Rappahan.

Aquamague; or the land with water on both sides.

Piscataqua; or the water with fish.

Thesé, with many others, continues Porrosus, make it evident to the American reader, that our red men are descended in a direct line from the Latins or Romans—Don't you think so, sir?"

Porrosus turned round to receive his country friend's answer: but Rusticus was gone, and Frederick burst into a fit of laughter at the disappointment of the poeto-etymologist. No less astonished than diverted at the various conceits and follies of man, he checked his mirth with difficulty to listen to Asmodia, who warned him to prepare for a fresh departure.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The neglect manifested in this country of its own literary productions, and the blind, often unjust preference given to those coming from England, is not peculiar to us Americans. Looking

the other day into Hibernicus's Letters, a collection of periodical essays which were begun in Ireland in the year 1725, and came out in the Dublin Journal, I find the same complaint made of the people of that country, in the following words:

"I own good writers are a pretty great rarity in this country. But what is the reason why it is so? No other, in short, than that wanting suitable encouragement at home, men of genius and education, born in this kingdom, are forced out of it to a more kindly soil, for making a fortune by their abilities. Many an excellent piece has been conceived among our Hibernian bogs, which now passes as the genuine production of Cam or Isis.—

"But this is not all. If a good piece happen at any time to be written among ourselves, there is scarce one in ten will vouchsafe it a reading, unless it be made authentic by being printed at London, &c. &c."

The unpatriotic propensity here adverted to, apparently proceeds here, as it did in Ireland, from a partiality engendered by a long habit of looking up to England as the fountain head of fashion, in dress, furniture equipage, manners; and thence deducing her equal claim to dictate and give the law in matters of literature. But independently of this consideration, it may be made a question, whether or not the superiority we admit, is not founded in justice. The inquiry would be tedious, and, probably unsatisfactory in its result; it will therefore be no further gone into, than merely as it respects the faculty or quality called taste.

In this, perhaps, we shall the less reluctantly confess our inferiority, when we consider, that it is ascribable to a cause, recognized on a smaller scale, among ourselves. I allude to the preeminence claimed by the inhabitants of our capitals over those who reside at a distance from them. The term *provincial* already bearing the stamp of metropolitan sanction, is indicative of this comparative superiority on the one hand, and inferiority on the other; and no doubt that in matters susceptible of refinement, to a certain extent, it exists here as in other countries. This advantage in point of polish, was so much appreciated by lord Chesterfield, that exquisite observer of manners and enthusiast for the graces, that he over and over again enjoins it upon his son while abroad on the continent, to spend as much of his time as he can in its capitals.

If then there is a real foundation for these distinctions, we who claim the benefit of a city residence, cannot, on our own principles, deny that something more of elegance and taste may belong to English literature than our own; since, though independent in government, we are still colonial and subordinate in many respects. For my own part, I am not disposed to question, that in point of ease and fashionable graces (and what is grace unless in fashion) we ought to yield the palm to the book-makers of Britain. They have a prerogative at least that we want. Like milliners of acknowledged taste, they can set a fashion, which, if we, of more than provincial awkwardness, should attempt, the effort would be despised and laughed at. What if Scott's ballads had originated in Philadelphia! Who would have given them currency on the other side of the Atlantic? And wanting it there, who would have looked at them here? Change, however, is as essential in the fashions of literature, as in those of our clothes or our furniture. The full resounding line of Dryden and the harmonious diction of Pope, could no longer maintain their ground. The public ear required something new; and a species of vamped up doggerel has had the good fortune to please it; though less perhaps by the magic of its numbers, than by feeding the insatiate appetite for romantic tales and heroic adventures. If novels please in prose that they will surely take in verse, was a well warranted deduction: and what better grounds could a Columbus in a voyage of literary exploration, have to proceed upon?

It is not the object of these remarks to question the poetical talents of Scott and others, who reign the favourites of the day. They aim at nothing more than contesting their claim to those first-rate Parnassian honours, which their enthusiastic admirers seem desirous to confer upon them. If they really surpass all who have gone before them, it is certainly not in the highest department of poetry.

Still it must be owned, that they please readers of taste, no less than the mere devourers of stories. Merit, then, they must have, whatever objections may lie against their manner: and some of them may be said to have reached Horace's idea of the truly beautiful in having produced poems of so apparently light and

simple a texture, that any one might suppose he could do the same, until he made the endeavour.

—Ut sibi quivis

Sperotidem sudet multum, frustra que laboret

Ausus idem.

Perhaps indeed in this sentiment of Horace is principally couched that graceful ease, that nameless something, which imparts a charm to a song from a Moore or a Campbell, or to a ballad from the hand of a Scott or a Montgomery.

In the knack, however, of hitting off an airy, tasteful production no one has been more successful than a poet born of American parents, though his birth place happened to be in England. This is Mr. Leigh Hunt, the author of the *Feast of the Poets*. His mother, as appears from the account he has given of himself, was the daughter of Mr. Stephen Shewell of Philadelphia, and his father, Mr. Isaac Hunt was educated at the college of that city, in which, he was afterwards a practitioner of law. He is the same person mentioned in Graydon's *Memoirs*, page 112, as having been carted at the beginning of the revolution for his opposition to the American cause. Now to those, if any such there are, who may think it improbable, that if Mr. Leigh Hunt had been born and educated in Philadelphia and remained there he would have produced such a poem as the *Feast of the Poets*, it will appear plausible at least, that certain advantages over us, are possessed by the cultivators of literature in Great Britain, although the cause of them can neither be satisfactorily comprehended nor explained. And the practice which prevailed before the revolution of sending our young men, particularly those designed for the bar, to England to complete their education, seems to have been founded on this supposition.

But however the fact may be in poetry and general literature, it is pretty obvious in respect to novels and other works, which chiefly derive interest from the characters and their location. American writers in this career, cannot but sensibly feel the difficulty of giving illusion to their fictions from a want of their appropriate scenery, or what may be termed their classic ground. They will not only find themselves destitute of the all important machinery of lords and ladies, but of the Vauxhalls, the Ranc-

labyrinths, the Pantheons, &c. in which alone a courtly love-affair can be driven on with any tolerable prospect of *ecclat* to its inventor. What chance, for instance, can a hapless author have of manufacturing but a plausible hero or heroine, out of no better material than that of a simple citizen's son or daughter, whose residence, for want of a Berkley or a Grosvenor square, must of necessity be placed in some of the unanimating quarters of our sister cities, or some of the hum drum streets of this quakerly metropolis!

The location indeed of fabulous personages, must every where be a matter of delicacy. Too much minuteness even in their natural soil and under congenial skies, must be avoided; lest readers be sent a looking for our hero where he is not to be found, and by finding the designated spot unworthy of him, may thence be led to degrade him to its level. Aware perhaps of this the celebrated Cervantes, no further ventures to limit the residence of his peerless knight, than to a certain village of La Mancha. But true genius will be able to surmount all these difficulties, even in America.

Upon the whole, so long as we continue to take our fashions from Europe and particularly from England, we must not complain, that we cannot set them up at will and give them currency at home. For, it is with literature as with our clothes. It is not enough that the cloth be of firm fabric and prime quality, and that the garment be fitted to our size and proportions: It must, besides this, have the fashionable imported cut and air; or the tailor who made it will be looked upon as a butcher, and never take rank among the brilliant of the profession.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations on the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. With two attempts at imitation.

MR. OLDSCHOOL;

The two leading and rival reviews of Great Britain lie before me. I have just finished the perusal of a critique in each of them on the same article. The Quarterly, in its account of Mr.

Rogers's *Fragments of the voyage of Columbus*, had indulged in some strictures on the author, for leaving the school of Pope, and adopting the more lofty and poetical style of modern innovators. These strictures produced a professed and elaborate defence from the Edinburgh. With respect to the ability with which the latter article is executed, it far exceeds, in my estimation, the speculation which it was designed to oppose. It is but rarely that the Edinburgh reviewers condescend to take notice of other periodical publications; and they here seem to have poured forth their whole might against their formidable antagonists, and in favour of the poet, who is probably a fellow-partizan of their own, both in politics and literature. So far from condemning Mr. Rogers for his poetical apostacy, they labour to justify him in every respect. They contend, that a revolution in public manners, opinions, and feelings, rendered it necessary for him to conform in some degree to the prevailing taste. They say that Pope and Dryden were *not the highest kind of poets*, and that *the present* is one of the most flourishing periods of English poetry. To prove, moreover, that Rogers has not failed in his attempts, they make several extracts from his publications, and defy a comparison of them with the best efforts of any living poets. In one paragraph, they endeavour to prove that the fragments of Rogers's *Voyage of Columbus* belong rather to a lyric than an epic poem! Perhaps the author was flattered by this information, and felt grateful for being instructed as to the nature of his work. He, it seems, imagined he had produced an epic; but his trusty friends, in their *defence*, have kindly admonished him of his mistake.—They have one very obscure passage, which, as far as I can discover its import, aims some mortifying thrusts at Southey, after having made Scott, Byron, and Moore, the favoured ones, who were destined to snatch the occasions which revolutions, or other accidents should present for the production of popular bards.—The writer of the article in question composes with vast ability, but is destitute of that ease of style, and transparency of meaning, which constitute the charm of the Quarterly Reviewers. Perhaps this defect is in some degree owing to the depth of his investigations; but certain I am that he *courts* the ornament and the pomp of style, and often buries his meaning under the rubbish of glittering

words. Let us for instance examine two sentences from both reviews, which are intended to express precisely the same thought, and we shall have a tolerably clear, though a somewhat exaggerated idea of the prevailing style of each.

"*It is not the mere greatness of an event**" (says the unostentatious Quarterly Reviewer) "that renders it fit for verse." A well bred man would have used nearly the same words in a familiar literary *tete-a-tete*. Now hear the same sentiment ushered in by a flourish of trumpets from the heroes of the north. "The poetical capabilities of an event bear no proportion to [its?] historical importance." The fact is, Blair diffused a regard to style among the Scottish writers, which soon rose to a passion, and which they have never been able to conquer. Dugald Stewart himself never descends from the stiff and stately eminence, which from habit grown inveterate seems to be identified with his very nature, but constantly and obstinately clothes not only his loftiest thoughts but even his most familiar sentiments, in ornate and swelling language. Beattie acknowledged that the whole tribe of writers north of the Tweed penned their English as they would a Latin task. Now, to be sure, an English man can write good Latin, and so can a Scotchman good English; but as the former would never venture to compose a Latin comedy in the *true* Terentian idiom, so the latter fears to trust himself among the genuine peculiarities of the English tongue. He is afraid of being betrayed by his Scotticisms. He feels safe as long as he ranges among his highlands and mountains of expression, (if the phraseology will be allowed me), but the moment he steps on English ground, and goes to forage in the Southern valleys, he is detected and disgraced as an alien. It is from this cause, I suspect that we often feel a kind of weariness even in the most delightful parts of the unrivalled Edinburgh Review. We are instructed—we are charmed—we admire—we glow—but our reading, as it were, lags. We are tempted rather to *look back* on the beauties we have just passed through, than allured forward by smooth and easy conveyances. A Marcus Tullius, rather than an Addison, is our guide.—To these observations, exceptions can be pointed out; let it however be remembered, that much of the Edinburgh Review is the production of English-bred, and English-resident authors. But I will stake the correctness of my

* *Italicised in the original.*

criticisms, if applied to the speculations so easily distinguishable, of the incomparable Jeffries and his Scottish coadjutors.

The preceding remarks, Mr. Oldschool, have been hastily thrown together, in order to introduce to your notice, a pair of burlesque portraits which I have attempted to execute for the amusement of your readers. I thought, that the most exceptionable traits of the Edinburgh Reviewers might be with some utility exposed to their undistinguishing admirers on this side of the water. Those traits consist, as I conceive, in a propensity to overstretch the ridiculous, when they make an author the object of their satire—a multiplication of “strange polysyllabic epithets,” on the effect of which they evidently place great dependence—a most unblushing self-complacency—and the obstinate uniformity with which they introduce their favourite themes of politics and reform into almost every topic that falls under their discussion. These traits I have endeavoured to hit off in the following instrument. My imitation of the Quarterly Review, which succeeds it, shall be prefaced with some remarks illustrative of my design in undertaking it.

Extract from an anticipated sheet of the Edinburgh Review for October, 1814.

ARTICLE I. “*The Guide to Politeness; containing rules on the subject of dancing, and on every thing which relates to the behaviour of a polite and accomplished gentleman, by Francis D. Nichols, teacher of dancing. Boston [N. E.] 1810. Farrand and Mallory; 8vo. pp. 58.*”*

“Amazing! what have we here! a guide to politeness from a nation of savages! the incipient germe of civilization from a race of awkward clowns! What are we next to expect from the Americans? What are we to import from those sturdy manufacturers of tinsel epics, of wretched histories, and parliamentary speeches? Here is a gentleman who comes to instruct us in the art of jumping, the art of walking, the art of taking snuff, of handing a lady on her horse, and picking noses—with politeness.”* * * “Is this

* A book of this description was issued from the Boston press, by a Mr. Nichols, dancing-master, at about the date mentioned in the article.

book published by Mr. Francis D. Nichols, or did it come forth into the world under the auspices of a dancing bear? This is a question, which involuntarily occurred to us upon a perusal of the work, and we will now devote a portion of our review to its discussion. We think, &c. &c.

"Had the trumpery upstart, who composed these pages, whoever he be, human or bestial, completed the system he pretended to investigate and explain, there would be less need of the severity of our censures, and *consequently*, less need of the public disapprobation. But experienced as he pretends to be, he has not even passed through the subject, with the attention and satisfactoriness, which a raw youth would have employed, who is just beginning to ogle with politeness, to lisp with affectation, to adjust his cravat, and wear spectacles among the ladies. Indeed, we should suppose the production before us, if we could be assured it came from the pen of any human being, was the theoretical vagaries of a rustic plough-boy, who had been witnessing all day the posteriors of his team, and had, at eve, with his head replete with correspondent ideas, sat down to exonerate his pregnant noddle. Our author's notions of gracefulness are indisputably derived from the curling undulations of an ox's tail, and we are persuaded his *steps*, to use the technical term, have no other archetype in nature, than the waddling uniformity of a divided hoof.—We think * * * * *

[Here follow several extracts to prove Mr. Nichols a dancing bear, with the explanatory comments of the enlightened reviewer. If my room and time permitted, I would introduce them at this place, but should then be obliged to omit the following strictures, which I presume were the favourite parts of the writer's critique.]

"Should our conjectures, however, after all, respecting the species of this writer, be groundless, we must make one of our most horizontal bows to Mr. N. and only regret that we had not his skilful hands, in helping us to model the flexibility of our vertebrae. Our obeisance would, in that case, be propitiatory; at present, we must appear before him in the stiff and awkward attitude of reviewers. In the meantime, will he permit us to advise him to refrain from encumbering the world any more with his speculations, and to pay undivided attention to that particular

department in which Providence has placed him. We warn Mr. Francis D. Nichols to confine his flourishes solely to his heels, and to make no more efforts at flourishing with his pen. A dancing-master, at best, is but a contemptible member of society; but a scribbling dancing-master is altogether intolerable. It is presumed that this flagellation will deter all others of the pidgeon-wing professors from troubling the world with their ball-room tittle tattle, or their rigadon-theories. This we confidently predict. For no literary cobbler has ever yet transgressed in the least degree *ultra crepidam*, who has not by the efficacy of our censures, been repelled to his native stall, and confined to more congenial operations. *We must* preserve the stream of Helicon unsullied; nor suffer every grunting scribler to disturb it, by his wallowing. There is a sort of writers, no doubt,* as there is a sort of out-houses, which, though they are contemptible in structure, and ungraced by ornaments;—though they possess none of the purity, the polish, nor the perspicuousness of legitimate dwelling-houses—yet must be suffered to exist as indispensable incumbrances. With these we have no necessity, nor indeed, any inclination to meddle. But we should not preserve our present character as magistrates in the commonwealth of letters, if we did not exercise our authority in banishing from public view every little obscene scullion, who sees fit to deposit the noxious feculency of his intellectual intestines on the high-way of literature. This duty, we confess, seems to be that of literary scavengers; but we are neither ashamed of the office nor† the name; and shall still continue to brandish our critical besom, with the most unrelenting and the most purifying severity.—At the present day, especially, that‡ the art of book-making is practised to a most astonishing extent—when every dolt becomes a dabbler:

“Et putres concresecere fungos.”

Juv.

* See a well written passage in the Review of Gertrude of Wyoming, where a metaphysical effort is made to apologize for and write up the elliptical and obscure poetry, which Campbell was pleased to adopt in that exquisite tale. “There is a sort of poetry, no doubt, as there is a sort of flowers, &c. Vol. xiv. p. 2.

† A Scotticism, by the omission of the particle *or*; also, for the sake of euphony.

‡ Scotticism, for *when*; a common one in the Edinburgh Review.

Some literary board of health is absolutely necessary to rid the world of public nuisances, and restore purity to our corrupted atmosphere.

"And who is Mr. Nichols? Is this the man to whom the whole fashionable world are to be indebted for the polish of their manners? Forbid it politeness, and forbid it philosophy. Such a contemptible clod can never become a reformer, till he has radically reformed his own nature, or at least, till

"Exuerit sylvestrem animum."

VIZ.

We only wish that those who are anxious to appear with grace and dignity in the public or private circles of life, *would defer the adoption of any particular habits or gestures until the publication of our next number.* We have already transgressed our limits, though, *we think*, not the patience of our readers, by the prolixity of the present article. We shall soon, however, have an opportunity to resume the subject, after which, there is not a doubt, that the galas of Carlton house, and the circles of Bath will display more elegance and gracefulness than any former age has witnessed. Our exertions in the cause of the slave trade have been crowned with success; and the name of the Edinburgh Review undoubtedly resounds at this moment, through the wilds of Caffraria, and the emancipated regions of Congo. Even now, also, the oppressed natives of the East feel the influence of our pages. Ganges rolls with a more rapid tide in proportion as the flood of Scottish ink is effused, and the vales of Cashmere glow with unwonted beauty, while protected by the genius of the north. It may probably be received, by the next accounts from India, that the Pandects of Cavi are translating our labours into the Sanscrit tongue, for the purpose of incorporating them with the sacred Vedas. All we pray for is, that our success on the topic of dancing may equal that which we have experienced in politics and literature, and that it may not be objected to us,

"Nequicquam seros exerceant cantus."

With this deprecation we dismiss the subject for the present.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

MR. OLD SCHOOL,

IT is worthy of remark that while the periodical publications of this country are, month after month, filled with essays on almost every other topic of literature, scarcely one is devoted to the language in which those essays are written. Through the English language we imbibe all the knowledge we possess, gain access to the vast treasures of letters and science accumulated by the wisdom and labours of ages, cultivate our taste, refine our manners, and improve our moral faculties; and yet we seldom take the trouble either to examine its properties for our own satisfaction, or to analyze its principles, unfold its structure, or display its peculiar genius for the instruction of others.

The English language is, nevertheless, a subject on which some of the most enlightened scholars in all nations have dilated with great pleasure. French philologists of the first reputation have thought it a task not unworthy of them to descant on its perfections. *We*, therefore, to whom, as much as to the English themselves, it is native, and who share in all the advantages and honours it can confer, owe it to ourselves to demonstrate that we are not ignorant of its excellence, nor insensible to the benefits we derive from it. As a tribute which ought to be frequently paid to the literature of our country, and a topic the discussion of which must be replete with both profit and amusement, a dissertation on the English tongue is peculiarly the province of such a work as the *Port Folio*. I therefore send you for publication a piece containing some very just and acute strictures upon its merits, which I found in manuscript among some old papers that lately fell into my possession by the death of a friend.

“ Though with very few and extraordinary exceptions those who have been most distinguished for profound philological knowledge have been the most unsparing in encomiums on the English language; there have not been wanting, particularly among the half-learned and superficial, calumniators, who have endeavoured to detract from its merit by objections of more flippancy than truth—of more ostentation than judgment, and founded chiefly on certain imperfections of a nature so trifling, as scarcely to cast a

transient shade upon its lustre, and which must necessarily fall to its share in common with all the other works of man. Before I advert, therefore, to what I consider as perfections which give the English preeminence over all other languages, ancient or modern, except the Greek, I will say a few words upon those objections, and think I can show that they even redound to its credit.

The first of these is its fluctuating nature and the uncertainty of its duration—a suggestion which, with many others no better founded, has derived some weight from the authority of Mr. Pope.

No longer now the golden age appears
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years;
No length of fame, our second life is lost
And bare three score is all e'en that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.

This prediction, however, is now as amply contradicted by matter of fact, as it was, soon after its promulgation, ably refuted by the learned and luminous Benson, who has justly observed, that, so long as our admirable version of the Bible continues to be read in the churches, it will be a standard for the English language; an opinion sanctioned by Dr. Johnson's having in his Dictionary constantly resorted to the Bible for his illustrations.

Another objection made to the English language is that it is a medley of many other tongues; upon the grounds of which error some have gone so far as to assert that it is not a language by itself. One would imagine that the difficulty which foreigners find in obtaining a knowledge of the English would be a satisfactory answer to this position. There is no language in the world, the Hebrew alone excepted, that has not its derivations from others. But what the English language is chargeable with on this score is a great excellence. It has culled from other tongues the flowers, and rejected the weeds. The Spanish is too grave, solemn, and formal. The French too light, precipitate, and coxcomical. The Italian is over-softened and emasculated with a redundancy of vowels, as the German is burthened and rendered barbarous by a harsh, unutterable, disagreeable concurrence of consonants. But the English tongue is majestic without stiffness, animated without levity, musical without effeminacy, and nervous without

roughness: qualities which are universally ascribed to it, and unquestionably give it the superiority to at least all modern languages, notwithstanding the opinion to the contrary of sir William Temple, whose judgment was perverted in many things by vanity and wilful heterodoxy.

Another charge brought against our language is, that it abounds too much with monosyllables; a defect, say the objectors; peculiar to itself and not to be found in other languages. But why is that a defect? Is it because it imparts to the language such a comprehensive energy, that he who speaks English can express in one syllable, the same idea for the perfect conveyance of which a person who speaks only French is compelled to make use of three. A bad writer, indeed, may crowd so many of them together as to form very unmusical periods, especially in verse: but a good one, on the contrary, will turn this seeming imperfection into a real beauty. As a splendid example of this assertion I desire to rely on the celebrated Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve in the *Paradise Lost*, and in which Milton gives us the following lines.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.

The reader will observe that the second of these lines, which is by far the most harmonious, consists wholly of monosyllables. The preceding line has but one dissyllable, and the last but two.

Again:

Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise,
Speak—ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light.

I could add a multitude of instances of the same kind, but those I have offered ought to suffice.

Another exception that has often been taken to the English language, and which at this moment occurs to me, is its want of universality. *Prima facie*, this seems a very plausible argument against its merit. But upon further consideration it will be found to speak not so much against the English language as against the English people, many of whom, out of mere vanity and affectation, prefer foreign languages to their own. Such, however, as the ob-

jection is, it appears to be gradually vanishing—the English language gains daily ground in Europe, in many parts of which the study of it has become fashionable.

To the Greek language, and to the Greek alone, I allow the English language to yield up the palm. That tongue, like the writer in it still unquestionably remains, and in all likelihood will ever remain unrivalled. Between the harmonious dispositions, sentiments, and habits of a people and their particular forms of speech, there is an incredible analogy. Hence the sluggishness of a Dutchman, the gravity of a Spaniard, and the levity of a Frenchman, are instantly discernible in their respective languages. The Grecians, who thought and acted beyond the rest of mankind, convey their sentiments in a manner suitable to such superiority.

While I make this concession in favour of the Grecian, I must and will maintain our superiority to the Roman; for, notwithstanding the many obligations our tongue has to the Latin, it is, in intrinsic force and variety of powers much superior to it. The poverty of the Latin is recognised by some of the greatest writers in it. An elegant poet complains of this defect in the following verses:

Nec me amini fallit
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse,
Multa novis verbis præsertim cumsit agendum
Propter egestatem linguæ, et rerum novitatem.

TRANSLATION.

"Nor does it escape me that it will be difficult to illustrate in Latin verse, especially as many things must be handled in new forms of speech, on account of the poverty of the language and the novelty of the subject."

The eloquent Cicero, too, found the inconvenience of this defect in the Latin language, and in his familiar epistles is often obliged to call in the aid of Greek words in order to express his meaning.

Another defect in the Latin is the affected manner of placing, or rather misplacing the words which constantly obtains even in the prose-writings of this language, and of it alone—a practice which embarrasses the reader by rendering the meaning of the author unnecessarily obscure, and though it may tune the sound to the ear discomposes the sense. In good English writers, on

the contrary, the periods generally flow according to the order of the ideas, from which arises that greatest of all beauties in language, perspicuity.—With regard to the compounding of words, and forming two, sometimes three into one, which in poetical compositions has a fine effect, the English is incomparably superior to the Latin. Nor is it less superior to it in conciseness than in perspicuity.

The Italian, Spanish, and especially the Portuguese, being manifestly corruptions of the Latin, cannot *a fortiori* be put in competition with the English language that so greatly excels it.

The chief boast of the French language is its universality. It is the fashionable language of Europe, and there are obvious reasons why it should be so. Whether it deserves to be so is another question.—I am persuaded it does not. Let us consider the matter impartially.

To begin with the orthography. Nothing can be more absurd, unnatural, and ridiculous, than to set down a parcel of letters which are to be of no use at all in pronunciation. I grant that in the English there are some words to which the same absurdity may be imputed; but they are, for the most part, imported from the French, and every man who speaks the English language ought to join me in wishing that they had them back again; for there are good ones enough to supply their places. And if from their orthography we go to their pronunciation, we shall find that, when correctly performed, the sound is made to pass through the nose, so as to imitate as much as possible that of a post-horn. That they have a great number of eminent writers is certain; but those illustrious personages could have written as good sense in high Dutch, if that had been their native language. The French prose is generally tedious and prolix, and the versification touches upon burlesque; while the heroic measure in which the most serious of the French authors, namely, their epic and tragic poets write, may be very well sung to the tune of “A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall”—as for example:

Jeune et vaillant heros dont la haute sagesse
N'est point le fruit tardiff d'une lente vieillesse,
Et qui seul sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Soutiens tout par toi meme, et vois tout par tes vœux.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

On the contrary the English prose (I mean such as is used in conversation,) is admirably adapted to express the sentiments of a brave, sensible, sincere people, in a resolute, determinate, and open manner. The pronunciation from a good voice is musical and manly, and can yield to nothing in harmony except the poetry of it. The English heroic verse is an iambic measure of five feet, and in tragedy we have a perfect iambic of six feet. As,

“ I snatch'd the golden glorious opportunity.”

The same as,

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

The iambic, though used by the Latin tragedians, is too quick a measure for the purpose. But the English tongue, abounding more with monosyllable and consonants, adds a weight to the dignity and spirit of the measure.

HOGARTH.

Mr. Walpole in his observations on the life and character of Hogarth says, that “the ambition of indigence is ever productive of distress.” He might with no less general truth, and still nearer relativeness to his subject have added, that the ambition to be satirical is almost always productive of misery and perturbation of spirit. Of the number of those who have distinguished themselves for a propensity to satire, and at the same time for lively talents to indulge it, I know not one, whose fate in life was such as a man of discretion would make choice of; or whose private feelings or repute in the bosoms of their associates was in any respect enviable, or indeed, such as a man of honour and sensibility, would not much rather decline. For one of his satires, Dryden received from the same hand a purse and a drubbing. The genius of Pope could not protect him from the shafts of men whose gifts were mean in comparison with his, but whom his petulance provoked to conflicts which tended to shorten a life

by nature not intended to be long. The little wasp of Twickenham* was frequently compelled to writhe under the stings of wounded drones; and the miseries of his friend Swift who was the scourge of mankind in his day, are delineated in an epitaph which he wrote for himself, and is inscribed on a marble tablet over his place of sepulture,† in terms too expressive of the ex-aspiration of his feelings to be mistaken. And in our own times the lacerations sustained and inflicted on each other by Hogarth and his adversaries Wilkes and Churchill, afford to those on whom nature has bestowed a vein of satirical wit and humour, an impressive admonition to beware of making a too free or frequent use of them.

A lively perception of whatever happens to be absurd, vicious, or ridiculous in our fellow creatures, generates and nourishes a disposition to satire. Hogarth possessed that talent in a degree never surpassed, perhaps, rarely equalled among men. His works form an imperishable monument of his genius in that way. But there are many reasons for believing that while he was immortalizing his fame, his feelings were often cruelly tortured, and that his heart paid many a pang for the praises that were lavished on him by the world.

He once meditated a public attack upon Pope, and expended some labour upon the design: but perhaps as fortunately for himself as lamentably for the curious in such things, he was, either by the remonstrances of some friend, or by the suggestions of his own plain common sense, dissuaded from giving his design publicity. In a picture which he called *Taste*, he included a view of the gate of Burlington House with Pope at work white washing it, and bespattering the duke of Chandos's coach. The pen of the poet, however, struck the imagination of the artist with horror, and he recalled all the impressions of his print, in time to preclude the possibility of resentment from Pope.

That quick perception of the defective and ludicrous which constituted the basis of Hogarth's genius, gave him, as it seldom

* Pope was so nick-named by lady Mary Wortley Montague.

† Hic jacet John Swift, D. S. P. &c.—“ Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.”

fails to give to all who labour under it, a disrelish to many things which contribute to the pleasure and comfort of ordinary men. Confounded with this and with national prejudices, a visit he made to France in pursuit of pleasure, information, and perhaps health, became a source of malicious bitterness, absurdity, and distress to him. Wherever he went, he was sure to be dissatisfied with every thing he saw in that country. When a circumstance occurred, for instance, in the furniture or the ornament of a room, or in a piece of architecture, the elegance of which was too manifest to be denied, and when the beauty of it was pointed out to him as deserving his approbation his constant reply was—"What then?—It is French." Even in the streets of Paris he would be clamorously and rudely satirical upon whatever presented itself to his view. He would pour forth a torrent of ridicule and laughter at the sight of a tattered bag, or a pair of embroidered silk stockings with holes in them—things, which at that time not unfrequently obtruded themselves in the streets of Paris upon the eyes of astonished strangers, and which it is reasonable to suppose he would as often contrast with the comfortable worsted stockings and snug scratch wig of his friend Davy Garrick. It was in vain that the gentleman who accompanied him, advised him to be more cautious in his public remarks. He laughed at his admonition, and treated the offerer of it as a pusillanimous fellow, who was unworthy to reside in a free country—nay, for a long time after continued to make him the butt of his ridicule.

His merriment, however, was completely extinguished, and had, indeed, a most distressing termination at Calais. While he was employed in sketching off the gate of that town, for the plan of his famous print of "O, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND," he was taken into custody—carried before the governor as a spy, and after a very strict examination, committed a prisoner to GRANDSIRI his landlord, who was obliged to give security that the offender should not go out of his house till he was about to embark for England. For though the innocence of his design was rendered perfectly apparent on the testimony of other sketches which he had about him and which were such as could, by no means serve

the purposes of an engineer, he was told by the commandant that had not the peace been actually signed, he should have been obliged to hang him up immediately on the ramparts. Two guards were appointed to convey him on board the ship, and did not quit him till he was three miles from shore.—They then spun him round like a top on the deck, and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without further molestation. The leading circumstance in this transaction is recorded in that celebrated picture—yet he never heard the ludicrous particulars of it mentioned without vexation.

In his "Miser's Feast," he thought proper to put sir Isaac Shard, a man so proverbially avaricious that he might be called the Elwes of his day, into the pillory. Sir Isaac's son, a young man of high spirit, returning soon after from his travels, called at Hogarth's, desired to see the picture, and drawing his sword cut and slashed the canvas to pieces. Hogarth got into a great rage—Mr. Shard calmly justified what he had done, and said he was ready to defend any suit that might be prosecuted against him for the outrage. Hogarth, however, was too wise to add, to his loss by the costs of a suit at law, the issue of which would have unquestionably been against him.

The last memorable quarrel that Hogarth had, was with Wilkes and Churchill. Hogarth caricatured Wilkes's friends and party in a print called the Times. Wilkes answered this in a very galling paper in the North Briton. In reply to this the painter exhibited a caricature of the author. And now the gigantic satirist Churchill entered the lists, and in that vulgar, malignant, but brilliant poem, the epistle to William Hogarth, abused him like a billingagate. Another caricature came forth representing the poet in the shape of a bear in canonicals with a club and a pot of porter in either hand.

The public annexed so much importance to this contest, that both the combatants were supposed by many to have died of chagrin from it. Hogarth, however, lived two years after it—and both of them showed more anger than wit in the scuffle.

As an author, that admirable work, the Analysis of Beauty displays the power of Hogarth's genius. But this too, was an inexhaustible fund of misery to him during its preparation. Doctor Hoadly, and a Mr. Ralph were called in to render merely ver-

tal assistance to the author who continually lost his temper and declared that no other man's words could express his ideas. The family of Hogarth were rejoiced when the last sheet was printed off, as his frequent disputes with his assistants, soured his disposition and destroyed the harmony of the house.

With all this genius, Hogarth was deficient in one faculty of the mind, almost beyond example.—His memory was so bad as to place him frequently in the most ludicrous circumstances. Doctor Hoadly, Garrick, and he agreed to personate a laughable parody on the scene in Julius Cæsar, where the ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre—but though his speech consisted of only two lines, he was altogether unable to get it by heart. At table, he would sometimes turn round his chair of a sudden in absence of mind, as if he had done—and again on being reminded that he had not eat his dinner, as suddenly turn round again and finish it.

I will close this paper with the character given of him by Mr. Nichols. "Of all the fraternity, whether ancient or modern, Hogarth bent the keenest eye on the follies and vices of mankind; and expressed them with a degree of variety and force which it would be vain to seek among the satiric compositions of any other painter. In short, what Hamlet says, of a player's office, may with some few exceptions be applied to the designs of Hogarth,—“the mad both at the first, and now, was, and is to hold, as 'twere a mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age, and body of the time his form and pressure.”

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A SYSTEM OF ANATOMY,

*For the use of students of medicine, by Casper Wistar, M. D.
professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.*

It is not our intention to give a detailed review, either critical or analytical, of this interesting and valuable work. Such an article would better comport with the nature of a professional

than of a miscellaneous journal. We feel ourselves at liberty, however, to express our opinion respecting any publication that may issue from the American press, more especially if the composition be also American.

Of the abilities of Dr. Wistar, as a teacher of anatomy, an office in which he has been publicly employed for more than twenty years, it would be superfluous to speak. For talents and industry, acquirements and a happy facility in communicating knowledge, he is alike conspicuous. A professor more popular in his class, more wedded to his duties, or more successful in the exercise of his high and responsible functions, is not, perhaps, to be found in any country. In America he certainly has no competitor. Possessing originally a predilection for that branch of medical science which he was selected to teach, he has attained to high perfection in it through study and experience, the only means that can lead to eminence.

Considering the purpose it is intended to subserve—to be a guide and aid to the pupil while pursuing his anatomical studies in the University of Pennsylvania—the American system of anatomy is precisely such a work as we would be led to expect from such a teacher. Condensed with judgment and skill, it contains much matter in a moderate compass. The order and arrangement are easy and natural, being those which the professor pursues in his lectures, and the style is simple, concise, and perspicuous. As all elementary works in science ought to do, it renders intelligible and plain, even to the weakest capacity, every part of the subject of which it treats. No student of medicine can open it without instruction; nor ought any one to prosecute his studies in this University without making it his constant companion.

The convenience and value of this work are greatly enhanced by a table of contents, a copious index, and an excellent glossary. The physiological discussions in it are necessarily limited, in as much as the teaching of that branch does not belong to the chair which Dr. Wistar fills; and the professor's delicacy and sense of justice are too nice to allow him to infringe on the province of a colleague. Viewing the work in all its qualities, and considering it, as we do, a happy and judicious medium between the brevity of Fyfe and the cumbersome extent of the Edinburgh

system, we have no hesitation in believing it to be the best manual for the student of anatomy now extant in the English language. It will also serve as an excellent remembrancer to surgeons in the country, whose anatomical knowledge may require to be freshened, and who have no ready access to larger works. As such, we doubt not that its popularity will be great, and its circulation extensive.

Fires improved, or a new method of building chimneys, so as to prevent their smoking. In which a small fire shall warm a room much better than a large one made the common way. And the method of altering such chimneys as are already built, so that they shall perform the same effects. By Monsieur Gauger, made into English from the French original, by J. T. Desaguliers, L. L. D. and F. R. S. Second edition with improvements. Printed for J. Senex, at the Globe, Fleet-street; and E. Curll, at Pope's Head, in Rose street, Covent-Garden. p. 158, 8vo.

THIS curious and interesting little volume is a work of no inconsiderable antiquity. It appears to have been originally published in French in the year 1709, and translated into English in 1715. Its passage through two editions shows it to have been a performance of some popularity. A similar inference may be drawn from the circumstance of Curll's having been concerned in its publication: for such were the judgment and skill of that bookseller, that he rarely became interested in any but articles of ready sale.

This volume might furnish, were it wanting, additional evidence of the verity of the declaration of the royal preacher, that "there is nothing new under the sun." It is evidently the source whence our modern improvers of fire-places have derived, either directly or indirectly, the elements of their knowledge on that subject. Hence the folly of their prosecuting each other for an alleged violation of patent rights, and the fallacy of their pretensions to an original discovery. No man living has a shadow of right to claim a patent for the principle on which these gentlemen construct their fire places. That principle, viz. *the introduction from without of heated air, and its uniform diffusion throughout the room*" is completely developed by Mons. Gauger,

reasoned on and elucidated with great intelligence, and various methods proposed for reducing it to practice in household economy. The structure and action of our author's fire places, some of which were possessed of great power, are rendered obvious to the lowest capacity by tolerable engravings and ample descriptions. By an examination of these plates, any workman of intelligence and ingenuity may not only construct fire-places on the same models; but may give to them such other forms as his fancy may dictate or his judgment approve. Still preserving the same principle—the introduction of external air, heated during its passage into the room—he may thus adapt them to apartments of any size, in any situation, or intended for any purpose within the scope of architecture. All this he may do without either purchasing, at an extravagant rate, a spurious patent right, or even asking permission of any one who may assume the character of an inventor.

Dr. Franklin, in his well known essay on fire-places, published in 1744, refers to the treatise by Mons. Gauger, with which he appears to have been perfectly familiar. From this circumstance, taken conjointly with the entire similarity of the views of those two writers, it can remain no longer doubtful from what source our distinguished countryman derived the knowledge which led him to the construction of what he denominates the “improved Pennsylvania fire-place.” That stove, to speak in the most favourable terms of it, is nothing but a modification of the fire-place of Gauger.

In judging of the treatise of this sensible Frenchman, we must make an allowance for the false and now obsolete philosophy of the time in which he lived. But this allowance being made, the work contains much interesting and valuable matter. The reasoning is ingenious and sound, and appears to throw nearly all the light we at present possess, as well on the method of warming rooms with the smallest consumption of fuel, as on the best plan for preventing the smoking of chimneys. We think that no one can read the production of Gauger, without entertaining somewhat more than a suspicion that even count Rumford was indebted to it for what he did not choose to acknowledge. The advantages of that form of a fire-place to which the count has given his name, are demonstrated by a diagram in the work we are considering.

It may be a matter of some interest as well as utility, to lay before our readers the following extract from the preface of the translator of Gauger.

"What the author proposes to do by his new method, says his translator, is, 1. To light a fire with the greatest ease, and, if you will, make it flame all the time without the trouble of blowing. 2. To make a room very warm with a little fire, which may also give heat to another room. 3. To disperse the heat so uniformly as to take away the usual inconveniences of being obliged to creep so near, or to sit at such a distance from the fire, that we are either roasted before or frozen behind. 4. To make us breathe fresh air constantly, which shall be of any degree of heat that you would have it, without ever being troubled with smoke or moisture in any part of the room. 5. To show how to extinguish by one's self, and in a moment, any fire that should happen in such chimneys.

"Mons. Gauger had his fire-places in use in his own dwelling upwards of twenty years. His knowledge was, therefore, the result of much experience.

"His treatise is divided into three books: the first shows the inconveniences of the common, and the conveniences of the new chimneys.

"The second gives the reasons why the new chimneys cannot possibly smoke. And

"The third, which is purely practical, informs the workman in such an easy manner, that they may, without any further directions perform what is required, in a more or less simple manner, as any gentleman shall think fit."

In noticing this treatise on the improvement of fire-places, at the present time, we have in view a twofold object: to apprise our fellow citizens, generally, of its existence, to call their attention, in a particular manner to its contents, which we deem important and to inform them that it is to be found in the Philadelphia Library. But it is more especially our wish to do away effectually and forever, in relation to the subject under our consideration, that unjustifiable traffic, which has been heretofore practised in unwarranted patent rights. We deliberately pronounce this practice to be an imposition on the public, which ought not to be tolerated, much

less encouraged. It is a species of dealing, in which no man strictly conscientious will ever engage, and for which all who do engage in it, ought to be visited by the frowns of the community.

We shall, at all times, most heartily rejoice to see the artist rewarded, in ample measure, for the discoveries of this genius, and the exercise of his ingenuity in works of usefulness. This is but the common meed of justice, to which all are entitled, and to which every one, according to his abilities, should contribute. But fame is the only reward of the dead. It is, therefore, no less the duty of those who have it in their power, to vindicate the rights of the departed author, although a century may have rolled in silence over his grave, and to make known the fallacy of the pretensions of impostors who may fraudulently claim his discoveries as their own.

Bound up in the same volume with the treatise of Mons. Gauger, is the celebrated pamphlet of Dr. Franklin, published in the year 1744, in which is given "An account of the new invented Pennsylvania fire-places." The principle of these fire-places, the knowledge of which our distinguished countryman no doubt derived from the writings of the Frenchman, is precisely the same with that for which patent rights are now sold to the citizens of Philadelphia.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

We have had for sometime, in our possession, and must request the author to accept our apology for not having noticed it sooner, a manuscript of considerable extent, intended, we believe to appear hereafter in the form of a volume, on the original peopling of the new world. In point of fact the production is valuable, in argument ingenious and respectable, in style simple and perspicuous, though somewhat crude. It calls in question and endeavours to refute, with a force and effect, on which it would be unjust in us not to bestow considerable applause, the hypothesis maintained by Robinson, Pennant, and others—the peopling of America from Asia, by the way of Behring's Straits.

In his general reasonings on the subject, the respectable author relies not a little on Scriptural authority, and cites, as collate-

real evidence, the sentiments of ancient writers, the traditional records of various nations, and the physical phenomena which certain tracts of ocean at present exhibit.

On the whole, the manuscript, as far as we have had leisure to examine it, manifests, in no ordinary degree, reading, reflection and inquiry, and should it hereafter be submitted to the press, we have no hesitation in recommending it as a work that will reward the attention, and gratify the curiosity of those who may be desirous of increasing their knowledge touching the subject of which it treats.

In corroboration of these remarks, and for the information and amusement of our readers, we hope to be able to publish one of the essays in the February number of the Port Folio. En.

A CURIOUS FRAGMENT.

THE following article purports to be—and bears, we think, some inherent evidences of authenticity—an extract from the private journal of a Scotch gentleman of high distinction in the ranks of literature, who passed, not long since, a few months in the United States. It presents to the eye of the American reader a curious and not uninteresting medley, comprising a number of truths with a few errors, and not without one or two dashes of inconsistency. It furnishes a picture, which, in the main, cannot be considered as discreditable to our country. An acknowledgment from a native of Great Britain who still resides in the land of his fathers, that America surpasses or even equals that island in any of the arts or embellishments of civil life, must be regarded by us as complimentary in the extreme: and such an acknowledgment this fragment contains.

How Mr. Harper can be at once “acute and dull” we have not penetration sufficient to perceive. Of the acuteness of that gentleman we have long been sensible: but his dulness is a quality of which we are yet to be convinced: no one but this lynx-eyed foreigner has been able to discover it. To say that he is acute in his perceptions, but dull in his manner of making them known,

(a possible case) would be a gross error. His private conversation and public delivery are known to be sprightly, spirited, and eloquent—as much so, we venture to assert, as those of the reputed author of the remark we are combating.

If our “steam-boats be excellent”—if “Philadelphia be, perhaps, better than the average of the west end of London”—if “the bank of Pennsylvania be the finest piece of Grecian ever built”—if “the academy of arts be handsome and of considerable taste”—if the “first room in it be filled with admirable casts, forming such a perfect collection of copies as is not to be found in England”—if “the finest piece of architecture the author of the fragment ever saw, be the bridge of one arch over the Schuylkill”—if American “architecture be better, and the towns more magnificent than he expected”—if, what literary taste exists in the United States be “good”—if all these things be true, and we shall surely, hereafter, have no cause to doubt them, whence is it that the common words applicable to American things are, “*vulgar and without taste?*” The imputation is too absurd and the contradiction too palpable to require comment.

What shall we say touching the remarks of this indelicate and prejudiced stranger, on the subject of the ladies of America? Most of them are too glaringly unfounded to deserve attention. We should deem it even insulting to our fair countrywomen to attempt a defence of their character against such wanton and deliberate aspersion. The ladies of America “impudent, bold, forward, no respect for age, talents, or rank!” unmanly and insolent calumny! the author of it merits no other answer than the frown of indignation or the smile of contempt. If it were true, whence is it that a man of high distinction, much occupied in business, shall pass from Great Britain to the United States, on a voyage of matrimony, and after all his hazard, toil, and trouble, select as his partner a lady, who, however superior she may be, in merit and accomplishments, to the females of Scotland and England, was never held preeminent, in this country, in the qualities of her sex?

Another charge by this observer, is, that our “girls are rude, and noisy, and vulgar, pushing each other on sophas, and running about the room.” As a general accusation, this is not true. Con-

sidered, however, in a very limited point of view, it is greatly to be lamented that it has some foundation. There are, both in Europe and America, dashing young ladies as well as dashing young gentlemen; and it cannot be denied that dashing in either sex participates somewhat of rudeness and ill-manners—in females it is most exceptionable because unnatural. To laugh or talk inordinately loud in company, to beckon repeatedly to persons at a distance, to whisper or giggle or elbow each other on sofas or chairs, to course round a room as if it were a public promenade or race-ground—for young ladies to be guilty of practices like these, is an offence against good breeding. Yet we blush to acknowledge that such practices, though by no means common, do exist in America, and that among females whose rank in society ought to render them models of decorum. Could it have been from the conduct of these that our traveller formed his unfavourable opinions? If so, they are indirectly though not unjustly chargeable with the calumny their countrywomen have sustained on *their* account.

But we have already too long detained our readers by our own observations, instead of gratifying them by the extract in question. Ed.

Mr. J—fr—s thinks of America, that every thing being of wood, gives it an appearance of decay and perishable tendencies. Steamboats very good—Philadelphia superior to the generality of London, and not inferior, perhaps better than the average of the west end; but generally speaking, the windows are too small, and the colours too contrasting—The bank of Pennsylvania the finest piece of Grecian ever built* * * * *The Academy of Arts handsome, of considerable taste—The first room filled with admirable casts, &c. &c.—thinks they have no such perfect collection of copies in England: the pictures very respectable—The finest piece of architecture he ever saw is the bridge of one arch over the Schuylkill—American stages intolerable—Washington capitol is handsome and has considerable dignity—The president's house stately and magnificent. The P—d—t is a little, yellow, mean-looking, formal, awkward, cunning, sensible, grave man—Madame, affable, good-natured, and “un peu embarrassé”—M—n—o, plain, modest, gentlemanlike; and his wife a faded beauty, with the remains of airs. (Mr. J—fr—s was at Washington city before the sitting

of congress, and the company at the drawing-room of Mrs. M—i—n was very thin.)—Too easy of access, the company is ever grave, peaceable, decent women, plain and dull—girls, rude and noisy, and vulgar, pushing each other on sophas, and running about the room; and, generally, he was much disappointed in American women—They are impudent, bold, forward, no respect for age, talents, or rank—This of the young girls—The old women are dull, without information, no rational conversation, and stupid—The scenery is grand and beautiful, and the light of the American sun bright and ite.

Harper, of Baltimore, acute and dull—Dallas, intelligent and acute—Americans talk only on politics, upon which they are dogmatical and very positive—Architecture is better, and the towns more magnificent than he expected—He saw only one modest young man!—The lawyers argue very well, which seems to be the best part of the American character—He is surprised to find many old valuable books in America, particularly at Cambridge, where the collection is rare and very select—The Athenæum at Boston extremely good, the number of books greater than at Liverpool—There is not much taste for literature—what there is, is good—Hannah Adams's books are sensible enough; and he was particularly pleased with the goodness, the conciseness, and the unaffected plainness of the style—He does not know that it is not the best in America—The common words applicable to American things are, *vulgar and without taste.*

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS CONCLUDED.

Amissum non flet, cum sola est Gellia patrem,

Siquis adest, jussæ prosiliunt lacrymæ.

Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia querit:

Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.

Gellia, alone, weeps not her father dead,

But any person by, her sobs exceed all fitness:

No danger then, that grief, will kill thee, pious maid!

There's only danger when, one weeps without a witness.

Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine libellus:

Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

The pages you have read, Fidentinus, are mine;

But, when they dull become, depend upon't they're thine.

Martial, I fear, was little better than an arrant aristocrat. How else are we to account for the unfeeling manner in which he applies his lash to the shoulders of some poor demagogue, in the following epigram:

Nec vocat ad cœnam Marius, nec munera mittit,

Nec spondet, nec vult credere, sed nec habet.

Turba tamen non deest, steritem quæ curet amicum.

Heu quam perfatus sunt tibi Roma togæ!

Though, nor to supper ask'd, nor with his peers,

Exchanging those kind acts which life endears,

Stern Marius throng'd with rabble's bleat at home;

Alas! how witching are thy gowns, O Rome!

Ad cœnam nuper Varus me forte vocavit,

Ornatus dives, parvula cœna fuit!

Aurò non dapibus, operatur menas ministri.

Apponunt ocalis plurima, pauca gula.

Tunc ego, non ocalos sed ventrem pascere veni:

Aut appone dapes, vel aufer opes.

To supper lately ask'd,

By Varus a rich friend,

The dishes gaily mask'd,

No sav'ry odour send.

Much gold, but little meat,

Brings in each tawdry valet,

As if the eyes to treat,

Not entertain the palate.

But all this proud array,

My maw, quoth I, does suit ill;

So take the wealth away,

Or else put on the victual.

The epigrams which follow, are of a serious cast, savouring more of pathos than wit.

Conjugis audisset fatum cum Portia Bruti
 Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor;
 Non dum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari.
 Crediderim satis hoc vos docuisse patrem.
 Dixit et ardentis avido bibit ore favillas,
 I nunc, et ferrum, turba molesta, nega.

The translation of this is as literal perhaps as verse will admit.

Her husband Brutus' fate, when Portia heard,
 And death devising, was from arms debar'd;
 "Think not to bind me down to life. I'd thought,
 How useless this, my father's death had taught."
 She said; and eager, swallowed burning coals.
 "Go now, deny me steel, officious fools!"

In the following justly admired lines on Aria and Pœtus, I have alone departed from my premised design of avoiding what had been translated by others. But the fact is that I had put this into English long since, and before I had met with any version of it. I have since seen several, one of the best of which, to be found in Pliny's letters by Melmoth, I subjoin.

Ceasta suo gladium cum traderet Aria Pœto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feri, non dolet inquit,
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi Pœæ, dolet.

When from her breast chaste Aria drew the sword,
 And gave it reeking to her much-lov'd lord,
 "Pœtus," she said, "my pain, be witness heaven!
 Is from the wound thou giv'st, not that I've given."

Melmoth's:

When from her breast chaste Aria snatch'd the sword,
 And gave the deathful weapon to her lord,
 "My wound," she said, "believe me, does not smart;
 'Tis thine alone, my Pœtus, pains my heart."

The enthusiasm of the Romans for gladiatorial exhibitions, exceeding perhaps in measure no less than in generality, even that of the English for pugilistic contests, may be, in some degree estimated, by this epitaph on Scorfus.

Ille ego sum Scorpis clamosi gloria Circi,
 Plausus, Roma, tui, deliciaeque breves:
 Invida quem Laecheis raptum trieteride nous,
 Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem.

Scorpis the loud Circus's proud boast was I,
 Rome's fav'rite, fond delight, and short-liv'd joy:
 My age computing by the palms I'd won,
 Fate cut me off ere thrice nine years I'd run.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

Translated from De Moustier's "Lettres a Eranio."

THE FABLE.

Narcissus, son of the river Cephissus and Liriope, daughter of Oceanus, was a youth of great beauty. Tiresias foretold that he should live till he saw himself. He despised all the nymphs, and made Echo languish till she became a mere sound, by refusing to return her passion. Returning weary and fatigued from the chase, he stooped on the margin of a fountain to quench his thirst, where, at the sight of his form in the water, he became so enamoured, that he languished from that time till he died.

A stream translucent at the fountain head,
 In gentle motion wash'd its golden bed;
 In plaintive murmurs bath'd the verdant glade,
 Where light was dim'd by intermingling shade,
 And on the flood, in mellow tints beneath,
 Cast the gay colours of the bushy heath.
 A thirsty huntsman, o'er the bank inclin'd,
 His image saw—and with delight—
 With out-stretch'd hand, beheld the sight,
 While round his heart the beauteous image twin'd.
 Entranc'd he stood, and 'ere the water drank,
 Woo'd this dear shadow from the sloping bank;
 "Oh, fairest nymph, who'er you be, he said,
 "Whether a goddess, shepherdess, or maid,

"Hear my fond love—receive the impassion'd vow,
 "Of him whose heart ne'er plead for love till now.
 "Heavens, you smile!—and I in transport trace,
 "My ravish'd soul on your celestial face!
 "And when my ardent hopes in sighs exhale,
 "You seem the while to catch the tender gale.
 "Ah, now you weep—yes, tears your visage lave."
 His tears that moment reach'd the limpid wave.
 The changeful nymph, disfigur'd, trembling stood,
 In wrinkl'd form, beneath the ruffl'd flood,
 "Great God, he cried, what whim does thus disguise,
 "Your beauteous features to my longing eyes!
 "It is not you,"—again the waters calm,
 And she appears bedeck'd in every charm,
 "Once more return'd! you speak—those lips would seem
 "To utter sounds that die beneath the stream,
 "Your words so soft, so kind, so sweet appear,
 "'Tis love to see you—'twould be heaven to hear.
 "Why, if so nigh, must we be still apart?—
 "Come let me press you to this burning heart!
 "Pant on my breast—ascend these verdant shores!
 "—Ah!—You invite me—I will pant on yours!
 "Approach, approach and touch this feverish hand!
 "You fly, alas! e'en while you feign to stand!
 "No, no, you do not love—I see your smiles,
 "Your looks, your sobs are but illusive wiles!
 "I burn, I languish, I consume, I die.—
 "Again you pity me—in tears you sigh!
 "Ah! can you love me—can you feel this fire,
 "And wish to see me at your feet expire?"
 He said—his cheeks assume the hue of death;
 His graces fade, he draws a fleeting breath;
 His tears dry up—his eyes grow dim—and close:
 So dies a tender bud or half-blown rose,
 When early wounded by a summer's ray,
 Just born—it hangs its head and pines away!
 Echo, her youth observing pale and faint,
 To the last moment answers his complaint,

"Adieu," he says—"adieu," she softly sighs,
 "I lov'd you,"—"lov'd you," lo, the nymph replies;
 "And now e'en when my parting spirit flees,
 "I love you"—"love you,"—Echo faintly breathes.

S. B.

LINES, FOR HER WHO UNDERSTANDS THEM.

Till this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
 Great Love! at first sight of Eliza's bright charms;
 Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
 You may now play the tyrant as soon as you please,
 But when Innocence, Beauty, and Wit all conspire,
 To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire,
 Why should I decline, what I cannot avoid,
 And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd?
 There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
 When love is secured by good-nature and truth;
 On her beauty I'll gaze and of pleasure complain,
 While every kind look adds a link to my chain,
 'Tis harder to keep than it is to surprise,
 But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her eyes,
 I gazed, with the loss of my freedom before;
 But listening, forever must serve and adore.

DAPHNIS.

IN MEMORIAM JOANNIS SIMONTON, V. D. M. [

Qui, munere pastorali functus annos multos Tredyffrin comitatu Cestrensi Pennsylvanorum, cessit ibidem ætatis 80 multum ploratus 1791.

Symbolum amicitæ.

Ad cognatos, amicos atque vicinos.

Extitit et quondam qui vixit valle Tredyffrin
 Vir, nomen cujus versu non dicere promptum.

Care Senex, quoties tua nomina fingere vellem,
 O quoties numerisque Latinis pingere nisus,
 Nec potui: facile haud est nomina pingere tanta.

O utinam possem virtutes dicere amici
 Egregias, dotesque alias quæ vos meministis;
 VOL. V. M

Sæpe autem frustra conatus lusit imago:
Quid faciam? Cleri celebrandum est nomen amati,
Quod numerosque Latinos hinc et inde recusat!
Sed valeant quid nomina, si sint nomina tantum?
Obsoleant licet hujus nomina, fama vigebit
Clara fide et doctrina, clara et amore bonorum.

Nominibus jam missis quæ pingi cupiebam,
Vos animis mecum virtutes hic revocate.

Clerus erat placidus, constans, humilisque benignus,
Fratribus exemplum vita fidei ac pietatis
Fræbuit, ut dignos gererent se munere sacro;
Sordibus ut mundi servarent puriter omnes;
Litibus hic sacris in litibus atque profanis
Abstinit: partes, si fas, omnino refugit,
Omnigenosque pios complexus nomine CHRISTI,
Justitia cujus sola sunt justificandi;
Non operis legumve suisve bonis aliorum.
Pastor oves vigilans pascebat comiter omnes,
In ulhas teneros accepit leniter agnos;
Ardenter supplex orans noctesque diesque
Assiduus DOMINUM precibus psalmisque colebat.

Tu pastor populi, salve ter, nuncie cœli,
Qui, custos ovium curans socialiter omnes,
Inspicis ut victus tribuantur tempore dextro;
Inspicis ut pascant ad aquas fontesque recentes;
Inspicis ut cunctæ gradiantur tramite recto;
Inspicis omnes ne solis erretur in agris;
Inspicis ut tutæ redeant in septa refectæ;
Sæpius ac intrans ovium res inspicis omnes.

Civibus exemplum dedit ordinis atque decori
Omnibus, ut facerent aliis quæ jura requirunt,
Integer ipse fuit vitæ, nam justus in omnes,
Contentusque suis aliorum nil cupiebat.

Leniter hic inopum casulas intravit agrestum,
Sive forent inopesve sui gregis, aut alieni,
Divitis atque domum si, ut Nathan Davidis aulam,
Non voces fictas, sed veras protulit ore.

Exulis hic sortem miseratus duxit in ædes,
 Exulis et casum miseratus juvit amicus,
 Et miserans animo (tester) tectoque recepit.

Extitit his terris infra sic noster Amicus,
 Qui hospitio accepit me vix a febre redemptum,
 Et vinclis certi validis devinxit amoris;
 Ignoto ac fragili me ex hospite fecit amicum.
 Qui studia inquirens mea lumine vidit amico,
 Doctorem statuit largitus præmia palmæ.
 Discipulos mihi tradit, queis præceperat ipse,
 Exiguos numero, sed qui faciles doceantur;
 Parvula namque schola est melior doctisque docenti,
 Convivæ ut pauci multis melius saturantur.
 O ter ego felix! talem sortitus Amicum.

Nomen amici in terris crebrum, crebrius omni
 Nornen amici! quis non gaudet nomine amici?
 Existunt plures profitentes nomen amici;
 Verus amicus at est nunc corvo rarior albo.

Hæc memini recolens virtutes Cleri et Amici,
 Quî multos docuit Græcos, multosque Latinos;
 Quî studiis clarus Græcis, studiisque Latinis,
 (Auspiciis *Alisonis* quo non doctior alter,
 Justitia pollens, generosus, certus amicus)
 Qui cupiens silvas Academi quærere verum
 Ingressus mecum, puerosque docenda poposcit.

Multa alia et potui cantare hujus memoranda,
 Conjugis atque piæ mitem quæ præstitit omni,
 Præcipuo vos quam sic dilexistis amore.
 Sufficiant ast hæc vobis noscentibus Ambos.
 Hæc dictavit amor pius, hæc sunt carmina amoris,
 Carmina si fuerint non priscis digna Poetis;
 Attamen inspiravit amor pius, æquus, honestus,
 In doctumque pium longum et testentur amorem

JA. ROSS.

Hos ego versiculos valli silvisque canebar,
 Unde oriuntur aquæ fontes hi pœmine flavi,

Qui fluitant clari et faciles mortalibus ægris.
 His omnes utuntur vallis et incola montis
 Undis, quæ capitis stomachique doloribus adsunt.
 Rheumaticis multos cruciatos sæpe levare:
 Dyspepsos mersosque bibentes rite levarunt;
 Sulphureas bibuli has mensis petiere secundis.
 Colliculi et fontes alii sunt dissiti circum.
 Colliculi hic læti, proprios tribuunt et honores.

Lucus et hic est dulci longe lætissimus umbra:
 Sycamorus nam populus umbras nectere gaudent,
 Sycamorusque hic populus ulmis nectier orant.
 Lilia et hic flores fragrantès mittunt odores:
 Hic et apes saturæ sunt rivos, flumina propter,
 Hic et apes carptim saturantur dulcibus horti;
 Vivificans aer morbos pestseque repellit.
 Porticus aëria est longos quæ prospicit agros,
 Nunc sentit bibulos, nunc lætas accipit auras:
 Æolus hic vontos premit omnes carceris antro.
 Nec sinit ut furiosi evertant omnia secum.

Hæc cecini gentes dum bella ciere per orbem,
 Sæpius et cultri vomeres conflantur in ense;
 Arma ferunt homines inter se fœdere rupto—
 Sed quid ego hæc refero? scribenti nuncia venit
 Fama—arcem et capitolia celsa jacere ruinis!
 Quinetiam tremulis urbem ac ædesque potentum
 Hostibus involvi flammis exusta Britannis!

*Vos comitis Ræiarcis, Talerandi et Amici,
 Hæc bene volvenda ac animo vobis memoranda;
 Imperium nullis durat nisi viribus æquis,
 Juraque fasque reguntur solis legibus æquis,
 Leges et ipsæ cuspunt uti jure regantur.*

J. Simonton, Rev. juventam per septem annos Novieboraci instituit, *P. Bostwick* reverendo ministro: huic fuit multum addictus, ac de eloquentia et pietate Bostwick præclara dixit multa.

Fra. Alison, D. D. insigniter inter omnes studiis classicis semper eminuit; utriusque linguæ Græcæ et Latinæ doctus, om-

nigenæque rei literariæ peritus; disciplina sic rigida, ut alter *Bus-
brus* potuisset vocari. Inter alios insignes multos, *Paulum Jackson*
cestrensem, M. D. linguarum professorem in collegio et academia
Philadelphensi, instituit.

Gulielmus Simonton nepos *Rev.* studiis literarum Græcis et
Romanis profecit, ac deinde, *Fra. Alison*, M. D. duce, medicinæ
eruditus, artem medicam fama celebri, multumque dilectus annos
aliquot coluit.

—
GENIUS.

OF Nature's gifts so variously bestow'd,
Some, are to *all*—but *all* to *none* allow'd—
A different genius, different products shows,
This bears the palm in *verse*, and *that* in *prose*,—
One in the crowded forum gains applause,
Pride of his country—champion of her laws,
Another's fame procured by maxims sage,
Shines in bright characters on history's page,
While some delight in *battle's* rude alarms,
And some enjoy retirement's modest charms.

The world's an ample stage, where every mind,
Is to a certain character confined,
The numerous motions of the plastic soul,
Maintain the parts and vivify the whole.
Scribonius can command the nimble plume,
And his bold strokes a beauteous shape assume,
A bird, a serpent, quadrupeds and men
Are but the dash of his creative pen.
But ah! to animate one line with thought
His mere mechanic intellect ne'er sought—
The cause—you cannot fail to understand—
His *genius* lies—entirely in his hand.

Genius! thou bright ennobling gift of heav'n,
Thou beam divine to favoured mortals given—
What shall contain thee, or thy flight control,
Thou vast expansive energy of soul!

The universe alone can bound thy springs,
 Curtail thy soarings or confine thy wings—
 'Tis thine with intellectual power refin'd,
 To fill creation with the rays of Mind;
 From Fiction's mines to draw exhaustless stores,
 Course round the world and rest on all its shores;
 Bid every realm its noblest charms expand,
 And gather sweets from ocean, air, and land:
 From Fancy's secret haunts, with magic power,
 To draw peculiar boons for every hour,
 Fill the wide circuit of *Ambition's* range,
 And, gay *Variety*, indulge thy love of change.

Genius! inventive power, to thee we owe
 Our brightest joys—the keenest pangs we know,
 'Tis thine to raise the humblest heart—'tis thine
 To shed on Misery a light divine,—
 Ev'n haggard Poverty salutes thy ray,
 And Sorrow's darkness kindles into day.

Blest in his brilliant unsubstantial dream,
 The hungry poet revels in thy beam,
 Feasts on thy luscious fruits, and chants in odes
 Thy airy regions and divine abodes,
 'Till—thundering "bailiffs" with a deadly blow,
 Wake him to life and lay thy glories low.

Oh Genius, when the ills of being throng,
 How sweet the soothings of the poet's song—
 What syren voices lull him to repose,
 Assuage his sufferings, and subdue his woes.
 White dove-wing'd Cherubs fan his tranquil sleep,
 And guardian Graces pious vigils keep;
 He strays delighted through Elysian groves,
 With nymphs enamoured and returns their loves,
 Reclines in blest repose, in rosy bowers,
 Where Flora forms his couch of fragrant flowers—
 And leaves the cares of life to those who choose
 To purchase *solid* happiness, like Jews,

Who wrap'd in self, exclude from every plan
The feast of *mind*—the proper food of man.

Let haughty Genius in her boldest flight
Pierce yon blue vault and reach the source of light,
If in her train no modest Virtues meet,
No kindly Charities fraternal greet,
Short is her triumph, and Oblivion's gloom,
Wraps in a sable pall her solitary tomb!
But when on equal wings high pois'd in air,
Genius and Virtue soar, a heav'nly pair,
Warm'd with consenting hearts and kindred fires,
They wake the music of celestial lyres;
The azure vault with strains seraphic rings,
And every raptur'd saint his censer brings,
Angelic choirs their shouts ecstatic raise,
And harmonizing spheres prolong the peals of praise!

As Nature's face illum'd by solar rays,
An infinite variety displays,
Etherial tints the orient sky adorn
With the mild radiance of a summer morn,—
Now glancing upwards to the mountain's head,
The early beams their dewy lustre shed,
Then cast some rugged cliff's impending brow
In a dark shadow on the vale below—
So Genius, ever varying, ever bright,
Shines with her own peculiar blaze of light,
Now beams serene in Addison or Pope,
Mild is her radiance, though immense her scope;
Now darts in lightning o'er a Shakspeare's page,
Now burns with steady ray in Johnson sage.

Oh Genius! in the painter's magic art,
How warm thy influence on the feeling heart!
See on West's canvass scenes historic spread,
Restoring life to men for ages dead!
A venerable scene attracts the eye—
See mighty Rome in pompous ruins lyre: .

See splendid piles in hoary grandeur nod,
 And sculptor'd columns bend beneath their load.
 The desert porch, the statues maim'd display
 How rich the honours of a brighter day.
 Rome's Genius there attends in laurell'd state,
 Th' embodied emblems of her double fate.
 Approaching there, the widow'd Arts complain
 The lessen'd glory of their former reign.
 Behold the cause! the Genius seems to cry,
 And lifts his hand expressive to the sky;
 There, in the clouds, with hoary Time appear
 Devouring Famine, and destructive War—
 But partial causes *these* whose noxious force,
 Labour suspends, 'till Valour stops their course.

Painting, delightful art, 'tis thine to please,
 With all the charms of gracefulness and ease,
 Beneath thy praise all sounds imperfect flow,
 Nought but thy colours can thy merits show.
 Incitements here, the mov'd spectators find
 For all the various passions of the mind,—
 We gaze, and rise “in concious virtue bold,”
 Live o'er each piece, “and be what we behold.”

If, Painting, such thy magic influence be,
 What meed of praise is thine, O Harmony!
 What passions yield not to thy soft control,
 What breast resists thy power to raise the soul?
 When heav'n born Genius wakes the golden lyre,
 How high our wishes tend, our aims aspire!
 Again, with gentle touch, deep, solemn, slow,
 She bids our bosoms sigh, our tears to flow,
 In all the generous luxury of wo.
 Then Sympathy her tender joys imparts
 And Sorrow finds relief in pitying hearts.
 But when the noisy trump to battle sounds,
 The soldier flies to arms—the war-steed bounds;
 High swells the bosom with Ambition's fire,
 And Genius thunders, as he sweeps the lyre:

His glowing eye-balls all his soul express,
 He bids embattled hosts to victory press—
 Hastes to the field where ardent legions tread,
 And snuffs afar the blood of foe-men dead.

Oh, Music! may thy notes no more prolong
 The sanguine triumph of Ambition's throng;
 Sweet be thy lays as Zephyr's balmy breath,
 That gathers fragrance from the flowery heath—
 And soon may all thy dulcet notes ascend,
 To welcome *Peace* Humanity's best friend,
 And every nation thy blest influence feel,
 And sheathe, with joyous hearts, the martial steel!
 Now, homeward turns the desultory Muse
 And Genius bathes his wreath in Sorrow's dew—
 Columbia mourns! Let all the sons of verse,
 Unequal'd Parsons! gather round thy hearse.
 There Virtue droops—and on thy hallowed bier
 Desponding Science pours the frequent tear.
 Oh mind celestial—bright with Wisdom's ray,
 Eternal intellect—unclouded day,
 Absorb'd in heav'n's effulgence! Grateful lays,
 Of fervent love and unaffected praise,
 Thy weeping country's pious voice bestows,
 And counts thy merits, by her countless woes!

If Wisdom, Kindness, Charity, and Truth,
 Unspotted Virtue, and untainted Youth,
 The fire of Genius, and Devotion's flame,
 Could from the tomb a long exemption claim,
 Still, *Buckminster*, thy voice had charmed our ears,
 Consol'd our sorrows, and allay'd our fears;
 Still had thy eloquence, in strains divine,
 Wean'd us from earth, and all the joys of time;
 Still had thy precepts, like an angel giv'n,
 Form'd us for bliss, and show'd the path to heav'n.

See where Columbia's capital displays
Imperial Freedom's concentrated rays,
There Genius triumphs, as she reads a roll
Of REAL patriots—*Heav'n preserve the scroll!*

Genius, how blazes thy ethereal ray
In the great mind of venerable Jay;
What can thy painters draw, or poets sing,
To celebrate the eloquence of King,
When from his eye the flames of Genius dart,
Enrich the mind, and elevate the heart,
Infusing knowledge, like the orient ray,
That meets retiring night, and flushes infant day.

Long as Columbia's poets have a claim,
With elder bards to an immortal name,
Thy virtues, Pickering, shall exalt their praise,
Swell their bold notes, and elevate their lays;
Worth, spirit, learning, gloriously combine,
To make the noblest palm of honour thine;
Long in thy country's story shalt thou live,
Grac'd with each honour *Gratitude* can give.

But *Strong*—illustrious chief, for thee remains
The patriot's wish, the Muse's sacred strains;
Good, noble, brave—with Wisdom for thy guide,
Well may thy country hail thee as her pride;
Thy bosom steel'd against degrading fear,
Feels not for self, but for thy country dear;
Thy heart, by Virtue guarded, shrinks alone,
From public woes, regarded as thy own,
And dreads no danger but the sweeping sway
That lawless bears our charter'd rights away.
Oh Genius, here's thy safe, thy steadfast stand,
Though war's loud tempests roar around the land;
Heav'n will Columbia's rights and reign prolong—
Her charter, *Justice*—and her guardian—*STRONG!*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In most reflecting minds the completion of an old, and the commencement of a new year, are productive of a variety of conflicting emotions. While our hearts are penetrated with gratitude, and flushed with joy, on account of our entrance on a fresh epoch, we are compelled to throw a lingering look of sorrow on the extended sand that has just run its course in the glass of our lives. If we rejoice in our friends, whom the new year still happily associates with us in hilarity and enjoyment, we do not fail to mourn over those whom the events of the old have taken from us forever; the pleasures we now experience are therefore no oblivious balm to the pains we have endured. Do we look with anticipated delight to the accomplishment of the flattering promises of the year that lies before us? and are we not forced to recollect, with undiminished regret, the disappointments we have sustained during that which is past? If, at this moment, we feel elevated by a virtuous resolution recently formed to cultivate wisdom and act with prudence and circumspection in time to come, are we not humbled, in the next, by a remembrance of the follies and indiscretions antecedently committed? In fine, such is the contrasting nature of the sentiments and reflections which present themselves at the commencement of the new year, that, to a contemplative mind, it might seem difficult to determine whether it be a period more pregnant with sources of rejoicing or sadness.

Notwithstanding the foregoing train of thought, which the first day of January, seldom fails to awaken in our mind, yet, as it is, by immemorial usage, a season of merriment, we do not deem ourselves privileged to be singular. Abandoning, therefore, for a moment, as well the recollections of yesterday as the anticipations of to-morrow, we shall mingle in sentiment with the laughing throng, float like bubbles on the current of fashion, and offer to our patrons the salutations of the season. We wish them savory viands and sparkling bowls, gay companions and cheerful firesides, well stored purses and brightening prospects, with every thing that can mitigate the rigour of the season, and dissipate the gloom from the brow of the times.—We wish them in all respects “a happy new year.” In this are included many exemptions as

well as enjoyments. Of these exemptions we shall specify but one; and of that we can speak feelingly, subject as we are, to the whole "cohort of infelicities," which the want of it entails: it is an exemption from the toils and pains and nameless perplexities of *periodical* editorship—of writing notes or essays when one has nothing to say—of appearing sprightly when he is dull and spiritless—of seeming pleased when the tooth of vexation is gnawing at his heart—of wasting his patience, if not his health, over the midnight lamp, courting in vain the inspiration which seems to fly from him, while half the world are renovating their "toil-worn frames," and "care-exhausted minds," in the bowers of sleep—of endeavouring to please and instruct others with that which neither pleases nor instructs himself—of adjusting the claims of numerous correspondents, each one of whom makes pretensions to a prior right of appearing before the public—of searching with overstrained eyes and an aching head, for the sense of manuscripts written in a character which no one can decypher—of endeavouring to make up a sprightly variety out of articles which present nothing but a dull uniformity—and of doing all this punctually and infallibly against a stated day—such are a few of the miseries from which our greeting of "a happy new year," includes an exemption. Without this exemption, vain will be our wishes and the exertions of our patrons in relation to happiness: every season will be loaded with care and marked with infelicities—whether Winter frown or Spring smile, Summer bloom or Autumn ripen—whether one epoch end or another begin, still will they be victims of trouble and heirs of perplexity.

We must not conclude this new year's salutation without thanking our subscribers, which we do most sincerely, for their liberal and increasing patronage of our journal. Notwithstanding its faults and imperfections—and no one can be more feelingly alive to them than ourselves—they regard it with kindness, and not without applause, the most grateful reward an editor can receive for past labours, and his strongest incitement to future exertions.

QUEVEDO is welcomed into the "metrical corps." His initiatory performances promise well; the modesty of his professions still better. In poetry, as in most other things, the lowly in pre-

tension are in the broadest and fairest road to advancement. We have rarely received a bad poem that was not accompanied with marks of vanity. If Quevedo adhere to his present purposes, he will become a most respectable member of the "rhyming fraternity." In the meantime, we recommend a little more attention to the measurement of his lines. Some of his feet are broken and defective. To remedy this, we have, in one or two places, taken the liberty of adding a syllable to complete the number, avoiding all interference with the sense and sentiment. In his future communications, which we respectfully invite, these minor defects will, no doubt, disappear. They are, at the very worst, however, but mere specks, and we notice them, not with the acrimony of a fault finding critic, but with the disposition of a friend, anxious to remove blemishes and suggest improvements. Quevedo will receive the suggestion in the same spirit with which it is offered.

The "Candle," is an agreeable trifle, which shall not lie concealed under a bushel, but shall ere long sparkle on our pages to enliven for our readers a winter's evening, or lighten the gloom of a sunless day.

"Gambling and Dissipation," an allegory, by our correspondent X, is a pleasant and interesting paper, such as we should be gratified oftentimes to receive. The style is lively and perspicuous, the general texture of the story good, and the moral much better. It shall appear in the Port Folio, and the future correspondence of the author is solicited. If we might offer advice, it would be, that he should persevere as he has begun. Allegory is a kind of writing both agreeable and instructive, and we have no doubt that by cultivating it X may attain to considerable excellence.

The truly characteristic effusion of "Despair" is inadmissible: it would not be relished by one reader in a thousand. If the writer be in jest, he will not be seriously offended at us now, and if in earnest, he will be much obliged to us *six months hence*, for not publishing it.

"Parnassian Franchises and Vagaries" from our learned and excellent correspondent at Harrisburg, shall not be long withheld from the lovers of classical literature. The article manifests an extent of reading, a soundness of scholarship, and a correctness of taste, that would be creditable to any man in any country.

NOTICE OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Journal of a Cruise made to the Pacific Ocean, by Captain David Porter, in the United States' frigate Essex, in the years 1812, 1813, and 1814.

As we shall probably have occasion to speak of this Journal more fully hereafter, our present notice of it will be brief and general. Indeed, to be candid, the work having but just appeared, we have not yet had leisure to read it through. We have turned over, however, a sufficient portion of it to feel convinced, that public expectation respecting it will not be disappointed. It contains, as every one must be necessarily led to suppose, a great variety of matter, much of it interesting to readers in general, and not a little of it peculiarly gratifying to the pride of an American. It shows its author to be something more than a gallant and skillful commander of a ship of war. No one can peruse with attention even a single chapter of it without being convinced that Captain Porter is a man of sound judgment, correct observation, and of an ardent, penetrating, and comprehensive mind. His intrepidity in battle is, perhaps, to be classed among his lowest qualities.

Our Journalist's field for the collection of materials was, in no common degree, extensive and important, diversified and fruitful. The cruise of the Essex was not only long, but one of the most interesting and eventful that has ever occurred. It will constitute an epoch in naval activity and exploit. Corresponding to these resources, which few Americans have heretofore enjoyed, appears to be the character of the Journal which Captain Porter has written. If we are not deceived in our judgment respecting it, formed as we have acknowledged from a hasty glance over certain portions of it, the navigator will find in it instruction in

his profession, the naturalist matter for curious contemplation, and the literary lounge a pleasant amusement. We cannot do less than heartily recommend it to public attention.

The United States and England: being a reply to a criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January 1814. pp. 115, 8vo.

The extraordinary and offensive paper which called forth this reply from the indignant pen of one of our countrymen, merits nothing less than universal execration. Its object is mischief on an extensive scale, its means are falsehood in its hatefulest shape, and it has unfortunately produced on the American mind, an impression which the lapse of years will with difficulty remove. So gross is it in its nature, and so odious in its character, that, had it passed between individuals accessible to each other, blood perhaps, would alone have atoned for the insult, unless some degrading mode of chastisement might have been deemed more worthy of so ignoble an offence. To have passed it by without a call for satisfaction under some form, would have been regarded as a mark of insensibility or cowardice. The article is, indeed, unique in its kind. False in statement, profligate in principle, vulgar in manner, and foul in phraseology beyond example, it defies the annals of criticism for a parallel.

The only proper notice of such an outrage committed at a distance, must consist either in the silence of contempt, or in a detailed reply, of keenness and severity suited to the occasion. Our countryman has preferred the latter alternative, and for the due execution of his undertaking, appears to have tasked his utmost powers of vituperation and argument. In many parts the production must be regarded as a masterpiece of sarcasm and a model of invective. In a few, it is to be regretted, that the writer appears to have caught a momentary infection from the style of his antagonist. Still, however, his language is eminently superior to that of the Reviewer, which must indeed have been borrowed from no purer source than the stalls of Fish-market or the purlieus of Billingsgate.

In every point, whether of argument or fact, invective or irony, the American must be acknowledged to have a marked superiority. His puny antagonist is fairly blasted by the fulminations of his pen. It is as when the bird of Jove stoops from the clouds to punish for its prating, and throw to the gulls, an insolent daw.

Regarding the production as an able and spirited defence of our country against those flagitious attacks which she has so frequently sustained from unprincipled foreigners, it is not without reluctance that we express our disapprobation of any thing it contains. We cannot, however, relinquish the belief, that it would have been less exceptionable, and would have better promoted the end it has in view, had its author rejected from it all but national considerations. Nor can we help thinking that he stepped somewhat aside from his proper course to complain of the wrongs and injuries done to Ireland. The contest is exclusively between England and America, and we are sorry that he deemed it necessary to widen the field.

On the whole, the Reply, although, from being hastily written, by no means the best the author can produce, is a work of no ordinary standing. It manifests an acquaintance which but few men possess, as well with British as American affairs, and will experience, as we feel persuaded, a more extensive circulation and a reputation of greater durability, than falls to the lot of most pamphlets.

TO THE PATRONS

OF

THE PORT FOLIO.

HOWEVER various the changes, in relation to form, size, proprietor, editor, the nature and value of its contents, and the intervals of its appearance, which The Port Folio may have sustained since its first establishment, it has been stable and uniform in its objects and tendencies—the promotion of American literature, the cultivation of taste, the encouragement of the fine arts, the inculcation of sound morality, and the dissemination of general truth. To these may be added, the fostering of a national spirit, the formation of a national character, and the minor point of furnishing readers, whose object is pleasure rather than instruction, with sources of rational and elegant amusement. To such ends has The Port Folio been most faithfully devoted—with what degree of success, it belongs to the public exclusively to determine.

Owing to events, which are but too frequent among men of business in these disastrous times, The Port Folio has once more changed its proprietor. The editor, however, being the same, it might be reasonably, expected, that, from a mere transfer of the copy-right, no material change, at least no great amelioration, will be likely to ensue in the nature and general character of the work.

On this subject it is deemed most prudent, as well as most delicate, to wave *promises*, and allow *facts* hereafter to speak for themselves. However vain and illusory the former may frequently prove, the latter are to be accredited as the messengers of truth.

In relation to this point, however, it may be allowable to state—and for evidence of our honest determination to comply with the obligation herein contracted, let reference be had to the present number—that hereafter, in the ornamental part of the work, considerable improvement may be confidently expected. It is also within the scope of our intention to effect, without delay, in the aspect of The Port Folio, another change, which, by adapting it more immediately to the character of the times, will gratify, as we flatter ourselves, the wishes and feelings of the American people, and render it more valuable as an American Journal.

Retaining a competent portion of literary and miscellaneous matter, which we shall endeavour to render both “racy and rare,” it is our purpose to add to each of our future numbers such an article as will impart to the work somewhat of the nature of a Military and Naval Register. This article will consist in part of a characteristic and well executed engraving, and partly of a just and spirited description, being either a likeness and life of some distinguished military or naval commander, or commemorative of some important event in the annals of our country.

The readers of The Port Folio cannot fail to perceive, that, pursuant to this design, it will fall within our province to lay before them occasionally interesting views and narratives of the capture and destruction of the ships and squadrons of the enemy, of the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, of the sortie from fort Erie, the defence of fort Sandusky, and such other heroic events and achievements, as add to the glory of the nation and its arms.

In addition to the writers who have hitherto assisted the Editor, some respectable auxiliaries are engaged, and as this measure will necessarily subject the proprietor of the work to heavier expenses, an augmentation of patronage is respectfully solicited; nor will we, from the well known patriotism and liberality of our fellow citizens, for a moment permit ourselves to doubt of its being promptly afforded.



*Mouina.
Chief Warrior of the Taychs.*

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1815.

NO. II.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JACOB BROWN, MAJOR GENERAL
IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MAJOR GENERAL BROWN is, in the true signification of the term, a practical man, calculated for the management of weighty concerns. It is apparent, as well from the native texture of his mind, as from the decision and general cast of his character, that he was formed by nature for a man of business. He is one of those privileged individuals, who, possessing capabilities peculiar to themselves, seem destined to attain to important ends, independently of the ordinary means of achievement. The favourite of nature rather than the dependent nursling of education, he has not required the constant result of experience and discipline to become wise and skilful, nor the usual course of gradation to rise to eminence. In most of his undertakings he has perceived, by the force of a strong natural sagacity, the shortest and readiest way to success, and has seldom failed to attain it, oftentimes cre-

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o

ating extraordinary means of accomplishment where commo-
ones were wanting.

Although enamoured of peaceful life, and eminently calculated for its business and enjoyments, his highest talent is, perhaps, for war. His short but brilliant career has shown him to be possessed of all those qualities and fitnesses for command, that belong to the character of an able captain, and of which a daring courage is one of the lowest. Vigilant and enlightened, enterprising and full of resources; neither seduced into relaxation by the smiles of prosperity, nor shaken in his purposes by the frowns of adversity; prompt in deciding, vigorous and resolute yet cool in executing; sagacious in discovering the views of the enemy, dextrous and happy in concealing his own; thoroughly acquainted with human nature, not so much from the study of books, as from the more certain and instructive study of man; possessing so perfect a self-command, as to be able to meet, without reluctance, the severest privations and denials that are incidental to the life of a soldier: add to these, a sense of honour lofty and chivalrous, a constitution of body peculiarly calculated for deeds of hardihood, capable of enduring heat and cold, abstinence and fatigue, vigilance and continued attention, in a degree that to most men would be overwhelming and impracticable.—Such is a summary of the character of him whose life and transactions we shall briefly detail.

Thus endowed by nature with those choice and lofty qualities, which bestow on their possessor a fitness for command, it is not, perhaps, to be regarded as a matter of surprise, that the subject of this article has attained to his present eminence with more rapidity, and much less aid from technical discipline, than are usually attendant on military promotion. It will hereafter appear that, from the condition of a private citizen, totally unversed in the science of arms, he rose, at four steps, and in little more than three years, to the distinguished rank which he at present holds. To render his advancement the more striking, he was upwards of half this time a militia officer, and the country was happily in a state of peace, two circumstances which concurred to prevent the display of his talents for war, and to retard the course of his military promotion. Under a different state of things, his career might have been still more rapid and signal.

Jacob Brown is by birth a Pennsylvanian. He was born in Bucks county, a few miles below Trenton, where his father was for many years a respectable farmer. His ancestors both paternal and maternal, had been for several generations of the society of Quakers, some of them conspicuous in the circle wherein they moved for good sense, piety, and moral worth: the former were among the earliest settlers of the colony, having emigrated from England with William Penn, and followed his fortunes to his infant establishment planted amidst the wilds and savages of the new world. Like Washington, therefore, and Green, Wayne and Putnam, and the other distinguished heroes of the revolution, the subject of this memoir is purely American.

Of the early years of young Brown we know but little. All we are given to understand is, that, considering his opportunities, which were very limited, he pursued learning with zeal and perseverance and acquired it with facility. Nor do circumstances permit us to question the fact; for, at the early age of eighteen, we find him entrusted with the direction of a respectable school at Crosswicks in New-Jersey.

In that situation he continued, much to his reputation and not a little to his advantage, till about the age of twenty-one, when he made a visit, on business, to the western country, and passed two years in what is now the state of Ohio, residing principally in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. We are informed, but will not vouch for the fact, that he was there employed in the capacity of a surveyor of land. Soon after his return from that interesting section of the union, in which, wild and uncultivated as it then was, he still found resources for the improvement of his mind, he was induced to remove to the city of New-York. He there, at the particular instance of the society of friends, taught their public school for several years, with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of those who employed him. During this period his industry and exertions were strenuous and unremitting. While instructing others, he overlooked no source, he neglected no opportunity of self-improvement. With a view to cultivate his talent for public speaking, he joined a respectable debating society, of which he soon became a conspicuous member. The daily papers were also occasionally enriched by political es-

says from his pen, which attracted no inconsiderable share of attention. He, at one time, meditated entering on the profession of the law, but, on mature deliberation, relinquished his intention, believing himself to be better qualified for more active pursuits. Whether even now the busy scenes of military life did not present themselves to his view in distant prospect, might well be questioned. Nor is the presumption that they did the less probable.

The fortunes of most men who have figured in the world have been determined by accidental, oftentimes by trivial, occurrences. This truth was manifested in the case of Mr. Brown. While resident in New-York, he became casually acquainted with a land agent, whose concern lay on the waters and in the vicinity of lake Ontario. Having negotiated with that gentleman a contract for a few thousand acres of what was then a wilderness, he set out in the year 1799 to form a settlement on his new purchase. By this arrangement a foundation was laid for the eminence and honours he has since attained, and the substantial benefits he has conferred on his country.

Placed on a new and spacious theatre of action, his energies were unfolded with the widening of his prospects. His activity and intelligence, his knowledge of men and talents for business, soon rendered him a leading character in all matters of public concern. By the wisdom and ability with which he conducted his affairs, his own interests and those of the proprietors of lands in his neighbourhood were alike promoted. By his influence in the legislature of the state, several salutary and important laws were passed in relation to the opening of roads, the erection and organization of new counties, and various other points essentially connected with the improvement of the country. During this period, so necessarily replete with engagements and avocations according but little with studious habits, he was not inattentive to the cultivation of his mind, as preparatory to other and higher destinies. To add to his information in the science of government, and the further to mature his knowledge of man, considered in a civil and social capacity, he assiduously devoted a portion of his time to the study of ancient and modern history.

Among his other acquirements, having distinguished himself as an enlightened and practical farmer, Mr. Brown was elected in the year 1808, a member of the Agricultural and Philosophical society of the state of New-York. From about this period may be dated the commencement of his public character. In the course of the succeeding year, he was appointed to the command of a regiment of militia, the first military station he had ever filled. Applying himself now to the study of arms with the same ardour which had hitherto marked his peaceful pursuits, he soon manifested talents conclusive of the fact, that he was calculated for an officer of no ordinary standing. He was, accordingly, in the spring of 1811, promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

The present war having commenced in the year 1812, the country around lake Ontario being a frontier and important situation, was necessarily destined to become a theatre of early and active military operations. Arrangements were consequently made by government to meet the pressure of expected events. Of the first detachment of New-York militia called into the service of the United States, general Brown had the command of a brigade. It is but justice to him to state, that he was selected to this arduous and responsible situation, from the well known firmness and efficiency of his character, connected with his accurate knowledge of the country that was likely to become in a short time the theatre of war. He was not regarded as a sun-shine patriot, a mere parade-day officer, whose ruling passion was the vanity of being gazed at in military dress. He was considered as one qualified to meet the shock of battle, with the intelligence of a commander and the gallantry of a soldier. Nor was it long till events occurred to prove the correctness of public opinion.

The general's first command, being by far too extensive for the number of his troops, was, in an eminent degree, laborious and embarrassing. It embraced the whole line of frontier from Oswego to St. Regis, a distance of more than three hundred miles. Within this line was included the important post of Sackett's Harbour, the security of which, being essential to the success of ulterior operations, constituted the first object of his attention. Having fortified this in the best manner his time and scanty means would allow, he reconnoitered in person the shores

of the St. Lawrence, and, with equal promptness and skill, provided, as far as practicable, for the defence of the country. His transportation, a short time afterwards, of a party of four hundred men from Sackett's Harbour to Ogdensburgh, manifested a firmness of purpose and an intrepidity of spirit, which but few even of the hardest soldiers possess. The roads were impassible for baggage and artillery, and the enemy were in undisputed possession of the lake and river. On the subject of a passage by water there existed but one opinion: an attempt at it was considered as fraught with destruction. The general, however, having been ordered to proceed, was bent on obedience, and neither the front of danger nor the voice of remonstrance could shake his resolution. He, accordingly, embarked with his troops in the best flotilla he could provide for the purpose, and, determined to fight his way through whatever might oppose him, arrived in safety at his place of destination. In this daring enterprise he actually achieved what the boldest might well have hesitated to attempt. While stationed at Ogdensburgh he so galled and harrassed the enemy, in their navigation of the St. Lawrence, that, impatient of further annoyance, they fitted out a formidable expedition for his capture or destruction. The number of men they despatched on this enterprise was upwards of eight hundred, commanded by some of their best officers, and provided with every thing deemed necessary to insure success. The American force opposed to them was less than four hundred. Notwithstanding this vast numerical difference, so judicious were the arrangements of general Brown, and so deadly the fire with which he received the enemy, that he forced him to retreat precipitately with considerable loss in boats and men, not one of his party having received even a wound. No further attempts were made to dislodge him during his continuance at that post.

His term of service having soon afterwards expired, the general returned to his family at Brownville, and resumed, as heretofore, his agricultural pursuits. But with the talents and qualifications for war which he had recently exhibited, it was not to be expected that, in a time of danger, and on a frontier establishment, he would be suffered to remain in the enjoyment of repose. He was oftentimes consulted on military matters by the officers

commanding in the district wherein he resided, to whom his advice was essentially serviceable, and who never failed to regard him with respect and deference. But on occasions of emergency, warriors must act as well as counsel. We accordingly, in the spring of 1813, find general Brown again in the field, and once more entrusted with the defence of Sackett's Harbour, which was menaced by a serious attack from the enemy.

All the regular troops, except about four hundred, who, from their recent arrival on the spot, were but little better than fresh recruits, had been removed from the harbour, to cooperate in the meditated reduction of Fort George. The furniture of the cannon having been carried off to complete the outfit for the same service, the batteries were nearly in a dismantled state. Nor could any efficient aid be derived from the cooperation of the fleet, in as much as that, with the exception of two small schooners, was all employed in the expedition up the lake. In fact, considering its exposed situation, and the vital importance of the post, Sackett's Harbour had been, to the astonishment of all military men, left in a most unprotected and perilous condition. To aid in its defence, general Brown embodied, with all practicable promptitude, a few hundred militia from the adjacent district, who had scarcely arrived when the enemy made his appearance. The general's situation was critical in itself, and to the heart of a soldier trying in the extreme. It was his duty to meet the fire, perhaps the bayonets, of veterans, with a handful of raw, undisciplined troops, many of them but a few days from the bosom of their families, their domestic feelings still awake—and their habits of civil life perfectly unbroken, and none of whom had ever before faced an enemy in the field. But his own activity, valour, and skill, aided by the determined bravery of lieutenant colonel Backus, of the regular army, supplied all deficiencies. Arrangements were made to receive the enemy with a warm and galling fire at his place of landing, and to contest the ground with him in his advance towards the fort.

The regiment of United States' troops were stationed in the rear, while general Brown, at the head of his new levies, occupied in person the first post of danger. On the second fire the militia broke and fled in disorder, but were rallied again by the exertions of their commander. During the remainder of the con-

flict, which was warm, and continued some time with varying success, the presence of the general was every where felt, applauding the brave, encouraging the timid, and rallying the flying, till his efforts were ultimately crowned with victory. In consequence of the firm front presented by the regulars, and the judicious disposition of a body of militia threatening his rear, the enemy, without accomplishing his object, was compelled to relinquish the contest, and retreat in great haste and some disorder to its place of embarkation. The annals of warfare afford but few instances where the success of a battle was more justly attributed to the talents and conduct of the commander in chief, than on the present occasion. To general Brown, in person, did the whole army concur in ascribing the merit and honour of the victory. His valour, activity, and skill, during the action, had rendered him conspicuous in every eye. This affair, although diminutive in itself, when compared with the gigantic battles of Europe, was, notwithstanding, important in its consequences, inasmuch as it saved from destruction our great naval depot on the lakes, and compelled the enemy to respect our arms.

General Brown, returning once more to private life, amidst the plaudits and congratulations of his fellow citizens, and accompanied by a pleasing consciousness of having contributed, not ineffectually, to the interests of his country, was offered, in reward of his services, and as an acknowledgment of his worth, the command of a regiment in the regular army. This offer the general unhesitatingly declined, from motives which were perfectly correct and honourable. The acceptance of it would have necessarily contracted his sphere of action, placed him below officers whom he might then command, and, as the regiment in his offer was yet to be raised, a considerable time must have elapsed before he could possibly have taken the field. In plain terms, being possessed of the pride and ambition of a soldier, he felt himself entitled to a higher rank. Nor was it long till the government of his country concurred with him in opinion, and appointed him a brigadier general in the army of the United States.

The first service in which general Brown was engaged under his new appointment, was novel and arduous, and required for its accomplishment the exertions of not only a man of ample re-

sources of mind, but of one accustomed to the management of important concerns. It was the superintendence and direction of the arrangements for transporting, from Sackett's Harbour down the St. Lawrence, the army commanded by general Wilkinson in the autumn of the year 1813, in the abortive expedition for the reduction of Montreal. For the completion of these arrangements from the time of their commencement, only three weeks were allowed, a space which would seem utterly insufficient for the performance of a service so complicated and extensive. But talents, system, and industry combined, are competent to every thing short of a miracle: and it was such a combination that enabled general Brown to perform satisfactorily this eminently difficult and responsible duty, in even less than the allotted time.

In the expedition down the St. Lawrence, and during the course of the winter that succeeded, the duties and services in which general Brown was engaged were of the utmost importance to the operations and well-being of the army, and in all of them he acquitted himself with distinguished reputation. Firmness under misfortune, and indefatigable perseverance when difficulties presented themselves, were among the conspicuous traits in his character. He manifested a spirit alike invincible in the presence of an enemy, and under the hardships incidental to military life. The example of activity, vigilance, and hardihood which his conduct presented to both officers and soldiers, was not among the least of his benefits to the service.

In descending the St. Lawrence general Brown commanded the élite of the army, and, at French Creek, repulsed, with his own brigade, a naval armament of considerable force, despatched from Kingston to impede his progress. On passing the British fort at Prescott he was officer of the day, and to his skill and conduct, on that occasion, is to be attributed, in a great measure, the safety of the army. His command was soon afterwards detached in advance, on the difficult and highly responsible duty of opening and preparing the way for the main army. The report of general Williams, touching the manner in which that service was performed, embraces all that can be said of the excellence of an officer. In the disastrous affair at Williamsburg on the eleventh of

November, he was not present; no part, therefore, of the misfortunes of that day are ascribable to him.

On the abandonment of Canada by the American forces, an event which soon afterwards succeeded—general Wilkinson being seriously indisposed, and the other senior officers exchanging the hardships of a camp and the rigours of a northern winter for the luxuries and pleasures of civil life in a milder climate—the command of the army devolved on general Brown.

From the inclemency of the season, and the want of all the comforts and most of the necessities of subsistence, the condition of the troops was at first deplorable. But by the exertions of the commanding general, aided by general Swartwout, of the staff, it was soon ameliorated. Comfortable huts were provided, the erection of which general Brown superintended in person, while general Swartwout was indefatigable in procuring supplies of provisions and clothing. Thus passed the winter, though not without trying hardships, yet with much less suffering than could have been reasonably expected in an army abandoned to its fate by those who ought to have been present to provide for its wants. In a military point of view, moreover, its aspect was such as to command respect from a menacing foe. By his ardent and persevering devotion to their comfort and interests, and the wisdom and ability which he displayed in promoting them, not more in their encampment, than during their toilsome and exposing march on their return to Sackett's Harbour, general Brown rendered himself deservedly the idol of the army, and rose not a little in the esteem of the nation. As a reward for his past services, and in full anticipation that, should his life be spared, a higher distinction in arms awaited him, he was promoted to the rank of major general. In that capacity he entered on the succeeding campaign, which will long be memorable in the annals of America—in which, under the guidance and protection of a kind and all-wise Providence, he was so highly instrumental in checking the pride of Britain by land, which our naval heroes had already so effectually humbled by sea, and in restoring to the arms of his country the splendour they had attained under the auspices of Washington.

In the winter of 1813-4, the enemy having gained possession of fort Niagara, and being in considerable force on the opposite

shore, a determination was formed to remove once more the seat of war to that frontier. Perceiving that the conflict would be arduous and sanguinary, and that the master spirits of the army alone could encounter it with any reasonable prospect of success, the executive appointed general Brown to lead the expedition, associating with him, Scott, Gaines, Miller, and others, whose names have become conspicuous for all that is noble in the profession of arms.

The preceding campaign being darkened by disasters, and having failed, as many supposed, from the inability of those by whom it had been conducted, general Brown and his officers were fully sensible of the deep stake which both themselves and their country held on the issue of the present.. Their hearts and minds were prepared, accordingly, to meet with firmness the force of the crisis. It is generally understood that their determination was, not to survive misfortune, which they felt assured the public would regard, under any circumstances, as the result of mismanagement, and tantamount to disgrace. They went resolved to conquer or fall, that glory or the grave might cover them from censure.

This campaign being destined to form a fresh epoch in the history of the war, presented from its commencement a new aspect. The movements of the army were conducted with a celerity, a silence, and a vigour, which had not been observed on any former occasion. Accordingly, general Brown had advanced on his march almost to Buffalo, before it was generally known that he had left his encampment at Sackett's Harbour.

A few days previously to his passage into upper Canada, the commanding general thus writes to his friend: "I shall, with the blessing of God, pass the strait before me the first week in July—I do not see that this army is to be assisted by the fleet of either lake, commodore Sinclair being ordered to Mackinac: but I do not despair of success, and rely on the goodness of my cause, and the kindness of that Providence which has never forsaken me."^s

* It redounds not a little to the honour of general Brown, that the army which he led into Canada, equal, perhaps, to any one of the same number that ever took the field—had been prepared for public service under his

The first achievement of general Brown on entering the enemy's territory, was the reduction of fort Erie, the garrison of which surrendered with but little resistance. He then declared martial law, and made known his views in a proclamation essentially different from those that had been issued by some of his predecessors. Instead of being marked with empty boastings, and threats which he was utterly unable to execute, it breathed the principles and sentiments of an upright man and an honourable warrior. It set forth that "men found in arms, or otherwise engaged in acts of hostility, should be dealt with as enemies, while those demeaning themselves peaceably, and pursuing their private business should be treated as friends: that private property should be in all cases held sacred, but public property, wherever found, seized and disposed of by the commanding general: that plundering was strictly prohibited: that the major general did not anticipate any difficulty in this respect from the regular army, nor from honourable volunteers, who had pressed forward to the standard of their country, to avenge her wrongs and to gain a name in arms." The proclamation further declared, that "profligate men who follow the army for plunder, must not expect to escape the vengeance of those gallant spirits who are struggling to exalt the national character."

No sooner had the general made the necessary arrangements in relation to the occupancy and security of Fort Erie, than he marched to attack the enemy, who lay entrenched in his works at Chippewa. This was by every one considered as a daring, by many, as a rash and hazardous measure. But something signal being necessary to redeem the reputation which had been lost in the events of former campaigns, difficulties and dangers and remonstrances were disregarded. They even increased the anxiety for action, inasmuch as they would add to the glory of victory. The general's plans and determinations were formed, and

own eye. Such was its discipline, and such the confidence of the soldiers in each other, that an officer of rank belonging to it was heard to declare, that, only show the troops an enemy, and communicate to them the plan of attack, and they would fight and conquer without their commanders. To be the prime instrument in forming such an army is, of itself, an act of distinguished generalship: and that distinction belonged to general Brown.

nothing that human resolution, aided by all the means in his power, was capable of surmounting, could restrain him from boldly attempting their execution. The wished-for moment at length arrived. The enemy venturing from behind his entrenchments, the battle was fought on an open plain, and, though not of long duration, was severe and sanguinary. The result is known. The soldiers and officers of Wellington, who had pressed the laurels from the veterans of France, were defeated by a detachment from the American army. The only troops engaged, on the part of general Brown, were general Scott's brigade, and a corps of volunteers commanded by general Porter. The remainder of the army, although burning for combat, had no opportunity of coming into action. Scott's brigade, in particular, animated by the example, and directed by the skill of its gallant and distinguished leader, performed little less than prodigies of valour. Wherever that band of heroes—for such they were—directed their fire or pointed their bayonets, the boasted "conquerors of the Peninsula" fled or fell. Nor were the volunteers under Porter wanting in achievement. They manifested great coolness and bravery, and participated not a little in the honours of the day. The British fought on ground deliberately chosen by themselves, as most suitable to their discipline and plan of action, and the number of troops they had engaged—all regulars—was considerably superior to that of the Americans. Notwithstanding this, their discomfiture was complete, and their loss very considerable. Their works alone, behind which they retreated, preserved them from certain and irretrievable ruin. Such was the chastisement they received in this affair, that, although battle was soon afterwards offered them again, on their own terms, as will appear from an extract of a letter from general Brown, they felt no disposition to accept the challenge.

The general discovering that unfounded reports were in circulation respecting some of the results of this battle, as well as the relative numbers of the combatants, felt indignant at the ungenerous effort thus made to detract from the well merited fame of his army. To correct the honest errors that were afloat, and counteract the wilful misrepresentations that were but too industriously propagated on this subject, he loses no time in making public the following statement. "We have ascertained to a cer-

tainty that the loss of the enemy was nearer six than four hundred. Great injustice is done to my brave companions in arms, in overrating our numbers. The enemy *had more regular troops than we had engaged*, and that upon a perfect plain, without a stump or a shrub to interpose. Besides, general Ryal had planned his order of battle, at leisure, and came from behind his works in perfect condition for action." Shortly after the action at Chippewa, the general thus writes to his friend from Queenstown. "Hoping and believing that the enemy would make another struggle in the field, if pressed on his strong ground, supported by his forts on the height, I left all my baggage under a strong guard, and passed on with three days' provision in our haversacks. The enemy fled before us, abandoning his fort on the height, and burning his barracks. He has retired for the present to fort Niagara and fort George. I shall rest my army here a few days, taking care that the enemy shall not escape by land, and with the hope of hearing from commodore Chauncey. I am in no condition to invest forts George and Niagara, without his aid and my battering guns, which I expect him to bring me from the Harbour. My ability to face the enemy in the field I do not doubt, and I shall not hesitate to meet him presently should he again offer me battle—I have now seen the falls of Niagara in all their majesty, and my camp is situated in a country affording the most sublime and beautiful scenery. I can fancy nothing equal to it, except the noble contest of gallant men on the field of battle, struggling for their country's glory and their own."

From Queenstown, where he had been for a short time stationary, general Brown marched with a part of his army down towards Fort George. His object in this movement, besides reconnoitering the enemy, was to be near the shores of Lake Ontario, hoping that he might there receive some intelligence respecting commodore Chauncey and the fleet. Being disappointed in this expectation, he returned after a few days to his station at Queenstown. The enemy, in the mean time, were not inactive. Having received large supplies and no inconsiderable addition to their numbers, they concentrated their forces in the peninsula between Burlington and Erie, and felt themselves in a condition to offer battle. The proposal was eagerly embraced by the American general and his brave associates.

The British army commanded by lieutenant general Drummond in person, aided by major general Ryal and other skilful and distinguished officers, fought again on its own ground. It had selected a spot favourable for action, not far distant from the falls of Niagara. The Americans, who were again the assailants, made the attack in the evening, led on, as at Chippewa, by general Scott. The battle raged for several hours with unabated fury, the troops having no other light to direct their movements, and conduct their steps to mutual slaughter, but the dismal gleam of their own arms. That wonder of nature, the adjacent falls, might equal, but could not, in grandeur and magnificence, surpass the scene which this conflict presented. Never was there a field more obstinately contested, nor, considering the numbers engaged and the duration of the struggle, a broader display of individual heroism. The enemy, although superior in numbers at the commencement of the action, and reinforced by a considerable body of fresh troops during its continuance, were compelled to yield to American valour. Four times did their bravest troops charge, to regain their artillery which had been wrested from them, and as often were they compelled to fall back in dismay. Their loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was upwards of a thousand men. Among the latter were major general Ryal and twenty other commissioned officers, some of them of rank. The loss on the American side, although somewhat less, was by no means trifling. General Brown was himself severely wounded, and among the slain was one of his aids, a youth of accomplished manners and exalted promise. The intrepid Scott, who was to be found only where slaughter was thickest and danger most threatening, received a wound which still deprives his country of his services in the field.

The severity of general Brown's wounds compelled him to a temporary retirement from service. But in the space of a few weeks, we find him again at the head of his army, no longer indeed in the field, but within the walls of fort Erie. In the interim our troops in that fortress had been much harrassed and pressed by the enemy, now become superior in a still higher degree by reinforcements, and exasperated to madness by their late defeats. An assault of the works had been attempted, but was gallantly repelled by the American forces then under the com-

mand of general Gaines. Not long afterwards that excellent officer received a serious wound from the bursting of a shell, which obliged him also to retire for a time from the service of his country.

Menaced in front by a powerful enemy, and having a river of difficult passage in their rear, the troops in fort Erie began to be considered in a very perilous situation. The solicitude for the safety of men, who, by acquiring glory for themselves had conferred it on their country, became universal and great. For a time every eye seemed directed towards Erie, and every American heart felt a deep interest in the fate of those heroic spirits, who had fairly conquered the "conquerors of the Peninsula." But to a commander whose mind is firm, collected, and rich in resources, difficulties are but the harbingers of fresh triumphs. While general Drummond was engaged in formidable arrangements intended for the destruction of the American forces, general Brown was still more actively and sagaciously employed in devising means for their safety and glory.

By the middle of September, the enemy had nearly completed a line of batteries to command the fort, which, when in full operation, would have rendered the position of the Americans at least unsafe, if not untenable. But general Drummond, while erecting this extensive work of annoyance, was little aware of the disaster and mortification, he was preparing for himself, and the laurels he was cultivating for the brow of his adversary. On the 17th of September, the day before the fire from the batteries was to commence, another scene of glory opened on the American commander and his brave associates. His plan being matured, and his troops in readiness, their spirits wound up to the hardest enterprise, general Brown made a sortie, not in the form of a "night attack," of which a distinguished British officer had so bitterly complained, but in the face of day, drove the enemy from his strong hold with the loss of more than eight hundred men, spiked his cannon, and destroyed his works. Thus was the labour of thousands, continued unintermittingly for many weeks, frustrated in an hour by the skilful and well-timed enterprise of a commander, and the valour and heroism of a few gallant soldiers. The loss of the Americans, though considerable, was far inferior to that of the British. Several excellent officers fell on both sides.

For brilliancy and effect, this sortie challenges a comparison with any thing recorded in the annals of war. It is of itself sufficient to gain for a commander a name in arms. It resembled not a little the celebrated exploit of general Elliott, in the year 1781, against the battery erected by the Spaniards with a view to the reduction of the fort of Gibraltar. To render the discomfiture of his enemy the more signal, and his disappointment the more galling, the besieged general, in each instance, suffered the hostile work to be ready for operation, before the development of his plan for its demolition. In each instance, moreover, the success of the assailants was alike complete, and alike decisive of the issue of the siege.

While preparing for this enterprise, which he had for some time meditated, general Brown writes thus to an intimate friend: "I trust the nation will not submit! I believe the pressure of the enemy cannot fail to make us great—and I pray God that my hopes may not be disappointed! My own fate, and the fate of the brave and good men around me, are very uncertain." Shortly after the destruction of his works, general Drummond retreated from before fort Erie, and fell back on fort George, leaving the American army in the enjoyment of security and repose, as the reward of their valour. The conflict in that quarter being now apparently at an end, general Brown was transferred from the Niagara frontier to the command of Sackett's Harbour, which constitutes, as we believe, his present station.

The achievements of the American army during the last campaign in upper Canada, considering the circumstances under which they were effected, need no comment. They are their own best interpreters, speaking in a language which cannot be misunderstood. They announce in the commander, talents, perseverance and daring enterprise, and in his brave associates, patience and gallantry, invincible firmness and military discipline in its highest style. They will be selected hereafter by the hand of history, to enrich and emblazon some of her choicest pages. To triumph with inferior numbers, and in open conflict, over troops that had defeated the veteran legions of France, is of itself sufficient to consummate the glory of any commander: and such has been the fortune of general Brown.

We know it has been said by some, that the movements and measures of the last campaign, were characterized by rashness, and that their successful issue is to be attributed more to good fortune than to able generalship. We consider the charge as neither generous nor just. What might well be deemed rashness at one conjuncture, is wisdom at another; and that general who does not trust somewhat to fortune will rarely become great. He may, indeed, save his forces, and acquire the reputation of a prudent commander. But, if he calculate too nicely, he is not the man to gain for his country a name in arms, nor suddenly to revive, by deeds of valour, the hopes and prospects of a people broken in their spirits by repeated disasters.

It has been already stated, that, at the opening of the Canadian campaign, the reputation of the American land-arms was at a low ebb. To retrieve this, and arouse the spirits of the nation, something of noble and impetuous daring—something beyond the mere dictates of cold, calculating prudence and gray-haired wisdom, had become essential. The commander who would thus adventure—thus overstep the limits of common military discretion, would hazard his fame as well as his life. Of this general Brown was as fully sensible, as the sternest inculcator of wisdom and caution. But he was no less sensible, that the times demanded the risk, at least, of a sacrifice, and he was willing, should Heaven so order it, to be himself the victim. Hence the source—and wisdom herself will yet applaud them—of the hardy and hazardous measures he pursued. At another time he might, and, if we are not mistaken in him, would be, as circumspect in his calculations, as he has been heretofore venturesome: for such conduct, and such alone, belongs to the character of an able captain—to suit his plans, by corresponding changes, to the nature of the crisis, his own situation, and the exigency of affairs. Notwithstanding the prevalence of a contrary belief in the minds of many, such was unquestionably the conduct of Washington, that model of all that is praiseworthy in a commander.

In private life, as a neighbour, a friend, a husband and a father, general Brown is respected and beloved. In the character of a son, he is peculiarly exemplary. For many years his pious

and assiduous attentions have been the support and consolation of his aged parents, one of whom is still living, to rejoice in his prosperity, and to pour forth now on the laureled head of the leader of armies, those benedictions which she once bestowed on the helpless infant.

C.

The United States and England, being a reply to the criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January, 1814.

HAVING, in the last number of The Port Folio, stated, in general terms, our sentiments respecting the character and merits of this pamphlet, we shall introduce into the present a few extracts from it corroborative of the opinion which was then advanced. The learned author will, however, excuse us for again, and even more forcibly than heretofore, expressing our regret, that a work intended for national purposes, and, in the main, so eminently calculated to effect them, should be marked by any but national sentiments.

Touching the gratitude which Great Britain has always so loudly claimed of the United States, in consequence of her early and tender maternal care of them, the writer commences with the following remarks:

ENGLAND, that never did us a single good office, accuses us of ingratitude; and though the whole history of her connexion with this country exhibits one uninterrupted series of the cold, haughty, and unfeeling selfishness of an unnatural parent, jealous of the growth and prosperity of her offspring, she is forever reproaching us with the crime of disobedience. It would seem, indeed, that the new world was destined, like Hercules, to be for a time subservient to the capricious tyranny of some stern Eurystheus of the old. The aborigines of South America were first plundered, and then extirpated, by the unrelenting avarice, or bigoted phrensy of the first invaders; and the early colonists of the north were left to encounter, unsupported, the inclemencies of winter; to explore untrodden wilds; and to cope, unassisted, with the cunning and revengeful Indian, irritated at the invasion of his interminable woods; while the descendants of these adventurous pilgrims were

afterwards made to pay for protection which neither their ancestors nor themselves ever received.

When, after encountering difficulties and hardships greater than those of the knights errant of chivalry, and overcoming them with a courage and perseverance almost without example in the history of the world, they had settled themselves to enjoy the fruits of their toils, the government of England, finding her promising offspring likely to do well, took them under its protection. They were obliged to pay salaries to governors for infringing their rights; to accept charters that secured to England the profits of their industry, and were favoured with laws most ingeniously calculated to destroy that freedom for which their forefathers trusted themselves to the pathless ocean, and the protection of Heaven. They were forced to become partners in wars in which they had no concern, and to enter into bloody contests for the protection of Hanover, or the security of the Carnatic. In fine, they were gradually menaced with that system of oppression which England has exercised over her colonies in every quarter of the globe.

Suspecting—we will not say on what ground—Mr. Southey to be the writer of the offensive article to which he is replying, the author of "The United States and England" thus speaks of that indefatigable and voluminous writer:

Having let our readers into the nature of the establishment, we will introduce them to the person who, we understand, presides over the court in which this cause has been brought forward. Those who have received an anonymous blow are entitled at least to the gratification of knowing whence it came.

The gentleman is no less a person than the poet laureat of all England. This office was instituted on the abolition of that of king's fool, which had become a sinecure, on account of their majesties playing it generally themselves. His business is to write every year one ode, in which he must talk about "Britannia," "Neptune's trident," shout like a Stentor, and praise the king most indecently. Should there happen to be a royal death, marriage, or christening, he is obliged to produce something pretty on the occasion, on pain of forfeiting his pay and rations, which consist of a hundred pounds a year, and a butt of sack. This last, ever since the days of Jack Falstaff, has been supposed to exercise a most potent influence over laureats, by "ascending me to the brain," and drying up the vapours. The origin of this office is given in some book to which our memory does not enable us at present to refer.

A peasant of Italy, a mighty silly fellow, who had composed three or four of what he called epic poems, conceiving himself to be a great poet, quitted his usual occupation, and went to Rome. Here he, in some way or other, attracted the notice of Leo X, who, though head of the apostolic

church, was a little inclined to waggery. His holiness, to amuse himself and his court, ordered this poor rogue to recite his verses before them; after which he was placed in a chair of state, solemnly crowned with a wreath of parsley, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet by the title of laureat. If we remember right, this unexpected honour turned "the remainder biscuit of his brain," a catastrophe which we sincerely hope may not befall the present worthy laureat of England.

The poet laureat we have thus taken occasion to introduce to our readers, has but lately adopted the habit of praising, and still succeeds best in the old practice of libelling, for which he was formerly so notorious. He has heretofore attacked both gods above and men below. He has wounded the reputation of his own country in one poem;* made the mythology of one quarter of the globe cruelly ridiculous in another;† and in a third,‡ meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of this new world by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh prince.

Being foiled, however, in this most insidious attempt against the honour of our country, and the reputation of Columbus in a work of fiction, he has lately come forward in one which we presume he intended should pass for a work of truth, with a general and sweeping attack upon our morals, manners, institutions, government, and religion.

Mr. Janson, one of the principal witnesses on whose authority the writer in the Quarterly Review founds his miserable tirade against the people of the United States, is thus ludicrously, yet we have reason to believe not unfairly characterised:

Mr. Janson, or Squire Janson, came to New-England several years ago, as he professes in his book, with a design to establish himself in the practice of the law. He tells us that he invested his money in American six per cent. stock, by which he lost fifteen per cent. Whether this really happened, as he affirms, by a sudden fall of the stocks, or from his having been taken in by one of the London exchange brokers, is a matter of little consequence at present. Certain it is, however, that this sudden fall of the six per cents fell heavily upon this unfortunate country. The unlucky squire, who, by his own confession, had acquired the surname of "The Grumbler," on the passage, by grumbling, like a true cockney, at every thing, fell into a violent passion with the government and people of the United States. He never forgave the loss of his fifteen per cent. and his habit of grumbling became still more inveterate.

Not that his ill-humour wanted other provocatives; for it appears that, owing to the wretched stupidity of the people, he was seldom employed in his profession, and gradually fell in debt to these inquisitive folks, who were

* Joan of Arc.

† Curse of Keshama.

‡ Madoc.

continually pestering him with inquiries when he was going to pay them. To escape this impertinent curiosity, he determined to travel, and see whether he could not outrun these disagreeable inquisitors. He therefore, without saying a word to any living soul, sat out in a stage-coach for the south. Tradition says that he travelled in great haste, abused the drivers, railed at the laziness of the horses, and the badness of the roads, which, indeed, was somewhat excusable in a man who had such good reason to be in a hurry. It is furthermore said, that he never turned his eye to the right or left, but looked anxiously out at the back of the stage, to the infinite perplexity of his fellow travellers, who, seeing he had no baggage, wondered what could excite his solicitude. In this way he grumbled on from Rhode-Island to the city of Charleston, without being pleased, so far as we recollect, with any one circumstance that happened by the way.

It must be apparent to the least reflecting understanding, that a man who travels with the apprehension of a bailiff at his heels, and "doth fear each bush an officer," must have excellent leisure and opportunity for profound observation of the country through which he passes, as well as of diving into the recesses of its manners, habits, and character. Accordingly, Squire Janson, having triumphantly distanced the "bum bailey," and made good his retreat to England, determined that so much accurate knowledge should not be lost to the world.

He published his book in that golden age of literature, by poets often sung, but never before realised, when that trusty knight, sir John Carr, had infected all England with a rage for those gossiping travels, of which he was the great original. The public was mad for that miserable tittle-tattle, dignified by the name of travels, and which consisted in the retail of tavern scandal, authentic anecdotes picked up among stage-drivers and hostlers, together with a garnishing of the traveller's own teeming invention. At this propitious period squire Janson published his huge quarto, to which he gave the apt, expressive, popular, and ominous title of the *Stranger in America*.

Our author retorts against the British nation the charge of drunkenness, which the reviewer had preferred in the most broad and unqualified terms against the people of the United States, and maintains his accusation by the following authorities:

"Your Englishmen," as honest Iago affirms, "are most potent at the pot." From the earliest times they were noted for their love of fermented liquors, as appears on the authority of Solinus, who wrote somewhat less than a century after the commencement of the Christian era, and who records that they had even then invented an intoxicating beverage unknown to the people of the continent. This liquor was called *Cere*, a name, it would seem, utterly impossible to be either conceived or pronounced by a sober people.

All the writers who have inquired into the progressive stages of vice and immorality in England, complain, without exception, of the extent of this practice of drinking; but, according to their usual dexterous mode of defence, lay the blame on the Danes and Saxons who conquered the country. The authority of Solinus unluckily proves, however, that the habit had taken root anterior to that time.

Mr. Strutt, a writer of credit, tells us, on the authority of William of Malmshury, and Bartholinus, that the English used to spend whole nights in drinking without intermission, and that it was usual with them, in their religious festivals, to drink immense draughts in honour of the apostles and saints. Such, indeed, was the extent of this vice, even at this early period, that king Edgar, in order to prevent any one from drinking more than his share, enacted a special statute, that "knobs or pegs" should be placed at proper distances in each drinking cup, and whoever drank beyond these knobs suffered a severe penalty.

Tracing this habit in its progress to the present times, we find that as early as the reign of Henry the Third it had become an object with government to establish an excise. We discover, also, in the records of parliamentary proceedings, an infinite number of statutes filled with complaints and remedies against the growing practice of drinking intoxicating liquors. In one we are told, "the multitude and abuses of ale-houses had become intolerable, and still do and are likely to increase." In another it is set forth, that, "whereas the loathsome and odious sin of drunkenness is of late grown into common use within these realms, being the root and foundation of many enormous sins, as blood-shedding, stabbing, murder, swearing, &c. to the great dishonour of God and our nation," &c. Penalties of the most rigid nature have from time to time been denounced against this practice; yet still it appears, by the concurring testimony of all the writers on this subject, as well as from the multiplication of statutes under this head, that it has progressively increased down to the present time.

The author of a History of the English Poor,* an intelligent justice of the peace, a member of the Society of Antiquarians, and a most industrious as well as candid inquirer, in one of his letters, refers to a statement presented to the house of commons, in which the excise is estimated at five millions, two hundred and nineteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty-one pounds sterling. This sum, it was computed, was paid on liquors consumed by 1,500,000 people, that is to say, at the rate of twelve shillings sterling per annum a head. From satisfactory data, he supposes the number of labouring people, men, women, and children, in England is 6,250,000, and that the amount of their expenditure in liquors, exclusive of the vast quantities smuggled, was, at least, nineteen millions of pounds sterling! Another writer, whose means of information were undoubted, and whose authority is un-

* Thomas Ruggles, F. S. A.

questionable, gives the following picture, as one which it is common to see exhibited in England.

"The period," says he, "is not too remote to be remembered, when it was thought a disgrace to a woman (except on holiday occasions) to be seen in the tap-room of a public house. But of late years obloquy has lost its effect, and the public tap-rooms of many ale-houses are filled with men, women, and children, on all occasions, where the wages of labour are too often exchanged for indulgences ruinous to health, and where lessons of profligacy are imbibed totally destructive of the morals of adults, as well as of the rising generation."

The writers of a country in which such a state of manners exists should be careful of assuming any superiority over their neighbours, or charging them with vices of which itself exhibits the most gross and disgusting examples. They should recollect, that those who throw the first stone ought to have pure hands and unsullied consciences; and that the parent who upbraids the child for walking in his footsteps, is only calling down disgrace and recrimination on his own gray hairs. We have produced ample authorities to prove the deplorable extent of this practice of drinking in England, and, if any further example should be wanting, it may be found in the person of our laureat himself, who has sacrificed all the opinions and sentiments he formerly cherished, to the irresistible fascination of a butt of sack, and taken to tippling and scandalizing his neighbours most outrageously.

The following sensible, pungent, and sarcastic remarks in relation to the comparative state of taste, manners, and amusements in Great Britain and the United States, will not, we think, be read without some degree of interest:

The laureat has combined the charge of deficiency in taste, with an imputation of grossness of manners, and a want of refinement in our amusements. He evidently labours to convince his readers that society in this country is every where a mixture of ignorance and brutality, and that we are totally and indiscriminately without the fine polish of English manners. That there may be some difference between the manners of the well-bred people in either country, we are willing to allow; especially, as we are by no means convinced that a diversity of modes bespeaks an inferiority either one way or the other. We have no knowledge of English manners, except from the exhibitions presented to our observation in plays which are said to be the truest pictures of existing life; and from the specimens afforded us by men of high rank, who have occasionally visited the United States. But our practical experience, small as it is, we may fairly presume, is fully equal to that of the Quarterly Reviewer, who, judging from his style of criticism, has

* Colquhoun's Police of London.

never soared beyond the elevation of a manufacturing dinner, or a cockney tavern feast.

We are aware of that sly influence of habit, as well as that insidious vanity, which induces a nation to believe its own modes preferable to all others. Whatever differs from these is a departure from the genuine standard of excellence, and bespeaks an approximation to rudeness or barbarity. The minutiz of fashionable manners, however, differ in every country, and among nations equally polished, because they are entirely capricious and arbitrary. They are, for the most part, the mere whims of some fashionable oddity luxuriating in the sunshine of fashion; some fair female novelty become wanton by universal admiration; or they arise from some peculiarity in the person of a great man. Dress, manners, nay, even the arts, have taken a direction from these causes. In one court no fashionable gentleman could possibly keep his head from dangling on one side, because his majesty had a wry neck: and the present fashion of high cravats not only took its origin but derived its tenacity of endurance, from a royal scrofula in the neck. Painting in profile was invented to disguise the loss of Philip of Macedon's eye, an accident which, doubtless, placed a black patch over that of all his courtiers. Not long since it was fashionable, in England, for a beau to elbow his way into a ball-room with his hat under his arm, and a stick in the other hand; and, assuredly, it would be no imputation upon the manners of a nation to be found ignorant of this rare refinement, which certainly answered no other purpose than to incommode the company. It is more than probable that most of these preposterous follies arise from the vanity of those who are called people of ton, who, finding themselves equalled, or surpassed, in all the essentials of good breeding, by those they consider their inferiors, resort to some fantastic peculiarity of foppery for a mark of distinction, totally unconnected either with refinement of manners, or of mind.

Certain it is, that this indescribable something, as it has been called, because there is a certain evanescent nothingness in it that eludes description, and baffles the utmost dexterity of analysis, is altogether distinct from real politeness, which consists in a scrupulous regard for the feelings and convenience of others. In this view, good breeding is almost entitled to the dignity of a virtue. Mere fashionable caprice, on the contrary, is often connected with rudeness, indecorum, and a total disregard of the feelings of others, especially of those who are in inferior stations. An English writer of great reputation has affirmed, that in all his acquaintance with the world, and his experience of life and manners, he never saw any thing that equalled the thorough-bred insolence of a woman of fashion. It appears, then, that an unacquaintance with the mere minutiz of high life bespeaks neither a want of good breeding, or of refinement in manners. Madame M. always exclaimed *bete!* whenever a gentleman went wrong in a cotillion, and a fashionable English diplomatist was accustomed to ridicule the gentlemen

of this country for pulling off their hats to the ladies, instead of giving them a knowing nod, according to the then usages of Bond-street. If we recollect aright, he always pronounced a man "a regular built kiddy," or some such strange animal, who was guilty of a downright bow. The Mussulmen calls the Christian a dog, because he wears a hat instead of a turban, and abhors sitting cross-legged; and the Indian stigmatizes the white man as a slave, because he prefers working to starving, is utterly insensible to the beauties of red paint, and refuses to wear copper rings in his nose. The anti-mahometan geni railed at the stupidity of mankind in preferring meat to bones, and the people of Abarimon, who, according to Pliny, wore their toes at their heels, laughed most outrageously at the Macedonians, because they had not that elegant peculiarity. There is no nation more deeply infected with this species of self-sufficiency than the English. They despise one people for not talking English; another, for not eating like the English; and a third, because they had rather see a bull worried by dogs than two men beating in each other's ribs, or knocking out their eyes, for the amusement of fashionable amateurs.

Far be it from us, however, to deny, that in many of the essentials of high breeding, and refinement of taste, the gentlemen of the United States are deplorably deficient. There is certainly not a gentleman in this country who could walk a thousand miles in as many successive hours, or spar with captain Barclay of Urie, and we doubt whether, with the exception perhaps of one or two stage-drivers, we have any such expert stable-boys as the members of the Four-in-hand Club; above all, we are altogether hopeless of producing so enterprising a pickpocket as the *Honourable* Mr. Crofton, who robbed Bradbury, the clown, of his watch and snuff-box. Candour, therefore, obliges us to concede the superiority in this enviable refinement to our rivals, and we are fain to acknowledge, that in many of the essentials of high-bred ton, such as out-walking horses, out-boxing bullies, out-driving grooms, picking pockets, and running away with other men's wives, we are far from pretending to an equality with England.

The readers of *The Port Folio* will find something ingenious and substantial, if not actually new, in our author's attempt to show, that the inferiority of American literature, when compared to the literature of Great Britain, does not proceed from an inferiority of talent in the people of the new world, but from the peculiarity of the circumstances under which they are placed.

The Quarterly Reviewer next enters upon the subject of our literature, of which he speaks, and perhaps with some reason, rather contemptuously, though we are not disposed to admit the conclusion that our deficiency, in this respect, is owing to want of originality of genius, as he affirms.

The learning, like the riches of the United States, is more equally distributed than in any other country, with the exception, perhaps, of Scotland, to whose learning, morals, and inflexible habits of propriety, we take this opportunity of bearing a willing and hearty testimony. Learning is seldom to be found here in great masses, but is diffused, in a certain degree, throughout the whole body of the people; and although we have few or none that have gone into the depths of knowledge, we have also few that have not skimmed the surface. If we are without many profound scholars, we are also free from that mass of ignorance and stupidity which is to be found among such a large portion of the populace of England. In acuteness of intellect, in general intelligence, and in that versatility of genius which enables men to accommodate themselves to new situations, and enter readily into the details of untried occupations, the people of the United States are particularly distinguished. They have also more information, distinct and independent of the knowledge necessary to their daily employments, than perhaps any other nation.

Admitting, then, as we do, without hesitation, not for the purpose of making a parade of our candour by the acknowledgment of a self-evident fact, but to demonstrate that we are at all times ready to acquiesce in the truth—admitting that we are inferior to England in learned men, rather than in men of original genius, we at the same time feel strongly disposed to doubt, whether it is not much more important to the general welfare of mankind that they should all partake of a reasonable portion of knowledge, than that a few, perhaps half a dozen, should be profound scholars.

Were the world, indeed, to begin again, and there arise a necessity of once more building up systems, or creating, as it were, the sciences anew, perhaps the case might be different; but even there it is not learning, but genius, that leads the way, and all that learning can do is to collect, compile, and transmit to posterity, the discoveries of genius, and thus bequeath to one race of men the result of ages of experience.

Though it may subject us to the charge of vandalism, we will venture to question, whether professor Porson's Greek, doctor Parr's Latin, or sir Humphrey Davy's fulminating powder, can make amends for the want of those common rudiments of education, among a vast portion of their countrymen, that may be called necessities of life, any more than the marquis of Stafford's one hundred and sixty thousand a year makes amends to society for the poverty of thousands. In the present state of the civilized world, it is believed that it would be much more conducive to the happiness of mankind, that all should be able to read and write, than that one should be capable of entering into the intricacies of Greek prosody, explain an obscurity in old Ennius, or blow himself up in a chemical experiment.

The dearth of celebrated authors in the United States has frequently before been attributed to a deficiency of natural or original genius. This imputation was at first connected with that of an inferiority in physical or-

ganization, both in the men and animals of this country. Because the aborigines wore no beards, and the forest produced no elephants, it was philosophically concluded upon that nature herself laboured under a sort of strange imbecility in this new world, and that being the last of her offspring, we stood in the same relation to others, that the little pig called a runt usually does to the rest of the litter. The digging up of the mammoth bones, and the discovery that this deficiency of beards was occasioned by their being pulled out by the roots, put this part of the theory to the rout, but the other half still remains to be combated by any one that thinks it worth his while. For ourselves, we shall not consider it worth attempting, until England can show us, within the same given period of time, a philosopher superior in original discoveries to Franklin, a painter equal to West, or a greater triumph of mechanical genius than that exhibited in the steam-boat. Perhaps it may be true, as the Quarterly Reviewer affirms of Franklin, that these men acquired their knowledge in England, but they certainly did not acquire their original genius there, for they were men before they left their native country. With regard to steam-boats, we know it has been asserted that Mr. Fulton is not the inventor, and that they had been tried in England previously to his first successful experiment in America. This new world has been the victim of many false pretensions. She lost her name through the imposture of a clamorous Florentine, and the glory of Columbus was for a time obscured by vague pretenders to the honour of his discovery. It was first asserted that Americus Vesputius preceded him, and next, that he became possessed of the secret of a new world, through the means of information derived from some obscure pilot. So, also, the French chemists endeavoured to deprive doctor Black of the honour of his great chemical discoveries. But truth will prevail. The claim of Columbus, as well as of the great Scottish chemist, is now universally acknowledged, as we trust will be the case ere long with that of Mr. Fulton. It has been asked of those who disputed the pretensions of Mr. Fulton, why these vessels were not made use of in England, and it was answered, that the rivers of Great Britain were not calculated for this mode of navigation. No sooner, however, has Mr. Fulton succeeded in his experiment, than these same rivers accommodate themselves to circumstances with wonderful docility, and steam-boats are put into operation upon them. The inevitable result of these facts is, that the experimentalists of England had never been able to construct a boat, capable of navigating by steam advantageously either to the public or the inventor, and that, consequently, the utmost they are entitled to claim, is the credit of having dexterously availed themselves of Mr. Fulton's discovery. If the previous application of steam to other uses is to deprive that gentleman of the honour of his discovery, then the ingenious housewife, who first practised the art of boiling potatoes with steam, is justly entitled to the whole credit of originality, and all the rest are mere plagiarists.

These observations are made merely from a wish to vindicate the claims of a man who has been the means of conferring on his country many valuable benefits, and not with any view to parry the clumsy passes of a very indifferent writer. He who could suppose it was in his power to injure the fame of Franklin by bringing to bear against him the hackneyed plagiarism "that one half of his writings was stolen, and the other half not worth reading," must either have been gifted with a more than ordinary share of critical arrogance, or have calculated most liberally on the stupidity of his readers. As a politician, Franklin made himself many enemies, and by politicians he is variously estimated; but among philosophers and scholars, belonging only to the whole world, and free from the strife of petty ambition, as well as exempt from party feelings, there is but one opinion. His name is inseparably connected with an era in philosophical discovery of his own forming; and long as the thunder rolls over our heads, or the lightning flashes innocently in our eyes, the Jupiter Tonans of our western world will continue to be associated with the highest names of both hemispheres.

It may not, however, be altogether idle to inquire into those peculiarities in our situation, which have, as we conceive, occasioned the human mind in this country to be diverted, in so very uncommon a degree, from what may be termed the business of literature. The principal cause heretofore assigned by writers well acquainted with the state of our country, is the facility of acquiring wealth and distinction, by a thousand other means less laborious and more certain. That this is of powerful and extensive operation we are well satisfied, but it appears to us that the want of habits of study may be traced to a cause much deeper and more remote.

Among our adventurous and determined forefathers, who left their native climes to battle with the unknown dangers of an unknown world, were undoubtedly many learned men, especially clergymen, habituated to study and contemplation. But from the moment they set foot in this new world, they encountered a series of obstacles that demanded every exertion of mind and body to surmount. Their days were consumed in providing against cold and famine, or in guarding against the fury and the wiles of the jealous Indian. Many years of danger and hardship elapsed, before they could sit down quietly, and resume their usual habits of life; and when that period arrived these habits were lost irrecoverably in the long struggle for existence. It is well known how tedious, slow, and lingering is the approach of a people to learning, and in how short a period they relapse into other pursuits. A few years of active and dangerous employment are sufficient for the creation of a hardy and warlike race, but generations must pass away, and ages of peace elapse, before a people, once drawn from the habits of study and contemplation, will probably ever resume them again. An active life, and one which associates danger with almost every step, is altogether incompatible with the nature and pursuits of the scholar, and it will be found that though in a few rare instances a man may retain his acquirements in such a situation, his posterity will never succeed to them.

A close inspection of the history of this country, from its first colonization to the revolution, which threw an everlasting barrier between the United States and England, will show that at no period whatever were the scattered people exempt from an actual state of warfare, either against savage men, or savage beasts. The first settler, in addition to his implements of labour, was obliged to carry his musket or his rifle, and his employment was always a combination of labour with danger. It is easily to be supposed that this was no period for learning to flourish, or for the human mind to take a direction towards literature, or the arts, except such as were necessary to subsistence or security. Men now living in the city of New-York can recollect the period when the inhabitants were under continual apprehensions of Indian hostility. Yet such is the elasticity, and such the capacity, of young nations, as well as young children, to recover the effects of adverse accidents, that the genius of our country rose against the pressure of these obstacles; literary institutions began to spring up everywhere, and every year assumed new consequence, and a taste, at least, for polite literature gradually appeared wherever there was personal security. At the commencement of those disputes between this country and England, which at once monopolized, as it were, the minds of men, we had many elegant and accomplished scholars. They did not, it is true, write books, for every man was not then his own writer, but they had acquired stores of science and information that would have placed them high in any country.

At this point of time the stormy indications of a revolution appeared in the firmament, and drew the attention of the colonists from every other object. The questions which then agitated the minds of men, were such as involved considerations of sufficient magnitude to occupy them all, and to combine every energy in the pursuit of one single object. It will be perceived that there is a vast difference, and one materially affecting this inquiry, between a war carried into the territory of an enemy, and one that is brought home to ourselves. In one case it is only felt remotely, and is little more than a rumour of war; it endangers the personal safety, and interferes with the pursuits only of those actually engaged on the side of the invading party. But in the other, it comes home to the bosom and business of every man; it howls at his door, invades his home, and forces him from his ordinary occupations to the defence of every object dear to his affections. For centuries past, though England has been almost continually engaged in hostilities, her wars, with the exception of the civil commotion which converted a very indifferent monarch into an illustrious martyr, have been carried on at a distance, and, consequently, did not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of a time of peace. During a lapse of ages she has seen but one hostile army, and in all that time, with the exception just made, the cultivators of literature as well as of the soil have remained undisturbed in their occupations. But it was otherwise with the people of America. Their wars have hitherto been wars for their altars and their hearths, waged, not for foreign conquest,

but for defence against savages, or enemies exasperated into a fury that gave their incursions the character of an irruption of barbarians. Our struggle with England in the revolution, was hand to hand, foot to foot, and heart against heart. Every limb and sinew was strained almost to agony, and every vein of the country bled at different times. There was not an assylum in all the land where the student could retire to pursue his studies, free from the apprehension of danger, or out of hearing of the din of war; and if he studied at all, it was, like Archimides, how to defend his home.

This "tug of war" lasted seven years; and in seven years, habits that have not taken deep root are totally eradicated. Those who are young, adopt new ones; and those who are too old to change, die. During this stormy period another race sprung up, and it is obvious that their pursuits would receive a direction from the circumstances of the times. The war ended at last in the establishment of our independence, but not in the immediate restoration of a state of things favourable to the revival of learning. It was followed by a long and interesting contest with respect to the adoption of a constitution, that was to form a bond of union between thirteen separate and independent republics. The different local partialities, the diversity of opinions prevailing among men equally eminent for talents and virtues, the mutual sacrifices necessary to be made, and the difficulty of accommodating this opposition of interests and opinions, delayed for a long time the settlement of this most important question, which agitated every heart with anxiety. During this interesting period, it is not to be supposed that the minds of that class of men which usually furnishes the materials for scholars, would be sufficiently abstracted from the object on which, in their opinion, depended the good or evil result of their seven years' labours, to admit of pursuing any studies but such as would qualify them to support their political opinions. Accordingly, we find this period fruitful in orators and politicians, equal, perhaps, to any of the age; but very few, if any, writers on subjects distinct from this great constitutional question.

Hardly had the minds of men become calm and settled after this struggle, when the revolution of France began to draw the eyes, to absorb the attention, and excite the passions of mankind in both hemispheres. It brought the democratical and monarchical principles into a dreadful contest that shook them both, alternately, to their centre; it divided the human race into two great parties, and converted the world into a coffee-house for political discussions. In its progress, it brought into action, and gave a stimulus to every turbulent passion of our nature; men, women, and children, everywhere whirled about in its vortex; individual and national antipathies acquired increasing bitterness; those who might have grown to be scholars became only politicians; and those who had already begun to emerge from the current, fell back into the whirlpool to rise no more; or, if they regained the surface, appeared in some new form, like the Virginian rail, which is said to go down a bird in autumn, and come up a frog in the spring.

This rapid sketch of the history of our country may, perhaps, serve to account for the few specimens of literature and the fine arts to be found in the United States, without resorting to the mortifying confession of a want of original genius. The peculiar situations in which we have been placed during the short period of our existence, have drawn the mind continually from that calm and quiet self-possession without which few, perhaps we might say none, can ever hope to enter into the deep recesses of learning, or sport in the fair fields of poetical inspiration. Such pursuits and amusements require a mind abstracted from the labours of active life, and free from the apprehension of personal danger, as well as the temptations of worldly ambition. The allurements of knowledge are gentle, quiet, and unassuming: those of glory, wealth, and pleasure, glittering and obtrusive. It is the choice of Hercules; and as few men have the strength of body, so still fewer have the firmness of mind, or the judgment, to make a selection equally judicious with that of the hero. The business of a scholar is incompatible with any other excitement than the love of knowledge, and the hope of a pure and spotless immortality. To him, a mind undisturbed and free to pursue the object of his peculiar contemplation, is indispensably necessary; and the nation that does not already possess men who have acquired a decided vocation to study, must never expect them to be the product of a long succession of dangerous labours, fearful apprehensions, and bloody invasions.

While the people of America were clearing their lands of trees, behind which often lurked the watchful Indian to take his deadly aim; or resisting the encroachments of savage borderers, or struggling against civilized oppression, we left to England the manufacturing of our books and broadcloths, because we had other and more indispensable avocations. We had a new world before us; and in a new world men must adopt new habits. So many avenues to competency lay open to our choice, that necessity at least did not compel us to write, and consequently, if we wrote at all, it was merely to please ourselves or our friends, rather than with any view to profit or fame. These little productions were either published in some obscure corner, and forgot, or, what was more often the case, destroyed when they had gone the round of the domestic circle. Many of these we remember to have seen, that would bear a comparison with any trifles of the kind; but they are lost, and the only ground on which the poetical reputation of this country rests, in Europe, is the productions of Barlow and Dwight, which are assumed as the *ne plus ultra* of American genius. Whenever an English critic assails us in this very vulnerable point, he is sure to launch one of these ponderous missiles at our defenceless heads, that, like the rock of Ajax, would make the knees of a very Hector tremble under him. Among the great evils of a great and gaudy book, there is one that, so far as we know, has never been admitted into the catalogue, which is, that being such a conspicuous object, it becomes a mark for the enemy, like the commander

of an army, who, though very often a mighty silly personage, is supposed to be of consequence from the splendour of his accoutrements, and is sure to be finely peppered whenever he comes in the way. Of the late Mr. Barlow's talents, as a poet, we do not wish to be understood to give any opinion, but must beg leave to observe, that when an author anticipates the public in the demand for a splendid edition of his book, he erects, not a monument to his fame, but to his vanity. As Americans, and zealous for the reputation of our country, we would also protest against doctor Dwight's works as specimens of first-rate American poetry. The late William Clifton was, we think, infinitely more of a genuine poet than the reverend principal, and so was also Robert Treat Paine and Philip Freneau. It is not because a writer collects and publishes his works in a book, that he is to be taken as the standard of literature in his native country. However incomprehensible it may appear to a laureat, certain it is, that some of our writers can afford to publish their works at their own expense, and consequently the publication of a great book is no indication of its popularity. Bulk, or weight, is no criterion of excellence. A man may write four quarto epics, like the laureat, and still the people of this rude country, at least, will prefer the precious little specimens of Campbell and Byron to all the plenteous and exuberant verbiage of Mr. Southey.

We will venture here to observe, that there never was a nation placed in circumstances so unfavourable to originality in literature as the people of the United States. We appear on the stage when every sentiment and character has been exhausted by other writers in that very language which is common to us all. Accustomed, from our earliest infancy, to English models, we have not acquired sufficient confidence in ourselves to be original, even though avenues were open to us. The small portion of writers which this country has produced, have, as it was hardly possible they should not, undoubtedly imitated those of England, because their minds had become fettered by the habitual contemplation of English authors, and more especially, because our language and manners are the same. That which distinguishes the literature of one nation from that of another is not so much a difference of thought as of expression, arising from some distinct peculiarity in each language. The same thoughts expressed in different languages will each possess an air of originality, a peculiar character and grace, which cannot be transferred from one to the other, and which demonstrate, that however great may be their resemblance, there can be no plagiarism. The sense of either may be translated, but that which constitutes the identity of thought is lost. The people of the United States, we therefore conceive, labour under peculiar difficulties in establishing a distinct and characteristic national literature. They may invent new combinations of events, and new associations of ideas, but they must always think, and talk, and write English. There will always be something in these productions so like what we have

read before, so much resembling the character of English writing, as to take from them a great portion of the charm of originality.

The few original writers of every country, and their number is everywhere as one to infinity, are always to be found in that class which is least conversant with foreign writers. It is in the nature of man to imitate, and it is only where he has no models that he will resort to his own conceptions. It is then that he follows the bent of his own genius, modified, as genius always is, by custom, habit, and education, and becomes the great original of a distinct and characteristic national literature. Those who come after him, though they may extend, diversify, and polish, are still to be traced up to this great model, which lays at the source of all that is truly original, all that constitutes the radical difference between the literature of contemporary nations.

We give the following, without making ourselves responsible for the correctness of the sentiments, as no mean sample of our author's powers of recrimination and invective:

Our ancestors knew, and their posterity will never forget, the proofs of natural affection bestowed on them by this "doting" parent, Great Britain. She is such a parent as the crocodile, who devours his offspring in the very egg, and no doubt weeps while he devours them. Like the stern grandsire of Perseus, she exposed her offspring on the waves of the ocean. She sent them naked into the woods to combat unknown dangers. She took no care of them in their infancy, and like the twins of the Vestal, they may be said to have been cradled on the waves, and suckled by the wolves of the woods. Her earliest notice was that of oppression—her first parental cares were limited to sharing the fruits of our prosperity—and her last remembrances are acts of remorseless vengeance. Such, indeed, was the severity of her doting kindness, that, like the sons of Alcæon, we were brought to pray that we might suddenly grow into manhood to punish the oppressor of our fathers. Our prayers were granted, and this doting parent was obliged to resign a claim to obedience which she had never merited either by her kindness or protection. What her conduct has since been it is unnecessary to say. It will be found in the detail of piracies on the water, man-stealing on land, and in a thousand insults and injuries, all growing out of a fantastic claim to the dominion of the ocean, founded pretty much like that of Neptune, upon legendary traditions, and tarpaulin songs.

What claim, then, has England either to our gratitude or affection? She gave us nothing that she could withhold, and the only favour we have to acknowledge is the unintentional blessing we derive from the persecutions of this doting parent, which drove our forefathers from their homes, and enabled their posterity to enjoy the freedom and plenty of this liberal land. Is it, then, a matter of surprise or reproach, that while we acknowledge a

pride in our affinity, remembering what England once was, we should have lost every trace of those feelings that spring not so much from the mere connexion of blood as from that interchange of good offices which is the usual concomitant of such a connexion?

The conclusion of the author of the pamphlet is at once severe and impressive, solemn and just. It will be keenly felt by his lacerated antagonist, unless he be already reduced to a state of insensibility.

As well-wishers to the cause of literature, the interests of which are universal and independent of national hostility, we cannot help sincerely regretting that a critical journal, the professed object of which is to polish, purify, and direct, not only the public taste, but the public morals, should be thus degraded into a mere common sewer of low-bred abuse and acrimonious invective. The last number* of that work, in particular, was so unworthy of its former reputation, that it has been rumoured the publisher in this country applied to one of our own literati to revise it. The insults of such indifferent writers are in truth peculiarly grating to our feelings. We had borne without shrinking the attacks of Porcupine, Janson, Parkinson, Moore, and the rest; and if we are now wrought up to a sensation of peculiar bitterness, it is because we feel ourselves in the predicament of the old lion, who submitted without a murmur to the insults of more respectable beasts, but was at last roused to indignation by the kick of an ass.

The most unreflecting reader will perceive the injury that must inevitably result from the perversion of these literary tribunals, whose presiding judges thus make use of their influence over the public mind, for no other purpose than to disseminate prejudices, to forward the local and temporary views of party, rather than the eternal and universal interests of truth, and like the Daemian dogs who fawned upon their high priest, but barked at all the world beside, had rather libel the whole human race, than lose the patronage of a minister of state. For ourselves, we confidently anticipate the decline of this prostituted institution, and that the period is not very remote, when the people of America will no longer indulge in that preposterous prodigality which pays for the coarsest manufacture of foreign abuse, and purchases, with disinterested avidity, the most worthless and worst written lies upon themselves and their country.

With the *political part* of the pamphlet under our consideration, whatever may be our opinion of the acuteness and intelligence therein displayed, this journal can have no concern. We have twice, of late, contrary, as we acknowledge, to our judgment at the time, gone slightly astray on that subject. Indeed *politics* are, at present, so completely interlaced with the senti-

* No. 20.

ments and feelings of most of the American people, that it has become difficult for them to speak, write, or think on any topic without some reference to them, either direct or collateral. We hope, however, that *our* transgressions on this score are not beyond the limits of pardon; and we honestly assure our readers that our determination is immutable, never again to suffer ourselves to be led into a similar error.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS UPON THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT.

WHOEVER designs to acquire knowledge, must set forward in his course with resolution and vigour. He must escape from the silken chains of the Syren Idleness—and break away from all the entanglements which luxury and guilty pleasure throw around ingenious and unsuspecting youth. He must expect to encounter many vexations and disappointments in the pursuit of his darling object, and, after all his best exertions, to find his labours in vain, and his strength spent for nought. As he proceeds in his career, he will experience the malice of envious competitors—the jealousy of rivals, the calumny of ignorance, and the party abuse of literary criticks. He will be obliged, if just to his true fame, to resist the torrent of fashionable opinion, and to suffer the scorn or neglect of popular caprice. If he be faithful to the standard of ancient authority, he must wield, without hope of success, the weapons of controversy against the whole “mob” of modern gentlemen who write with ease, and often view with imbecile indignation the triumph of Scott and Byron—over Homer, Virgil, and Horace.

The student, after having encountered and subdued all the literary hydras that had beset and opposed the progress of his labours, enters on the busy stage of human action, full of hope and animation. Glory, wealth, power—are now to reward his midnight lucubrations, and his daily studies. He has not trimmed his lamp in vain, nor courted an unkind mistress, when he wooed Science

in her sacred shades. Alas—no sooner does he need a patron,
and seek one, in an enlightened and liberal public, than he finds
in the language of the accomplished Harris,

“Wealth is by *trade*, and not by *talents* gain’d,
And Fame’s *earn’d* laurel seldom is obtain’d.
If to the Church he bend his virtuous care,
No earthly gains reward his labours there,
A stinted salary may his need supply,
But he must seek his treasures *in the sky*.
If to the statesman’s place he dare aspire,
And greatness lure him, or ambition fire,
And think his life; to bless his country spent,
Will make her grateful or munificent—
Let the mausoleum and the sculptured stone,
The nation vote and rear to Washington,
Show, that disinterested, patriot zeal,
And active labours for the public weal,
From those they serve, will win but scanty fame;
An airy cenotaph—without a name!
See *Hannah Adams*—modest and resign’d,
With artless manners and replenish’d mind,
Whose worth and industry should gain insure,
By study blind—by publishing made poor.
If still presumptuous, and with hope elate,
Lendrum will show the daring author’s fate,
A crazy wanderer, destitute, forlorn,
The praise he merited, now turn’d to scorn.
Or is it the employment of the sage
With Wisdom’s lore to fill the instructive page—
Graced with the fairest intellectual light,
With wit enlivened, and with genius bright—
Let him be told of some, with *equal skill*,
Who had themselves to pay the printer’s bill,
Of classic *Minot*, rank’d by genius high,
Whose pleasing history few consent to buy—
While e’en *Menander* quits the realms of wit,
And condescends to fill a simple writ—
The eagle thus, that o’er Olympus soars,
Where gods once feasted on ambrosial stores,
Finds on the top mere barrenness prevail,
And for his *food*, descends into the *vale*.”

Such are some of the *pains* of the student. Too often does he live poor and neglected, persecuted and afflicted, and end the sad evening of a stormy life in a dishonourable grave.

“Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame’s proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star;
Check’d by the scoff of Pride, by Envy’s frown,
And Poverty’s unconquerable bar,
In life’s low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpity’d and unknown.”

In every country, age, and profession, too many are the instances where true merit and exalted genius, where men of the noblest qualities that ever graced the mind or *decorated* the heart, have “pined in the low vale of obscurity,” neglected and despised, exposed to all the sufferings of poverty and misery; or by endeavouring to rise against fortune, have met the “frowns of envy, scoffs of pride;” while ignorance and vice, by the captivating power of wealth, the boldness of impudence, the cringing adulation of flattery, and the base machinations of deceit, have stepped with confidence upon the throne of eminence, and heard the notes of popular applause reverberate from mouth to mouth, or borne on wings of fame to distant regions of the earth.

Diffidence and modesty, the truest characteristics and fairest ornaments of literary and intrinsic worth, throw a veil of obscurity over humble merit, which few have the inclination to remove or generosity to explore. Should the most brilliant flashes of genius break through the shadows of their obscurity, they may attract momentary attention, allure the smile of approbation, or draw the lingering praise of admiration; but unaided by confidence, to assert their claims to esteem, and wear the garb of dignity, the appearance of self-importance, their abilities and their virtues soon slumber in the oblivious bosom of time; till the voice of envy is hushed in death, the pomp of pride is humbled in the dust, flattery out-flattered, and deceit deceived: till the clarion of disinterested posterity shall awake their actions from the tomb of neglect, to live eternal monuments of goodness, glorious examples of wisdom, and brightest ornaments of humanity. Though this may be

the fate of many a noble soul, cannot the justice, goodness of that age be impeached, whose cruel disregard and ungenerous treatment to their worth, heaped misery in their paths, and laid them in the grave "unpitied and unknown?" No sigh of friendship to whisper to the grateful ear of attention the value of their lives; no tear of philanthropy to embalm their precious memory. Wild flowers may deck the burial, earth and night may shed their tears upon the cold turf, the earliest smile of morn may visit their abode, "and many an evening sun shine sweetly on their graves." The moon's pale rays, with melancholy look, may slumber on their bed; the little warblers of the grove may chirp some plaintive strain; the gentle spirit of the breeze may hover o'er and kiss the flowers that drooping hang around, or mount on pensive wing and breathe their mournful tale to milder skies.

The stranger may pass by and cast a gentle look upon the spot that encloses a heart once fraught with every noble virtue; with all the finer feelings of humanity; expanded with every excellence, and adorned with every grace—now cold; an eye that shone with heavenly lustre—now dim; a cheek on which the smiles of goodness played—now pale; a mouth from which proceeded words of purity and truth—now closed; and if the tongue of chance has whispered in his ear the merits of their lives, a sigh may swell his generous breast—a feeling sigh, whose thrilling notes will softly murmur to the guardian spirit of their graves,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Though scenes like these will linger after death—though the praises of posterity may immortalize their names, yet every friend to moral excellence and to mental worth must mourn their fortune, observe the features of human nature, and draw this sad though just conclusion—the expressions they impart, though sometimes liberal, benevolent, tender, pure, open, and sincere, are oftener stamped with images of self-love, shaded by the frowns of pride; dark with envy, and mysterious with deceit. While reason and nature, with united voice, in all the strength of harmony and love, proclaim aloud the truths that none in secret, in their calm and solitary moments, dare deny—

"For none speak false where there is none to hear,"

when they proclaim, "There is another and a better world, and in that world the virtuous will be happy;" while there is a mind in which these truths are felt, or a heart whose current they warm, whose sensibilities they awaken, though dark are the clouds of affliction that overshadow, tempestuous the storms of adversity, which disturb the dreary days of those whose glorious qualities deserved esteem, but met neglect, the rays of sweetest consolation shall glimmer through the gloom, and wake the slumbering passions of the mind to that bliss, which flows from the delightful hope of future life, where conscious virtue smiles serene, where riches have no power, pride no prerogative; where envy has no frown, hypocrisy no snare, malevolence no tongue; where subjects are equal with their kings, servants with their masters, and the poor beggar, who here implored one morsel from the stores that never could be consumed, with him whose sordid soul denied the lowly prayer.

But it is time to reverse the picture—to exhibit its bright and pleasing side, and consider only the *pleasures* of the student. In the first place, however, it may not be improper, to make a few observations in defence of the patronage of American Genius, that justice may be rendered, as well as censure, where it is due.

That genius must appear, before it can be patronized, is a position which no one will deny. Without proper objects of beneficence, there can be no benefactors. Without Virgil and Horace, what occasion for a Mæcenas? A disposition to cherish, can never originate intellectual powers, nor give them a direction that nature had not designed. But, cannot the best capacities be chilled by indifference, or oppressed by opposition?—doubtless. But genius has that persevering, overcoming power, which converts indifference into favour, and opposition into patronage. Sometimes however, this happens before its career is terminated—and sometimes it is awarded by the justice of another generation. Aware of the envy and sluggishness of contemporaries, one of the brightest wits of the last century dedicated his works to posterity. But this reluctance to commend and reward has neither checked the imagination of poets, nor prevented the discoveries

of philosophers. Milton did not believe himself a dunce, because his contemporaries were not refined enough to relish his *Paradise Lost*. True genius, will in general, discover itself, without being drawn into light by the force of patronage. Where there is one flower born to blush unseen, there are thousands that attract and charm the eyes of mankind. The concealment of talents, is always imputable to the possessor; the veil may easily be drawn aside, and the treasure disclosed. The effulgence of Butler's genius dispelled the darkness of poverty, and its warmth overcame the coldness of neglect. The illustrious Johnson, so far from being checked in his undertakings by indigence, was rather stimulated; and had he been obliged to beg for subsistence, would, nevertheless, have bequeathed an immensely rich legacy to posterity. Burns, notwithstanding his limited reading and information, rose to the first place among the bards of Scotland, and Griford, though deprived of almost every mean of improvement, had invention and perseverance enough to engrave his mathematical calculations and juvenile verses on sole-leather, which was unfit for his master's last. It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the progress of genius unprotected and unrewarded. Even disappointment and calamity, instead of concealing genius, lead her from retirement. Genius is independent, active, and persevering; neither perishing with indigence, nor decaying by neglect, nor yielding to opposition. It will discover itself in the peasant as well as in the prince—with reward or without—aided by applause or opposed by censure.

Among students, we often discover some, whom the world designates idlers, because they seem to float carelessly down the stream of time. But there is a marked distinction between *stagnation* and *strenuous* idleness. This is a discrimination, rarely, I believe, made by mankind, who, observing a character that does not pursue some one object, gravely argue that he never can possess "land and beeves." Men, studious of laborious ease, not slothful—happy to deceive time, not waste it, form a class numerous and respectable. To rank these loiterers with those who *do* live away, is like comparing the noiseless current of a running brook, to the green mantle of the stagnant pool. We may be stupidly busy, and vivaciously idle. They, who with pack-

horse constancy keep the road, will reach the inn at night, but he, who leaps the hedge, and ascends the mountain, is alone qualified to describe the beauties of nature and art peculiar to the country.

A poetic enthusiast may read and relish the bards. Perusing Pope's Homer, every poetical energy will be roused and in action. But if he cannot rival the description of the shield of Achilles, or the retreat of Ajax, he will renounce Parnassus forever. Though he can describe accurately in the ode, or sting poignantly in the epigram, yet failing in the *epic*, the Muses droop and sink from his despairing view, and poetry is condemned as an "*elaborate waste of time.*"

A law student pores over Littleton on Tenures, confident that his decisions will be venerated by future jurists. He looks forward to the day, when his character, arisen to the sublimity of Jay's, shall be equally venerated. He even anticipates the time with rapture, when, like *Parsons*, retiring from the honourable labours and cases of a chief justice's chair, he shall carry into his grave the gratitude and love of a nation emulative of his virtues, and elevated by his fame. On some unlucky day, when the eye of this student is "impurged with euphrasy and rue," and cannot measure the difference of a brace of quibbles, or discern a subtile distinction in Coke, he throws down his folio—goes sorrowing to rest, and you may hear him muttering in dreams, "hopeless study hedged with thorns"—*Gothic-letter difference between Plowden and Pope!*

Having, I fondly flatter myself, removed one cause of a student's fear, I would assure him, that the complaints which are uttered against public taste and justice proceed oftener from unqualified candidates, than from real merit.

Among the most valuable and exalted of a student's pleasures, I would place a generous love, and ardent pursuit of fame. Connected with this, is an expanded benevolence for his contemporaries, and for posterity. He expects honour and applause as the rewards of his toils, and can he be cold to the interests, the happiness, the glory of those from whose hands he is to receive these bright and lasting remunerations. In the consciousness that there is no sordidness in his views, and that he may confer honour on his age and nation, he feels a noble independence of spirit, and

while he is ambitious of a name that shall extend in glory to the latest period of time, he exults in the idea of his own claim to gratitude, for studies and labours that are in return to prove widely beneficial and ornamental to mankind. He expands his existence into future years, and becomes a member of generations yet unborn. As Newton, Bacon, Locke, and other worthies of elapsed ages live with us; so he will in centuries far distant, be known, admired, and venerated as a benefactor to the world. This source of pleasure is so noble, so vast, that it seems to absorb the remembrance of every other. But other sources there are, and they are to the generous mind most precious.

There is great pleasure in the consciousness of performing duty. The intellectual faculties of man, were given to him in a simple, imperfect, feeble state. To strengthen, enlarge, and refine them, was made his business, and the consequent duty is the most imperious that his Creator in his wisdom has imposed. As he proceeds in the diligent and faithful discharge of this duty, his pleasures keep pace with his improvement; for every new acquisition of knowledge, is a new source of felicity. As in rising from a vale, and gradually ascending an eminence, the horizon is continually expanding, and objects unseen before, are successively opening on the view, until the eye is charmed with the varied beauties that we behold from the lofty summit; so in the progress of the mind from the imbecile state of infancy, through the stages of youth, manhood and to maturity, every moment presents some interesting innovation, and discovers some new subject to excite our admiration—to instruct or delight. He must be a careless and uninterested observer of nature, who can survey her endless varieties without emotions of the most pleasing kind. To the student, she is a constant source of knowledge, and of novelty—for no discovery can be made that does not lead to some connexions or dependencies. Nothing is barren, solitary or unfruitful. The student's eye, though ever feasted, is never sated.

It is sometimes a source of misfortune to a student, that the horizon of science does not widen with the rapidity he had expected from its first appearance. In fact, genius is prone to be sanguine in every project. The philosopher who attracts notice by the ingenuity of his speculations, or the usefulness of his disco-

veries, has often relieved the painfulness of thought, by mixing anticipations of future celebrity, with his early meditations. The orator of established reputation, has viewed from a distance, the envied height on which he stands; often in his study, while submitting to the discipline of preparation, has his heart been swelled by fancied plaudits, and his ear caught the sound of *bursting acclamations*. Such however, is the abstruseness of some subjects, and the labour of others, that few can pursue a literary path without encountering some obstacle. But shall a pebble check his bold and impetuous career? Shall one formed to explore new avenues to knowledge and to reach their termination, abandon his design because it is not instantly accomplished? He should remember that in

“Great attempts ’tis glorious even to fail.”

Though he may have stumbled “seventy times and seven,” let him rise and persevere. The scholar, like the merchant, should exult at petty gains. “*Festina lente*”—go on gently—gradual accumulations, will, in time, form a valuable capital. Though from his lofty conceptions of excellence, he may infer, that mediocrity is not to be tolerated, he should reflect, that if his deduction were tolerated, the lamp of knowledge would expire. Such is the progressive state of the human mind, that, like Rome, from small beginnings, it gradually arises to glory, exercises boundless dominion, and challenges the admiration of mankind. C. C.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—FOR THE PORT POLO.

ON BEAUTY.

In the infinite variety of objects, which impart pleasure through the organs of vision, and in the great diversity of the sensations themselves, abundant materials have been found for very different theories of beauty.

The first speculators on this curious subject, naturally turned their attention to the objects which commonly produce the sensation of beauty, and by analysing the properties of these ob-

jects, have supposed it to consist in certain forms and proportions, in particular colours or combinations of colour, in smoothness, smallness, and the like: whilst others, perceiving that much of the pleasure derived from visual beauty arose from the subsequent operations of the mind, rather than the direct impressions on the sense—from perceptions of the *mind's eye*, rather than of the eye itself—have, in forming their theories, chiefly regarded the sensations themselves; and some have even gone so far as to exclude the visible properties of matter from all *direct* agency in creating the sensation of beauty.

This hypothesis, so repugnant to the common sense of mankind and to almost all the disquisitions on beauty, having been maintained in the very elegant and ingenious treatise of Mr. Alison, and, having lately received the support of his able reviewer, seems to deserve an attentive consideration.

The distinguished critic to whom I allude, thus states the theory he supports: "that the emotions which we experience from the contemplation of sublimity or beauty, are not produced by any physical or intrinsic quality in the objects which we contemplate; but by the recollection or conception of *other* objects, which are associated in our imaginations with those before us, and consequently suggested by their appearance, and which are interesting or affecting, on the common and familiar principle of being the natural objects of love, or of pity, or of fear, or veneration, or some other common and lively sensation of the mind."

In opposition to this theory, it will be here contended that the eye is susceptible of a direct organic pleasure as well as the other senses, which is sometimes heightened, sometimes diminished, and sometimes entirely effaced by the associations of ideas raised by visible objects; that this pleasure is greatly increased by cultivation, and constitutes a large portion of the gratification afforded by visual beauty.

It is not meant to deny, that most objects which have beauty, and all which have it in the highest degree, derive much of their power from the agreeable trains of thought they excite. The eye stands distinguished from all the other senses by its comprehension, and by the variety and distinctness of its perceptions. It scans the forms of bodies, their magnitude and motions in their infinite diversity, contemplates their various colours in all their

degrees of intensity and brightness—measures their dimensions—counts their numbers—perceives their distances from itself, and from each other.—It even interprets the passions, the feelings, and character of animated beings—and all this too, without remission or fatigue, without mistake or confusion. It thus being the vehicle of such a variety of perceptions it is proportionally apt to excite those connected chains of thought, which the mind has the faculty of linking together, and which must ever be chiefly employed about the great objects of sensibility, the happiness of ourselves or our species. Hence it is, that visible objects so often awaken agreeable recollections, raise up cheering anticipations, and in so many thousand ways touch the chords of our sympathy or self-love. These pleasures of the memory or the imagination mingling in their endless diversity with those produced by the immediate impression, which visible objects make on the organs of sight, it is often difficult to separate them, and to say how much of the beauty we perceive and admire is original and instinctive, and how much is secondary and accidental. But, however, disguised the organic pleasures of the eye may be, by reason of this combination, their existence may yet be distinctly seen, and seems susceptible of the clearest and most satisfactory proof.

The physical beauty of visible objects appears to consist, first, In their power of reflecting soft light: secondly, In certain colours: thirdly, In particular outlines and forms; and, fourthly, In the variety produced by a mixture of shade with light, or by combinations of different colours, or of different forms.

First. The sensation derived from reflected light, may be deemed the first and most natural pleasure of the eye. At the earliest dawn of perception, infants instinctively turn their eyes towards the light. The flame, of a candle never fails to attract their attention, and to be an object of pleasure. They even attempt to grasp it, until experience teaches them that what is so pleasing to the eye is painful to the touch. As their faculties develop they receive gratification from the inferior brilliancy of metals, of porcelain and glass.

The agreeableness of reflected light, thus early manifested continues with us through life. It is this which polishes the metals and marble, varnishes leather and wood, and gives a gloss to

so many of the productions of art. What but this occasions the extraordinary value of the diamond! It is not the scarcity alone, for there are other fossils more rare, that are comparatively but little prized. It is not its utility, for its chief use, except as an ornament is to subdue its own hardness. It is then its quality of permanently reflecting a more vivid light than any other body, which has created the demand for this beautiful gem, and its scarcity diminishing the supply, the price is proportionally great. It is in this way that rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones are sought with such avidity by civilized nations, and the glass beads which imitate them, by the less discriminating savages. Cut glass which is also much admired owes its beauty to this quality of reflecting light. Some, however, may be disposed to ascribe the beauty of this material to our ideas of the skill of the artist who formed it, or of its costliness, or of the opulence of the proprietor, but greater labour and cost might be expended on a vase of iron or even of wood, that would certainly be less pleasing to the eye; nor do most of those who admire the sparkling beauty of polished glass know the difficulty of fabricating it, or ever spend a casual thought upon the subject. But the icicles which hang from every tree and shrub in a sleet—the stalactites which adorn all calcareous caverns—the salt mines of Hungary and Poland—the celebrated palace of ice in Russia, have all been esteemed extremely beautiful, and they agree in nothing but in their brilliant and diversified reflections of light. The beauty which Mr. Burke refers to smoothness seems to be nothing more than this power of reflecting light. Let us take any common instrument of iron and we shall find that it pleases the eye in proportion to its brightness; let it receive the utmost polish of which it is susceptible and it rivals the diamond in beauty. To illustrate the beauty of reflected light, examples have been selected of those objects, whose agreeableness seemed least capable of being referred to associations, but it is this same quality of brightness which constitutes most of the beauty of gilding, of silks, of the polish we put on many articles of our household furniture, and which first stamped a superior value on the precious metals themselves.

It is vain to say that the beauty of lustre excites no *emotion*, and that it produces a childish and evanescent pleasure. This sensation has as much dignity and nearly the same force as most of the gratifications of sense. In fact none of our sensual pleasures mount up to a passion except one. We hear harmonious music—we inhale the delicious perfume of the rose or the violet—we are warmed by the sunshine in the spring, or refreshed by cool breezes in summer—we even partake of a favourite dish, or taste the best flavoured wines, precisely as we view the reflections from our mirrors, our plate or polished steel or marble, without any ecstatic rapture, but with a perceptible positive pleasure, which is more or less lively, according to our individual sensibility.

The reader must be again reminded that it is not meant to be denied, that the pleasure we derive from beholding brilliant objects is commonly augmented by the ideas they suggest. It is plain, for example, that the eye would not receive the same gratification on seeing the glittering fragments of a cut glass bowl or chandelier, as when they composed an utensil that was subservient to the convenience and ostentation of the proprietors, yet the degree of reflected light would be precisely the same. But here the agreeable idea of convenience which had enhanced the pleasure afforded by the object in its perfect form, would be taken away, and the disagreeable ones of loss and destruction would be substituted. The mind of the observer would consequently be too much occupied with comparing its present with its former state, and feel too much regret at the change to attend to the impressions on the sense.—Besides in the case supposed, the advantage of form, to which such ornaments also owe a part of their beauty, would also be taken away.

It may be objected that, if brilliant light constituted the chief beauty of diamonds, cut-glass, stalactites and the like, every common fire ought to be esteemed equally beautiful. It excels in brightness, as it emits light, and has the advantage of agreeable colour, as well as of undulating motion. To this objection there are two answers. The one is that reflected light is more grateful to the eye than emitted light. We prefer the mild radiance of the moon to the dazzling effulgence of the sun, whose great-

est splendor indeed, is even painful. But perhaps the principal answer to the objection is, that flame is a much more common object than the reflecting substances that have been mentioned. Now every impression becomes weaker, as it is oftener repeated; and there is no species of beauty to which we do not become insensible when it has long been familiar. The most picturesque landscape, the most highly decorated house, and what is far beyond these, the loveliest female form, have scarcely any beauty to the daily observer, or if it be noticed, it is a calm perception of the mind, unaccompanied with any emotion of pleasure. If flame were not one of the most familiar objects to our eyes—of daily and hourly recurrence in our hearths—in the sun—in our candles, and lamps—it is probable it would be ranked among the most pleasing of those objects which are not susceptible of the beauty of form. The pleasure with which we behold fireworks, and the acknowledged beauty of illuminations and transparencies, owe much of their effect to their brilliancy.

Secondly. The next most copious source of organic delight to the eye, is to be found in colours. Of these the prismatic colours are the most pleasing. The eyes of children are soon attracted and delighted by clear and lively hues. The rainbow is a beautiful object from the moment it is first beheld. Birds, flowers, butterflies, marine shells are universally thought beautiful, and their beauty is in proportion to the vividness and variety of their tints. Every mixture of black renders a colour less pleasing to our organs of vision, though from particular associations, such colours may occasionally be preferred. Thus brown or drab cloths or silks may, from the influence of fashion, or from the very circumstance of seeming less to solicit admiration, be thought more pleasing than any of the primitive colours.

Mr. Burke seems to consider that strong colours are not so agreeable to the eye as those which are faint and delicate; but if we consult the tastes of children and savages, in whom natural instinct is least likely to be biassed, we may be disposed to question this position. Vivid and intense colours are always more pleasing to these than the more delicate shades; and red, the most vivid of all, appears to be that which excites their organs of vision with the liveliest pleasure. The Indians of this continent

show a marked preference for it, and have discovered the art of giving their favourite hue to hair, quills, and other substances as impenetrable to ordinary dyes. The same predilection was observed among the natives of the Sandwich Islands, whose feather cloaks and caps were principally red. There is something peculiarly stimulating to the organs in this tint. It is used in Spain, to irritate and provoke the bull at their tournaments, and it often has the same effect on other animals. It probably owes this quality as well as its superior beauty to the larger size which its rays possess, according to the theory of optics. That this colour is also generally pleasing in civilized nations, appears from the general predilection shown for red morocco leather—for coral—for the stone called cornelian—and from the high price given for cochineal, which possesses no one valuable property, except that of dying a brilliant scarlet.

But it is said by those who refer all visual pleasure to the association of ideas, that, "bright and soft green is beautiful, because it is the livery of the spring; and soft and bright blue, because we see it in the summer sky; and pink, and vermilion, because they blush on the cheeks of innocence." Now it would be as consistent with the rules of fair reasoning to say that red is seen on the human cheek because it is naturally pleasing—that the great architect and painter of the universe has made the vault of heaven blue, because it is an agreeable colour; and the trees and fields green for the same reason. But the argument admits of a more satisfactory refutation. The red on the cheek, for example, does not always convey a pleasing impression. It is as often the indication of anger, of pride, or of conscious error, as it is of modesty. Nor is it the undeviating sign of health: it glows with more brilliancy in the face of an inveterate sot than it is ever seen in the natural complexion. Besides, most of the savages by whom this colour is particularly admired, never see the cheeks or the lips of a brighter hue than a muddy brown. If then, red is found to be pleasing to those who have seen it mark the cheeks of detected guilt, of odious rage, or habitual intoxication, more often than those of virtue and innocence; and if the same preference is given in Africa, (as is believed to be the case) where the blushes of modesty are not visible, and health wears the sa-

ble hue of night and not the tints of the rose, the only solution to be given for this universal taste is that it results from an original law of our organization, stamped on us by the great Author of all things, who, when He ordered that matter should cohere with matter—that fire should melt wax and harden clay—that animals should generate others in their likeness, also ordained that certain figures, colours and motions should please the human eye.

An argument however is raised against the intrinsic beauty of colours from the indisputable fact, that there is no colour which would be beautiful every where; and it is triumphantly remarked that, “vermilion would not be beautiful on the grass—nor green on the cheek—nor blue on either.” That neither blue nor green would please when seen on the human cheeks, would be owing to these colours conveying the ideas of disease or deformity, which impressions are much more disagreeable than any sensations from colour can be agreeable. But it is not equally true that red would not be agreeable in the heavens, or red and blue on the grass. The variegated clouds of a setting sun, and the Aurora Borealis show that their brilliant tints always communicate the same delight to the organs of vision, when the natural effect is not disturbed or counteracted by some associated train of thought. And the beautiful red or blue flowers which enamel the fields, and which are at least as beautiful as the green which surrounds them, further illustrate the same position.

What indeed, but the superior beauty of colour makes the peacock, the red-bird, and the male of most birds handsomer than the females of their several species? It is this which causes the chief difference between many of our costliest fabrics of wool, of silk, or of cotton. If we hold up a piece of coloured ribband to a child, its eager delight will speak in language not to be mistaken; the nature of its sensations, and its pleasure will be in proportion to the intensity and brilliancy of the tints; though in this instance the beauty of colour is heightened by reflected light, since silken fabrics have a lustre which can be given to no other product of the loom. It is the pleasure imparted by colour which paints our houses, variegates our carpets, stains ivory and wood, and ransacks the three kingdoms of nature in search of vivid and lasting dyes.

But the physical power of light and colours to excite sensations of the liveliest pleasure, is rendered indisputable by the experiment which was made by Chesselden the celebrated surgeon, on a boy of thirteen years of age, whom he couched for a cataract, and who had been blind from his birth. After this youth began to have the proper use of his new sense, "he was transported beyond measure: he declared that every new object afforded a fresh delight; and that the pleasure he felt exceeded the powers of expression." Objects of a regular figure, and having plain surfaces, were most agreeable to him, even before he was capable of judging of their form. The greater quantity of soft light which plain surfaces reflect, was probably the cause of the livelier pleasure they afforded him. When he first perceived a black object, it gave him great uneasiness. There is a similar example of a young man, who first received his sight at the age of twenty, which is recorded in the Tatler, No. fifty-five, and is supposed to be authentic: "When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder." After a very pathetic scene with his surrounding friends, he exclaimed, "What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? *Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other.*"

Though by much the greater part of the delight experienced by these young persons may be ascribed to the novelty of their sensations, and the extraordinary sensibility of their organs, yet the facts incontrovertibly prove how great a sum of pleasure may be transmitted through the eye, before the influence of light and colours is weakened by becoming common and familiar: and after making large deductions for this effect, it is rational to infer that much of it still remains, and that whenever objects are exhibited to our eyes in the less familiar modes of vivid colouring, and soft brilliant light, we experience a temperate degree of the same pleasure, which in fresher and more delicate organs amounted to the liveliest rapture.

Thirdly. As to beauty of form. This part of the subject having already been more fully discussed in a former number,* will be but lightly touched on now. Regular curves, waving, straight, and parallel lines give pleasure to the organs of vision by a law of our nature. This agreeable quality, however, exists only in the outline: for though certain variations of surface, such as spherical, cylindrical, and other regular cavities and convexities are very pleasing to the eye, and constitute a large part of what is commonly termed the beauty of form, they produce this effect, as every painter knows, by their gently varying gradations of light and shade, and it is therefore more strictly a beauty of light than of form, and belongs to the fourth class of agreeable objects of vision.

It is the beauty of form which leads us to prefer a circle or an oval to a triangle or a more irregular figure, a straight line to one that is crooked, and an undulating line to one that is straight. To the same source may also be referred the pleasure we receive from regularity of position, independent of the accompanying ideas of skill, convenience and the like agreeable qualities. The pleasure afforded by regular position and parallel lines, seems to correspond to that which the ear receives from a repetition of the same sounds in rhyming and alliteration, and of the same notes in military music. It is also the beauty of form which was so pleasing in the vases and other utensils found in Herculaneum, and which we so much admire in the successful copies of Wedgwood. It is this which directs a large part of the operations of the architect, the house-carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the glass blower, the potter, and in short of every artificer of wood, metal, or stone; and which guides the fingers of the female in drawing patterns for her needle work: and though our pleasure derived from these several productions of ingenuity and taste is commonly of a very complex sort, and is in a great measure owing to their conveni-

*On architecture. The proposition herein maintained, that certain visible properties of bodies have an intrinsic beauty, came properly into consideration in discussing the rationale of the authority, exercised by Grecian architecture over modern taste; but the subject, thus extended to every species of visual beauty, being found to occupy too much space for a collateral question, its investigation was reserved for a separate essay.

ence, the skill of the artist, to their successful imitation of agreeable, natural objects, and to a multitude of other associations, yet figures the most fantastic are occasionally among the most pleasing, and a very marked difference is often perceptible between the beauty of two objects which differ in nothing but in form.

It is still, however, insisted that flowing and undulating lines are beautiful because they "suggest ideas of ease, pliability and elegance." It is true, that in endeavouring to describe the qualities of objects which affect us, we often from the poverty of language, borrow terms expressive of other ideas, to which those we would convey bear some sort of resemblance; thus we say that a curve is graceful, easy, or waving, because it reminds us of the motions to which these terms apply: but we might with as much propriety say, (as some theorists have said) that such motions please by being in agreeable curves, as that the curves please because they are those in which agreeable motions are made. The fact is, that neither the motions nor the curves please by their resemblance to the others, but *per se*. On this question the disputants can only appeal to the unsophisticated experience of others; and they can say whether in viewing a circle, an oval, the grooves and swells of a Grecian column, or the anomalous figures of the tambour needle they ever think of human pliability and ease; or if they do, whether the impression of pleasure does not precede these fanciful analogies.

Fourthly. There is a beauty arising from variety in the preceding properties of visible objects, which may be considered as a distinct species because it is greater than that which the component parts singly produce. Of this description is the beauty of a globe, or a column, which differ from plain surfaces only by their partial reflection of a stronger light, and their gradually deepening shades. Thus some colours appear to harmonize together, somewhat like the concords in music: and a mixture of straight lines with curves is more agreeable than unvarying compound of either.

There seems to be two very different species of agreeable variety in visible objects. Some please us by strong and sudden contrasts, as cut glass, which consists of parts alternately luminous and opaque, straight lines intermingled with curves—inlaid

and mosaic work—chased plate, and the like: whilst other objects are agreeable to the eye by their gentle and almost imperceptible variations. Of this species is the beauty of all convex forms, of the most admired wood, of tortoiseshell, of variegated clouds, and of every agreeable object which has a cloud like appearance.

If the preceding principles of visual beauty be tested by those objects which are generally esteemed beautiful, it will be found that they owe their power of pleasing the eye to one or more of the constituent qualities that have been mentioned.

The rose has always been a flower of great beauty. Its colours of yellow, pink and green, which are separately grateful to the eye, and which moreover, harmonize very well together. Its circular yet undulating outline—its hemispherical form—the variety of colour and figure afforded by its buds, thorns, leaves, stalks, calyx and petals—all contribute to recommend it. But if we perceive nothing in these tints and forms superior to what many other flowers possess, (for they are generally objects of beauty) we may ascribe our extraordinary admiration to the additional pleasure arising from the perception or the recollection of its exquisite fragrance: for

—“ The sweets of sense

Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm;
So while we taste the fragrance of the Rose,
Glow not her blush the fairer?”

The tulip has also been greatly admired for its beauty. Its colours are remarkably vivid, and appear in delicate and variegated streaks. The extravagant admiration it once excited in Holland, arose from certain moral associations which gave an adventurous increase to its beauty. It became the contest of fashion and opulence to excel in this joint product of nature and art, and the power of gratifying vanity imparted new charms to the flower itself. The peacock derives his beauty partly from the gay and pleasing colours of his plumage, which is the more pleasing from its glossiness, and partly from the elegance of his form. The parrot has as vivid colours, but they are not so happily blended, and he is also very inferior in shape. Most birds indeed have

a smooth and shining plumage, lively or variegated colours, and a gently varying outline, and they are therefore considered to be the most beautiful part of the animated creation. The metals derive their beauty from their brilliancy; though the ornaments and utensils into which they are fashioned owe much of their power of pleasing to their forms. The superiority in beauty of gold over copper, and of silver over tin, is not so much intrinsic, as it is the effect of a higher price. Mother-of-pearl is beautiful, because being composed of thin transparent laminæ, it possesses the power of reflecting the most variegated and at the same time the most delicate tints. It is indeed little inferior in intrinsic beauty to the costly gem it protects. The beauty of velvet consists in its soft reflection of light; for though it has less brightness than the ordinary fabrics of silk, yet from the more perfect evenness of its surface, its reflections are more soft and pleasing, and the eye passes from its different lights and shades by easier transitions. The same thing is true, in a certain degree, of cloths, muslins, and other fine fabrics of the loom, which please by the greater delicacy of their lights and shades more than coarser webs that reflect more light. Animals occasionally please by their colours or glossiness, or agreeable outline, but commonly by the fitness of their forms for qualities which we admire or prize, and by their conformity to the standard of excellence we form of their species from the view of a great number of individuals. Prospects owe much of their beauty to the agreeable ideas with which they are associated, and which are very eloquently described in the review now under criticism. But the variety of objects presented to the eye, the different tints which are mellowed by distance, and the occasional brightness of a river or a lake, from which light is reflected as from a mirror—the foliage of a forest in autumn displaying richer and more brilliant tints than the pallet can boast—and the azure sky contrasted here and there with fleecy semitransparent clouds of various fantastic and ever-changing shapes, present a spectacle which on the preceding principles of beauty must necessarily please.

But the most exquisite beauty in nature is occasionally found in the human countenance, and there is nothing about which men are less agreed, than the particular examples of it. There is one standard in Europe, and two or three in Asia, and as many in Africa, and America. This diversity of tastes in an object that so

universally and so powerfully pleases seems to furnish an argument against the intrinsic beauty here insisted on. But the seeming difficulty admits of a satisfactory explanation. We feel a strong natural dislike to deformity or unnatural appearances in our species. This appears to be an instinctive feeling, not produced by reflexion, nor controllable by the will. But every deviation from what we believe to be the characteristic marks of our species is a degree of deformity, and produces a proportionate degree of aversion. It is therefore indispensable to all human beauty that it conform to that character which we believe that nature has given the species. Now we derive our ideas of the form belonging to our species from a comparison of all the individuals we have seen. Thus when we pronounce a nose too long or too short, too high or too flat, the lips too thick or too thin, we refer to the ideal standard that has been mentioned, and merely mean that they differ from what is usual and natural; as therefore, men have various standards of what is the natural form of their species, according to the varieties of form and complexion scattered over the globe, and this natural form is indispensable to personal beauty, it follows that they must vary in their ideas of such beauty, though they may agree in that of forms, colours, and proportions when applied to every other object. In this way too, we may account for the different tastes of different persons of the same country, with regard to female beauty, and of the same person at different times, as he has had a wider field for observation and comparison.

But when we see nothing in a countenance to offend against what we deem the characteristic and natural marks of the species, then the intrinsic beauties of colour and form, and light and shade, are free to operate, and produce their proper effect. We accordingly find much in the human countenance which, on the principles herein maintained, is calculated to give a lively pleasure to the eye; for besides the vermilion of the lips and the cheek, the brilliancy of the eyes, their circular form and motion, the fine texture of the skin, so favourable to soft lights and shades, the regularity, the contrasts, the graceful and ever varying curves of the nose, mouth and chin, and the general contour of the whole face, which are common to the human species every where, are

naturally agreeable to the organs of vision, where the effect is not counteracted by some accidental association: and though the human face were not the seat of intelligence and animation, and of every quality which is most likely to touch our affections, we should yet behold the countenance of a beautiful female with pleasure, though it is certain that much of our present delight arises from the interesting images which follow in the train of the material form we contemplate. The youth who was couched by Chesselden confirms this reasoning, for he experienced a very sensible difference in the pleasure which the appearance of different persons afforded him before he knew the indications of agreeable qualities, and he was astonished to find that those who were formerly most beloved by him were not also the most pleasing to his sight.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GAMBLING AND DISSIPATION,—AN ALLEGORY.

——ipse miserrima vidi.—*Virg.*

WHILST ruminating upon the various vices which corrupt the morals of society and make mankind miserable, my imagination conducted me from the regions of the ordinary occupations of life; and, wandering through a narrow winding path beset with shrubbery, so dense as almost to exclude the light of day, I at length arrived at a vast and sooty mansion. The exterior of the building I had neither time nor disposition to notice; for Curiosity (my attendant genius on this excursion) hurried me forward to the door—anxious to discover who could be the inhabitants of a dwelling so strangely situated—so far removed from the “busy hum of men.”—Upon entering, I beheld a bloated female figure sitting at the extremity of the hall, resting one hand upon a cork-screw and holding a goblet in the other. Her swollen features, the inflammatory appearance of her eyes, and the dullness of her countenance too plainly told me, this was the genius of Dissipation. At a little distance from her, a bubbling fountain issued from the ground, which I afterwards discovered to be the source of Lethe, the river of Pluto’s dreary realms. Near this stood a huge de-

canter labelled "The Universal Remedy"—together with these exhortations—"Here mortals drown your sorrows; here quench the flame of despair which disappointment has kindled in your breasts; here wash out the spots of a stained reputation; here cure the bruises which merciless Fortune may have inflicted upon you."

Astonished at these novel appearances, and fixing my eyes upon the Genius, I began involuntarily to utter,

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,"

when my attention was arrested and turned towards another part of the room. Here a figure met my view, having to the former no sort of similarity. Her countenance wore a smile of such counterfeited innocence, her attire was adjusted with so much grace, and every thing about her bore such a resemblance to unmeaning simplicity, that the young were charmed at the sight, and the old could hardly behold without admiration—the goddess of Gambling. She was throned on a checker board; her sceptro was the cue of a billiard table; and she was worshipped upon an altar carved into the shape of a dice-box. Near her, supported by a small pedestal, lay a volume of leaves stamped on one side with hieroglyphical spots of black and red. This I readily concluded to be her Bible, or Coran. At little intervals, around her throne, were arranged groups of persons, religiously engaged in the worship of their goddess. The method of reading their Coran was entirely novel, and their language, to me at least, perfectly unintelligible. Nothing, I am persuaded, can be in any degree like it, except the manner of the barbarous Peruvians, who are said to communicate their ideas by knotted chords of various colours. Each in turn threw down a leaf of the volume upon the table, and the last gathering all into a pack, exclaimed 'high—low—jack—and the game.' To some these appeared to be words of consolation, but to others, the sentence of misery. The countenances of a part were suddenly enlivened; while those of the rest were proportionally dejected.

The worshippers of this goddess were not confined to any particular class; but consisted, as in other occupations, of the young, the middle aged, and the old. The first of these entered upon their duties with the utmost cheerfulness and zeal. No other object appeared to possess charms, or to have any effect in dividing

the attention. Night was consumed in the perusal of their Coran, and day wasted in sleep. The middle aged were more indifferent, performing their rites not for the pleasure derived from them, but because they had become habituated to the worship, and were rendered unfit for any other kind of business. The old, so far from engaging in the ceremonies of the goddess, spent their time in idleness, oscitancy, and sleep. Destitute of all comfort in life, or hopes of happiness in death, they had become the victims of misery and the votaries of despair. The remembrance of past crimes, and the fear of future punishment continually soured their existence and made them the objects rather of pity, than of contempt. A life loaded with sins and a judgment awarding their 'wages' were the only pictures which their imaginations presented.

I was not a little surprised to see females engaged in the adoration of this enticing deity. When I considered that every lover (and who is not a lover in turn?) exalted in imagination his Dulcinea, to the rank of an acting angel; and when I took into account the high estimation in which the fair are universally held by the other sex, I could not but wonder that the 'ornaments of creation' should embellish the temple of vice. But such was the fact: I saw numbers of females casting down their leaves with all the spite of disappointment, occasionally dying those cheeks with the crimson of indignation, which should never be suffused but with the blush of modesty.

At this moment the whole assembly rose to pay their vows to the Genius of Dissipation, and take a sip of the fountain of Lethe. Here was exhibited another scene of disgust. Some scarcely stirred from the fountain; some succeeded in getting a short distance; a part returned to their former places, and again began the worship of their favourite goddess. The young, to use a figure, skipped along with as buoyant hearts as ever floated on animal spirits; the middle-aged came with a less accelerated pace; while the old,

"With many a weary step, and many a groan"

staggered back to their former situations. Now joy and boisterous pleasure were depicted on every countenance. Impressions of former sorrows were obliterated—disappointments were forgotten, and all were ready to perform any thing in which their head-

strong passions might prompt them to engage. Accordingly they had not been long employed in worship before contention arose, and half of the assembly was involved in a pugilistic battle. The females screamed—the old raised their staves to restore peace; but all in vain! The contending parties would neither listen to the voice of female persuasion, nor obey the commands of gray-haired authority. The tumult, at first, thickened; then gradually died away. The combatants weakened by intoxication, and worn out with fatigue, dropped off one after another, and, some upon the benches, some upon the tables, and others on the floor, all sunk to rest, enjoying the miseries of sleep in the disturbed dreams of guilty consciences.

My curiosity was now fairly glutted; and I left the place, almost willing to believe, that, under all circumstances,

“Vice —————
————— to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

X.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PARNASSIAN FRANCHISES AND VAGARIES.

“Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.”—*Pope*.

In the fragments of Ennius, the Chaucer, and earliest of the Roman poets whose remains are extant, are to be found some frolicsome lines, as well as sundry sententious sayings, which have been noticed, or borrowed, or alluded to by modern writers. Among the first, may be instanced the following, in which the poet has availed himself of “apt alliteration’s artful aid” with a vengeance:

O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tyranne tulisti.

Nor has he been less happy in making the sound an echo to the sense, in this essay to imitate the clangour of a trumpet:

At tuba terribili sonitu tarantara dixit.

In the next instance the old gentleman seems rather disposed to puzzle than enlighten his reader by this curious jingling line;

Si luci, si nox, si mox, si jam data, sit frux.

If one might venture at a solution of the enigma it involves, it would seem to say, That by the alternate influence of day and night, of sunshine and dew, fruit was produced; as in the *Tite, tute*, he seems to be congratulating some Titus on his escape from the tyranny of one Tatus.

The witty parody from the pit of the theatre on Thomson's —"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O!" is well known; but the merit of originality as to the form of the exclamation, ~~for~~ Ennius may justly dispute with Thomson, as will appear from a single glance at his

O Romule, Romule, dic O!

Among the pithy sayings of this old bard, may be enumerated first, his humiliating reflection,

Simia quàm similis turpissima bestia nobis!

How like to ourselves that most contemptible of animals, the monkey! and then, the *dictum* to king Pyrrhus, which is given in Bailey's dictionary as the equivocal response of the oracle, on his consulting it as to his success in his contemplated war with the Romans,

Aio te Æacide Romanos vincere posse.

Heret he oracle, like Macbeth's witches, ~~palters~~ with Pyrrhus in a double sense, the answer admitting the interpretation, either that he would conquer the Romans or the Romans him.

Another sententious saying of the poet, is quoted by Vicesimus Knox in one of his essays, and applied to the slow and inefficient proceedings of the British generals in the American war of the revolution:

Bellum componantes, non belligerentes,

that is, rather huckstering the war for their own benefit, than waging it vigorously for the interest of their country. And Prior, in one of his tales, very humorously alludes to the observation of the same bard, that,

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem

in the following couplets:

Fabius the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maribus,
Shews us that all that warrior can do
With force inferior, is Cunctando.

This reference is confidently ventured on the unquestionable decision of doctor Johnson, that "Prior is a lady's book."

See Boswell.

And so much for good old Ennius.

Of Pacuvius, another of the early Latin poets, there also remain some fragments, in which is found the following remark, curious only from its noting a circumstance, which is selected by Linnæus and other naturalists to denote the manners of the dog; and also as it furnishes Tasso with the materials for a simile in his Jerusalem delivered:

*Nam canis quando est percussa lapide, non tam illum
Appetit qui jecit, quam illum cum ipsum lapidem quo ipsa icta est, petit.*

The dog, says Linnæus, barks at strange dogs, *snaps at a stone thrown at him*, &c. &c.; and Tasso, in Hoole's translation says,

So with the stone that gall'd him from afar
The mastiff wages unavailing war.

By the by, it may be observed, that if the above quotation from Pacuvius, is poetry, it is hard to make it out.

Leaping the chasm from Pacuvius to Horace, it is remarkable, that this courtly and far from vapid writer, terminates his seventh satire with an indifferent pun upon one Rupilius King (to turn the name into English), and lord Kames seems to think, it was for the introduction of this poor conceit, that the satire was written:

*Persius exclamat: Per magnos Brute, deos te
Oro, qui reges consuesti tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? Operum hoc, mihi crede tuorum est.*

I beseech thee, good Brutus, whose peculiar function it is, to rid us of royalty, to strangle me this King! Believe me, it will be a work altogether worthy of thy hands.

This pun of Horace may be aptly mated by a bull of Lucan's, taken notice of by Mr. Addison. Speaking of the Eridanus in a style of panegyric, the poet says;

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
 Egypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
 Non minor hic Iatro, niai, &c. &c.

Nor would the Nile more watry stores contain
 But that he stagnates on his Lybian plain;
 Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
 But that he gathers in his tedious course
 Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
 In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than
 the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger
 than the Eridanus *See Addison's Italy.*

Adverting to Horace's

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

and Ovid's

Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis, &c.

it is observable, that if critical reviewers had been then in fashion,
 these poets would hardly have ventured such boasting. Neither
 is it probable that the immortal Tully would have escaped a lash-
 ing for his

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

Descending from the Augustan age to the time of one Da-
 masus a Christian poet and bishop, who flourished in the reign
 of one of the Theodosiuses, we find, that the best of our mo-
 dern acrostic makers, were but fools to him in the ingenious art
 of "torturing one poor word a thousand ways." To be sure
 the piety of this poet entitles him to respect; as his labour has
 been employed in framing two double acrostics on the name of
 our Saviour, that is, verses, in which the name is designated as
 well by the final as initial letters of the lines, as follows:

De nomine Jesu.

In rebus tantis trina conjunctio mundi
 Erigit humanum sensum, laudare venuste
 Solas alius nobis, et mundi summa, potestas
 Venit peccati nodum dissolvere fructu
 Summa salus cunctus nūq̄ per secula terras:

Passing from the christian to the pagan poet Claudian, not very distant from him in time, we find vagaries of another sort; for vagaries they certainly are, notwithstanding his merited reputation. His genius and productions are very accurately estimated by Mr. Gibbon, who observes, "it would not be easy to produce a passage from his works, that deserves the epithet of sublime or pathetic; to select a verse, that melts the heart or enlarges the imagination. But, adds he, he was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest; of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar topics: his colouring, more especially in descriptive poetry, is soft and splendid; and he seldom fails to display, and even to abuse the advantages of a cultivated understanding, a copious fancy, an easy, and sometimes forcible, expression; and a perpetual flow of harmonious versification."

The attributes here given him by Mr. Gibbon are all exemplified in his poem *De Raptu Proserpinæ*. His descriptive talents display their brilliancy in an enchanting picture of the rural scenery of mount *Ætna*: but yet the flippant levity and vivacity of his manner, with his occasional pomp of diction, too elevated for the subject and its want of pathos, either inherent in it, or produced by his mode of treating it, gives it rather the air of a mock-heroic than of a serious poem. This character is assumed at the very opening, which somewhat ludicrously represents the prince of *Erebus* foaming with anger, and about to make war upon the deities above, because, that he alone of all the celestial brotherhood, is condemned to celibacy, unknowing of the nuptial bed, the husband's joys, and the fond name of father.

*Dux Erebi quondam tumidas exarsit in iras,
Prelia moturus Superis, quod solus egeret
Connubiis, sterileque diu consumeret annos
Impatiens nescire torum, nullasque mariti
Illecebras, nec dulce patris cognoscere nomen.*

Having succeeded in his attempt to seize upon *Proserpine*, and being in the act of bearing her off in his carriage and four, he is virulently assailed by *Pallas*, to whose tongue, though the goddess of wisdom, and therefore, as it should seem, a pattern of mildness, Claudian ascribes all the uncleanly venom of that of an arrant scold; thus berating her unlucky uncle, for no other reason

that appears, than that he is hard-favoured and ugly, and less fortunate in his succession than the rest of his fraternity.

Ignavi domitor mundi, teterrime fratrum,
Pallas ait, quæ te stimulis fascibusque profanis
Eumenides movere! tua cur sede relictæ
Audes Tartareis mundum incestare quadrigis?
Sunt tibi deformes diræ; sunt altera Lethes
Numina; sunt tristes Furæ te conjuge dignæ.
Fratris linque domos; alienam desere sortem
Nocte tua contentus abi: quid viva sepultis
Admises? nostrum quid proteris advena mundum?

By way of set off against so much Latin, the spirit of this supernatural Billingsgate is thus attempted in English:

Grim visaged ruler of the infernal sphere,
What imps have urged thy grisly carcase here?
What gads, what torches by the furies hurl'd,
Have sent thee kidnapping, beyond thy world.
And hell deserting, wherefore dost thou dare
With coach and four t'infest the upper air?
If married thou must be, if wife's thy itch,
Thy own realm surely might afford some witch,
Some hag, some fury, meriting to shine
Hell's empress, stuck up by thy right divine.
Leave then the earth; to thy dominions go,
And sport thy sooty equipage below:
Content with thy own hell, there hide thy head,
Nor think to mix the living and the dead.
Begone—a stranger and a fiend unmask'd,
How durst thou tread thy brother's soil unask'd?

D. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE CANDLE.

“TURN your eye to yonder little gleaming blaze,” said Philo to his companion. (It was night—but the agreeable warmth and stillness of the evening had enticed them to walk, and the obscurity in which all things were wrapt, screened them from the rude stare of busy observation)—What is it? some glittering va-

pour, some momentary illumination? Not so—It lasts you see. Though contemptible in size, it is the noble production of art; it is one of the blessed fruits of invention. It must not be counted the least among the happy improvements of civilized man. Approach it and you will see how it “scatters the near of darkness thin,” and enlivens the circle around it. It is the sweet cheerer of all that gay party which you see convened on the spot illuminated by its beams.”

Without the aid of the candle or the lamp, what are we to do when the sun forsakes the horizon, when the cheering influence of his rays dies away and darkness descending envelops the sky? When sable Night with her unwelcome visage has bidden us prepare our couch and retire to the arms of palsying Morpheus? Must each busy scene be closed at once? Shall we, obedient to the sombre mandate, relinquish all the active and engaging pursuits of the day? No—assisted by the candle's beams, many, very many of the useful and amusing occupations of life may be successfully pursued to any period of the night. By the help of its light the merchant continues his traffic, and the mechanic his industry—the farmer spends his cheerful hours at books, and the “busy house-wife plies her evening care.” The miser counts his treasure—the student completes his task, and universal diligence wakes at the rays of the candle. D.

PORTER'S JOURNAL.

Journal of a cruise made to the Pacific Ocean, by captain David Porter, in the United States' frigate Essex, in the years 1812, 1813, and 1814. Containing descriptions of the Cape de Verd Islands, coasts of Brazil, Patagonia, Chili, and Peru, and of the Gallipagos Islands; also, a full account of the Washington Group of Islands, the manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants, &c. &c. Illustrated with fourteen engravings. Two volumes in one, pp. 432.

As it is probable that no inconsiderable time must elapse before our readers in general shall have had an opportunity of looking into this highly interesting and sensible work, it is our inten-

tion to introduce, for their gratification and amusement, occasional extracts from it into the pages of The Port Folio. Previously, however, to this, we deem it expedient, perhaps necessary, to offer a few remarks on one of the most prominent transactions it records. We allude to the war in which commodore Porter was unfortunately and with extreme reluctance, forced to engage, with two of the native tribes of Madison Island. We are aware of the sentiments and impressions, touching this affair, which have already become prevalent among our fellow citizens. We are sensible, moreover, that these sentiments are propagated somewhat to the injury of the work: but we flatter ourselves that they have arisen from a hasty and partial, rather than a full and dispassionate view of the subject—that they are the result of a kind of *ex parte* evidence, and not of a survey of the whole ground.

We are no advocates for war, when it can be avoided with safety and without disgrace. But, deeply as we dislike it, we do not consider it the greatest of evils, nor the worst of alternatives. When so conducted as to lead to security and terminate in honour, it is preferable, even with all its concomitant horrors, to an ignominious or a ruinous peace. It is, moreover, not only admissible, but commendable and necessary, to become, at times, the assailants in war, by striking, promptly and resolutely, the first blow. If the sword or the war-club be already raised against us, we are justified in not only averting and returning, but in anticipating the stroke. This is particularly the case when we are threatened by a powerful and dangerous foe. If every prospect of peace have vanished, and wisdom and policy urge us to become the first aggressor, the dictates of humanity do not forbid it. It is then our duty, provided it appear our interest, even to carry the war to a distance, rather than await it on our own borders. We can no longer consider peace as actually existing between us and our adversary, if he be openly and avowedly making arrangements for breaking it. He would strike, were it in his power, the moment he seriously commences his war preparations. Provided we be ourselves in a state of readiness, then, it becomes our duty to anticipate his movements, and, if possible, to disarm and overwhelm him, before he shall have formed any dangerous confederacies, or completed his plan of attack and annoyance.

These sentiments we state, not in the light of profound or instructive maxims in relation to the ground of commencing hostilities, but as simple truisms, with which every one is acquainted and which no one will deny. Most of them, as will clearly, we think, appear from an examination of the subject, are applicable to the case of captain Porter, in engaging in the Happa and Typee wars.

That distinguished officer and his brave associates—a powerful and vigilant enemy known to be in quest of them—were at an immense distance from home, with nothing to depend on for their safety and existence but Providence and themselves. They had been long at sea, subsisting on salt provisions, and the Essex, the ark of their reliance, was in an enfeebled state. The crew stood in absolute need of refreshments and the ship of repairs, to enable them either to cruise successfully against the enemy, or to return in security to their native country. Without such repairs, the vessel was in no condition to encounter a second time the dangers attendant on a passage round Cape Horn. These facts, besides being explicitly stated in captain Porter's Journal, must, from the very nature of the case, be regarded as self-evident.

In no civilized port on the continent of South America was it practicable to dismantle the Essex, effectuate her repairs, and complete the various and complicated arrangements which the occasion required. It became necessary, therefore, to select, for this purpose, a port in one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Captain Porter arrived at Madison Island with no hostile disposition towards the native inhabitants. This fact is conclusively established by the whole tenor of his conduct on his first interviews with that interesting people. His wish was peace, friendship, and hospitality, and to purchase and conciliate these, he left no reasonable expedient untried. He uttered kind and soothing expressions, made many, and, to the simple inhabitants, valuable presents, and purchased such articles as were offered for sale. To this procedure he was forcibly urged by every motive of interest as well as of inclination: for where was the wisdom, where the justification, of wantonly wasting the blood and diminishing the number of his brave followers, under a prospect almost certain of being obliged, at no very distant period, to try his strength with the enemies of his country? But reasoning is superfluous where facts exist to speak

for themselves: and such is very manifestly the case in the present instance. We hold it impossible to peruse with candour and attention the narrative of captain Porter, without being convinced that the disposition of that officer towards the inhabitants of the island was peaceful and benevolent. We have examined it ourselves with a scrutinizing eye, and can collect from it no evidence of the existence of any hostile spirit in our countryman, except what was produced by imperious circumstances. He fought when the dictates, we will not say of policy, but of *common prudence*, and motives of safety to himself and his crew, forbade him any longer to resist these circumstances, and not before. Evidence to this amount may be collected abundantly from the statements in his Journal, conjoined with the well known peculiarity of his situation.

Captain Porter's necessities had placed him in contact—where he must for a considerable time remain—with several powerful tribes of warlike savages. The health of his crew called as loudly for fresh provisions, as the repairs required by his ship did for an unmolested residence in the spot he had selected. Provisions could be obtained only by a friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of the island. But it requires only a slight acquaintance with the history and character of savages to know the condition on which alone their friendship and kind offices can be acquired and maintained. It is the display before them of a threatening and overwhelming power—a force, which appears to them to be more than human, calculated to crush them should they rebel against it. Convince them that you are thus endowed, and thus prepared for defence and annoyance, and you are secure; but not otherwise. If they gain an ascendancy over you, your destruction is inevitable. They will not observe the most sacred covenant with you, unless they are impelled to it through motives of fear. If you wish to share their friendship and hospitality, let them never suspect you of either timidity or weakness. Cowardice is, in the eye of a savage people, the deadliest of crimes. To be secure and on good terms with them, you must be firm, resolute, and even tyrannical. You must, in fact, be their master, or they will assuredly be your murderer.

With these facts captain Porter was perfectly familiar, as appears from his admonitions to his officers and crew.

"We are bound to the Western Islands, with two objects in view:

"Firstly, that we may put the ship in a suitable condition to enable us to take advantage of the most favourable season for our return home:

"Secondly, I am desirous that you should have some relaxation and amusement after being so long at sea, as from your late good conduct you deserve it:

"We are going among a people much addicted to thieving, treacherous in their proceedings, whose conduct is governed only by fear, and regulated by views to their interest. We must put nothing in their power, be ever on our guard, and prevent by every means that can be used, disputes and difficulties with them; we must treat them with kindness, but never trust them, and be most vigilant where there is the greatest appearance of friendship. Let the fate of the many who have been cut off by the savages of the South Sea islands be a useful warning to us.

On captain Porter's first arrival at Madison Island, he experienced from the Tayehs, a tribe inhabiting the sea-coast, a very kind and hospitable reception. There unfortunately existed at the time a war between this and a powerful transmontane people, denominated the Happahs. That daring enemy made repeated incursions into the valley of the Tayehs, spreading terror and devastation around them. One of these incursions was made in the presence and almost under the guns of the American squadron.

Anxious for the establishment of peace on the island, captain Porter despatched a messenger to the Happahs, kindly soliciting a termination of the war with the Tayehs, and warning them of the consequences, should they persist in hostilities. He invited them, at the same time, to a friendly intercourse, and a traffic, mutually advantageous, in such commodities as he wanted and they might have to sell. This message was totally disregarded.

Captain Porter now adopted measures to communicate to the Happahs some idea of the power and destructive nature of his fire-arms, hoping by these means to deter them at least from any further invasion of the Taych valley during the time of his continuance in the island. To effect this and procure a supply of fresh provisions were the extent of his wishes. In return for his moderation he received messages replete with haughtiness, insult, and

menace. The Happahs, believing him to be either weak or cowardly, because he did not immediately attack them, even threatened to "visit his encampment, and carry off his sails." These circumstances, added to the increasing coldness and murmuring of the Tayehs, compelled captain Porter to the Happah war. Had he hesitated longer, the very tribe which had at first received him with open arms, would have become his enemy. The reason is obvious. His forbearance would have been attributed to inability or fear. He must have abandoned the island, his ship without repairs and his crew without refreshments. But this he could not do consistently with his duty either as an officer or a man. He accordingly, after making the necessary arrangements, ordered his troops to march: the Happahs were subdued, their friendship acquired, and an intercourse and advantageous traffic with them speedily established. All this was effected with but a moderate waste of human life.

The terror of the white men's arms spreading rapidly among the natives, captain Porter soon received peaceful deputations from every tribe in the island, except the Typees, a distant and warlike people, and their immediate allies. A general intercourse and traffic were forthwith established, which contributed not a little to the comfort and advantage of our countrymen, by supplying them with an abundance of wholesome provisions. The traffic was also beneficial to the people of the place. Nor did captain Porter cherish, at this moment, the faintest wish, nor even admit an idea of further hostilities with these interesting islanders. His earnest desire was to finish unmolested the repairs of his ship, and leave, if possible, the various tribes of the island at peace. If he was frustrated in these humane and benevolent purposes, it was his misfortune not his fault: the cause is to be sought for, not in his love of blood, nor in any wanton propensity in him to engage in an unnecessary and unprovoked war; but in the peculiarly imperious nature of the circumstances under which he was placed.

Several of the tribes in friendship with our countrymen were grossly insulted and ill-treated by the Typees, in consequence of having tamely submitted to the yoke. Of the injuries and outrages sustained on his account, repeated complaints were made

to captain Porter, accompanied with solicitations for protection and revenge. Not only did these importunities and remonstrances become troublesome and embarrassing to him, but his evident reluctance to engage in a war with the Typees threatened at length to prove serious in its consequences. As in the case of the Happahs, his forbearance was attributed to inability or cowardice. A doubt among the natives of his competency to do every thing in war, was tantamount to a doubt of his being able to do any thing. He must be, in their estimation, absolutely omnipotent, or, from the very limited number of his followers, imbecile in arms. All the tribes became now remiss, and those at a distance totally delinquent in supplying him with provisions according to their contract. The whole population of the island, comprising between nineteen and twenty thousand warriors, began to assume a cold and unfriendly aspect. There was not a moment longer to be lost. Any further delay in reducing the Typees to a state of obedience would have endangered a general revolt and attack from those who had been heretofore on terms of friendship. The chief warrior of the Tayeehs had openly accused captain Porter of cowardice, in consequence of his reluctance to engage in the war.

Finding, says our author, that it was absolutely necessary to bring the Typees to terms, or endanger our good understanding with the other tribes, I resolved to endeavour to bring about a negotiation with them, and to back it with a force sufficient to intimidate them.

Two peaceful embassies sent to the Typees, while at a distance, had not only failed to produce an amicable intercourse with that spirited people, but had been met on their part with insults, scoffs and contemptuous expressions. Captain Porter determined now to enter their valley with a display of force, and treat with them on the spot, under the muzzles of his musquetry. He flattered himself that, intimidated by such a measure, they would accede to his terms, and thus relieve him from the painful alternative of shedding their blood. But in this overture he was again unsuccessful. His messenger, although under the protection of the flag of peace, was driven back with blows, accompanied with menaces of certain destruction should he dare to return. In a few minutes afterwards, hostilities ensued on the part of the Typees,

who, from the covert of an adjoining thicket, assailed our countrymen with slings and spears. The attack thus commenced by the islanders themselves, left to the Americans no choice nor further delay as to the measures they must pursue.

Finding the resistance made by this warlike people to be too obstinate and formidable for the small number of men he had led out against them, captain Porter abandoned his enterprise, for the present, resolving, at a future and no distant period, to act with a degree of vigour corresponding to the emergency.

Perceiving that the disaffection of the friendly tribes was becoming more and more pointed, and apprehensive that revolt and insurrection might be the consequence, he renewed the attack a few days afterwards, at the head of a sufficient force to render unavailing the efforts of his hardy but undisciplined foe. The Typees fought with their accustomed bravery, and obstinately refused to submit to a conqueror, until many of them had fallen in battle, and their valley was rendered a scene of desolation. Unhappy people! had they been less valiant, their destiny, though sooner consummated, would have been less disastrous to themselves, and less painful to the brave men whom necessity and not choice compelled to become its reluctant instruments.

But it has been said, "admitting that captain Porter was compelled, by motives of self defence, to make war on the Typees, where was the necessity of burning their habitations, and laying waste their valley?" The answer is obvious. Nothing short of a most signal chastisement would have been sufficient to bring them to terms, and hold in subordination the rest of the tribes. Had he simply driven them from their strong holds in the valley to take refuge on the neighbouring mountains, his victory, though complete in itself, would have been unavailing in its consequences. Many days would not have elapsed till he would have been compelled to renew the contest, thus hazarding afresh the safety of his own troops, and further destroying the lives of his enemies. As already observed, if you wish to retain the subordination and kind offices of a savage people, you must make them feel that you are completely their master. Captain Porter very humanely considered, that to burn the dwellings and lay waste the plantations of the brave Typees, was a measure of less severity, than to pursue their persons with the sword of slaughter.

Indeed when viewed aright, the devastation committed, although much to be deplored, was not a source of such deep and permanent distress to those islanders as it might, at first sight, be imagined. Their climate being warm, they would suffer but little for want of a dwelling, and their soil being abundantly rich and prolific would soon repair the damages sustained in their plantations.*

It has been again asked, "could not captain Porter have thrown up breastworks around his encampment, in the valley where he landed, and in that way defended himself against the natives until the repairs of his ship should have been completed?" This, it is probable he might have done, although not without great difficulty, embarrassment, and delay. A large number of his men being constantly on guard, the work of repair would have advanced but slowly under the hands of the remainder. Such a measure, moreover, would have greatly increased the fatigue of his troops, by exposing them to be incessantly harrassed by a troublesome enemy. Nor could he, while thus pent up in his garrison and at war with the natives, have succeeded in procuring fresh provisions, an article essential to the health of himself and his associates.

But, while at Madison Island, captain Porter had other objects in view than those which related to his necessities and comforts for the time being. He contemplated leaving his prizes there, under the care of a small guard, and intended the harbour in which his little squadron then lay, as a place of rendezvous, to which, should expedience direct or necessity demand it, he might again repair. To the practicability of this scheme the friendship and hospitality of the natives were essential.

But this is not all that was embraced by the enlightened and enterprising mind of captain Porter. He was maturing an ulterior and more expanded project. His views extended to the return of peace, when the Pacific Ocean would again become the theatre of American commerce. His wish, therefore, was to establish with the inhabitants of Madison Island an intercourse cal-

* We are authorized to state, that the destruction of the bread-fruit trees, and other articles of subsistence belonging to the Typees, was not committed by captain Porter or his men. It was the act of the friendly natives who accompanied him, perpetrated without his consent and contrary to his wishes.

culated to prove beneficial to such of his countrymen as might visit, in future, that interesting spot. But this could be accomplished in no other way than by mingling with the natives, conciliating their affections by kind treatment, and impressing them with a deep sense of the power and invincibility of the American people. No progress could have been made in the arrangements for this scheme had our countrymen been shut up within the lines of an encampment, and the islanders kept at a distance by the terror of their arms.

Another and very laudable object of captain Porter, which bespeaks, in the most forcible terms, the benevolence of his heart, was, to establish and maintain a general peace throughout the island. This he could accomplish only by reducing to subjection the most powerful and refractory tribes, convincing them of the advantages and privileges resulting from peace, and holding them responsible for the breach of it under the penalty of exemplary punishment. If, by the sacrifice of a few lives, he succeeded in establishing a peaceful and lasting league among the tribes of the island, some of whom were perpetually engaged in mutual blood-shed and slaughter, no one can doubt for a moment his having subserved very effectually the cause of humanity. But on this point captain Porter's Journal furnishes the most pleasing and authentic information.

Peace now being established throughout the island, and the utmost harmony reigning, not only between us and the Indians, but between the different tribes, they mixed with one another about our village in the most friendly manner, and the different chiefs with the priests came daily to visit me. They were all much delighted that a general peace had been brought about, that they might now all visit the different parts of the island in safety, and many of the oldest men assured me that they had never before been out of the valley in which they were born. They repeatedly expressed their astonishment and admiration that I should have been enabled to effect so much in so short a time, and that I should have been able to extend my influence so far as to give them such complete protection, not only in the valley of Tieuboy, but among the tribes with which they had been at war from the earliest periods, and had heretofore been considered their natural enemies. I informed them that I should shortly leave them and should return again at the expiration of a year. I exhorted them to remain at peace with one another, and assured them that if they should be at war on my return, I should punish the tribes most in fault. They all gave me the strongest assurances

of a disposition to remain on good terms, not only with me and my people, but with one another. The chiefs, the priests and the principal persons of the tribes were very solicitous of forming a relationship with me by an exchange of names with some of my family. Some wished to bear the name of my brother, my son-in-law, my son, my brother-in-law, &c. and when all the male stock were exhausted, they as anxiously solicited the names of the other sex, and as many bore the names of the females of my family as of the males. The name of my son, however, was more desired than any other, and many old men, whose long gray beards rendered their appearance venerable, were known by the name of Pickineenee Apotee: the word pickineenee having by some means been introduced among them by the sailors of the ships which have touched there.

Were further arguments requisite to prove that captain Porter made war on the inhabitants of Madison Island, from motives of necessity not choice, they might be abundantly derived from his uniform kindness, benevolence, and paternal conduct towards them, when reduced to terms of submission and friendship. He furnished them with useful domestic animals, and with several kinds of choice and important seeds, teaching them at the same time the mode of cultivating the latter, and the art of preparing them for the purposes of subsistence. On this point, moreover, he gave positive instructions to lieutenant Gamble, whom he left behind him with a small garrison in the fort he had erected.

Should these children of nature cultivate the seeds, and improve the various lessons and advantages which our distinguished countryman so kindly bestowed on them, ages hence, when the recollection of the Typee war shall have passed away, and all its ravages shall have been completely obliterated, captain Porter (under the name of Apotee, bestowed him by the natives) will continue to be venerated by them as their greatest benefactor, and perhaps be enrolled in the catalogue of their gods. He will be remembered as the wise and powerful Pallas, who caused the olive of peace to flourish throughout their island, and as the bountiful Ceres, who taught them the blessings of a seed time and a harvest.

Captain Porter's justification for engaging in the Typee war might be suffered to rest, we think, with safety on the following reasons adduced by himself:

Many may censure my conduct as wonton and unjust; they may inquire what necessity could compel me to pursue them (the Typees) into their

valley; where, in fact, was any necessity for hostilities with them so long as they left us in quietness at our camp: But let such reflect a moment on our peculiar situation—a handful of men residing among numerous warlike tribes, liable every moment to be attacked by them and all cut off; our only hopes of safety was in convincing them of our great superiority over them, and from what we have already seen, we must either attack them or be attacked. I had received many wanton provocations from them; they refused to be on friendly terms with us; they attacked and insulted our friends, for being such; and repeated complaints were made to me on the subject. I had borne with their reproaches, and my moderation was called cowardice. I offered them friendship, and my offers were rejected with insulting scorn. I sent to them messengers, and they were sent back with blows; hostilities had been commenced by them, and they believed they had obtained an advantage over us; a mere thread connected us with the other tribes; that once broken our destruction was almost inevitable; they feared us and were our friends; should there be no longer cause for fear, should they no longer believe us invincible, instead of hostilities with the single tribe of Typees, we should, in all probability, have been at war with all on the island. The Happahs considered themselves a conquered tribe, ready, at the first good opportunity, to shake off the yoke; the Shouemes and some others, if not conquered by our arms, they were by the apprehensions of them; they had been led to believe that no force could resist us, and had they been convinced that the Typees could keep us at bay, they must have felt satisfied that their united forces were capable of destroying us: a coalition would have been fatal to us—it was my duty to prevent it—and I saw no means of succeeding but by reducing the Typees before they could come to an understanding with the other tribes; and by placing all on the same footing, I hoped to bring about a general peace and secure the future tranquillity of the island.

Wars are not always just, and are rarely free from excesses—my conscience acquits me of any injustice, and no excesses were committed, but what the Typees had it in their power to stop by ceasing hostilities—the evils they experienced they brought upon themselves, and the blood of their relations and friends must be on their own heads—had no opposition been made none would have been killed—had they wished for peace, it would have been granted; but proud of the honour of being the greatest warriors on the island, they believed themselves invincible, and hoped to insult all others with impunity.

Having extended our remarks on the subject of the Happah and Typee wars much further than we at first contemplated, it is with regret that we are obliged to omit, for the want of room, several curious and interesting extracts which it was our intention

to have published at this time. These, however, we shall have an opportunity of introducing into a future number.

In the mean time, to make known to our readers the state of what may be denominated the fine and useful arts among the inhabitants of Madison Island, we insert, from captain Porter's Journal, by the polite and liberal indulgence of the author, two plates, accompanied by passages which may serve as explanations.

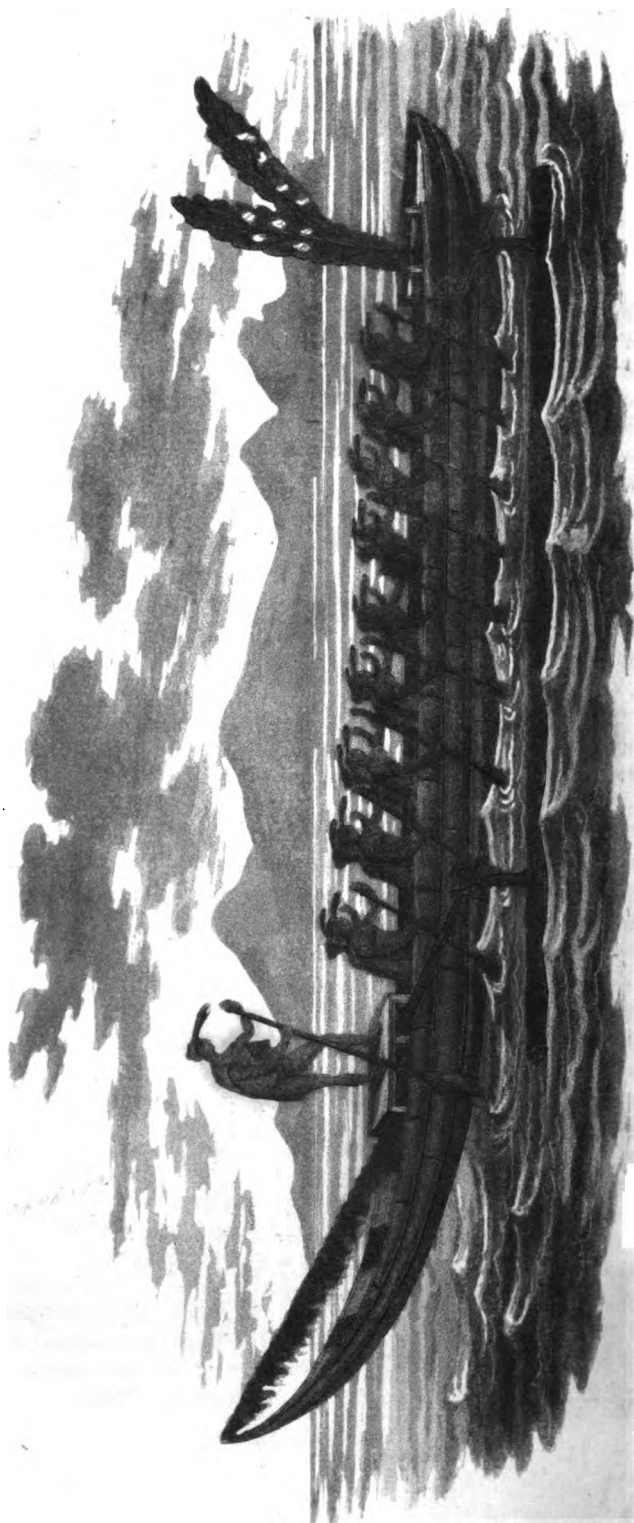
I had seen several of their warriors since I had arrived, many of them highly ornamented with plumes, formed of the feathers of cocks and man-of-war birds, and with the long tail feathers of the tropic bird; large tufts of hair were tied around their waists, their ancles, and their loins: a cloak, sometimes of red cloth, but more frequently of a white paper cloth, formed of the bark of a tree, thrown not inelegantly over the shoulders, with large round or oval ornaments in their ears, formed of whales' teeth, ivory, or a kind of soft and light wood, whitened with chalk; from their neck suspended a whale's tooth, or highly polished shell, and round their loins several turns of the stronger kind of paper-cloth, the end of which hangs before in the manner of an apron: this with a black and highly polished spear of about twelve feet in length, or a club richly carved, and borne on the shoulders, constitutes the dress and equipment of a native warrior, whose body is highly and elegantly ornamented by tattooing, executed in a manner to excite our admiration. This is a faithful picture of a warrior.

The men of this island are remarkably handsome; of large stature and well proportioned: they possess every variety of countenance and feature, and a great difference is observable in the colour of the skin, which for the most part is that of a copper colour: but some are as fair as the generality of working people much exposed to the sun of a warm climate. The old men, (but particularly the chiefs) are entirely black; but this is owing entirely to the practice of tattooing with which they are covered all over, and it requires a close inspection to perceive that the blackness of their skin is owing to this cause; and when the eye is once familiarised with men ornamented after this manner, we perceive a richness in the skin of an old man highly tattooed comparable to that which we perceive in a highly wrought piece of old mahogany: for, on a minute examination, may be discovered innumerable lines curved, straight, and irregular, drawn with the utmost correctness, taste and symmetry, and yet apparently without order or any determined plan. The young men, the fairness of whose skin is contrasted by the ornaments of tattooing, certainly have, at first sight, a more handsome appearance than those entirely covered with it; and in a short time we are induced to think that tattooing is as necessary an ornament for a native of those

islands as clothing is for an European. The neatness and beauty with which this species of ornament is finished, served greatly to surprise us, and we could not help believing that they had among them tattooers by profession, some of them no doubt, equal in celebrity to M'Alpin and other renowned taylor of America, for we afterwards discovered that the most wealthy and high class were more fully and handsomely tattooed than those of an inferior station, which is a sufficient evidence that tattooing has its price.

Tattooing is performed by means of a machine made of bone something like a comb with the teeth only on one side; the points of the teeth are rubbed with a black paint made of burnt cocoa-nut shell ground to powder, and mixed with water; this is stuck into the flesh by means of a heavy piece of wood which serves the purpose of a hammer; the operation is extremely painful and streams of blood follow every blow, yet pride induces them to bear this torture, and they even suffer themselves to be tied down while the operation is performing in order that their agony may not interrupt the operator. The men commence tattooing as soon as they are able to bear the pain; they begin at the age of eighteen or nineteen and are rarely completely tattooed until they arrive at the age of thirty-five. The women begin about the same age; they have only their legs, arms, and hands tattooed, which is done with extraordinary neatness and delicacy, and some slight lines drawn across their lips. It is also the practice with some to have the inside of their lips tattooed, but the object of this ornament I could never find out, as it is never seen unless they turn out their lips to show it. Every tribe in the island, I observed, were tattooed after a different fashion, and I was informed that every line had its meaning, and gave to the bearer certain privileges at their feasts. This practice of tattooing sometimes occasions sores which fester and are several weeks before they heal; it however never produces any serious consequences, or leaves any scars behind.

The war canoes of this island differ not much from those already described as belonging to the natives of the island of Ooahooga or Jefferson's island. They are larger, more splendid, and highly ornamented, but the construction is the same, and like them they are furnished with outriggers. They are about fifty feet in length, two feet in width, and of a proportionate depth; they are formed of many pieces, and each piece, and indeed each paddle, has its separate proprietor: to one belongs the piece projecting from the stern, to another the part forming the bow, the pieces forming the sides belong to different persons, and when a canoe is taken to pieces the whole is scattered throughout the valley, and divided, perhaps, among twenty families; each has the right of disposing of the part belonging to him, and when also is to be set up every one brings his piece with materials for securing it; and the setting up of a war canoe goes on with the same order and regularity as all their other operations. These canoes are owned only among the wealthy and respectable families, and are rarely used but for the purposes of war or



Drawn by Capt. Porter

Engraved by W. Strickland.

War. Vm.

for pleasure, or when the chief persons of one tribe make a visit to another; in such cases they are richly ornamented with locks of human hair intermixed with bunches of gray beard strung from the stem projection to the place raised for the steersman. These ornaments are in the greatest estimation among them, and a bunch of gray beard is in their estimation what the feathers of the ostrich or heron or the richest plumage would be in ours. The seat of the coxswain is highly ornamented with palm leaves and white cloth; he is gaily dressed and richly ornamented with plumes; the chief is seated on an elevation in the middle of the canoe, and a person fancifully dressed in the bow, which has the additional ornaments of pearl-shells strung on cocoa-nut branches raised in the fore part of the canoe. She is worked altogether by paddles, and those who work them are placed, two on a seat, and give their strokes with great regularity, shouting occasionally to regulate the time and encourage one another. These vessels, when collected in a fleet and in motion, with all their rowers exerting themselves have a splendid and warlike appearance. They were paraded repeatedly for my inspection, and in all the reviews they appeared greatly to pride themselves on the beauty and splendour of their men of war: they are not however so fleet as might be expected, as our whale boats could beat them with great ease.

The following account of the character and adventures of Patrick Watkins exhibits an instance of as much depravity, intrepidity and romantic enterprise, as was ever, perhaps, found in the same individual.

It may be seen by captain Macy's letter, that on the east side of the island there is another landing, which he calls Pat's landing; and this place will probably immortalize an Irish man, named Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship, and took up his abode on this island, built himself a miserable hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a valley containing about two acres of ground capable of cultivation, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, which he generally exchanged for rum, or sold for cash. The appearance of this man, from the accounts I have received of him, was the most dreadful that can be imagined; ragged clothes, scarce sufficient to cover his nakedness, and covered with vermin; his red hair and beard matted, his skin much burnt, from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and savage in his manner and appearance, that he struck every one with horror. For several years this wretched being lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any apparent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quantities to keep himself intoxicated, and at such times, after an absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a state of perfect insensibility,

rolling among the rocks of the mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest grade to which human nature is capable, and seemed to have no desire beyond the tortoises and other animals of the island, except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of ambition nor incapable of undertaking an enterprise that would have appalled the heart of any other man; nor was he devoid of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

He by some means became possessed of an old musket, and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of this weapon first set into action all his ambitious plans. He felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was desirous of proving his strength on the first human being who fell in his way, which happened to be a negro, who was left in charge of a boat belonging to an American ship that had touched there for refreshments. Patrick came down to the beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, now become his constant companion, and directed the negro, in an authoritative manner, to follow him, and on his refusal snapped his musket at him twice, which luckily missed fire. The negro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Patrick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and on his way up the mountains exultingly informed the negro he was henceforth to work for him, and become his slave, and that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future conduct; but arriving at a narrow defile, and perceiving Patrick off his guard, the negro seized the moment, grasped him in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind, shouldered him, and carried him to his boat, and when the crew had arrived he was taken on board the ship. An English smuggler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the captain of which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was afterwards taken on shore handcuffed by the Englishmen, who compelled him to make known where he had concealed the few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him; and while they were busy in destroying his hut and garden, the wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself among the rocks in the interior of the island, until the ship had sailed, when he ventured from his sculking-place, and by means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed himself from the handcuffs. He now meditated a severe revenge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to furnish them with vegetables; but from time to time he was enabled, by administering potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men of their crews, and getting them so drunk that they were rendered insensible, to conceal them until the ship had sailed; when, finding themselves entirely dependent on him, they willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and he the most absolute of tyrants. By this means he had augmented the number to five, including himself, and every means was

used by him to endeavour to procure arms for them, but without effect. It is supposed that his object was to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and taken her off. While Patrick was meditating his plans, two ships, an American and an English vessel, touched there, and applied to Patrick for vegetables. He promised them the greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to his landing, and their people to bring them from his garden, informing them that his rascals had become so indolent of late, that he could not get them to work. This arrangement was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and hauled on the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and, after waiting until their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach, where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, which were broken to pieces, and the fourth one missing. They succeeded, however, after much difficulty, in getting round to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief; and the commanders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat; but before they sailed they put a letter in a keg, giving intelligence of the affair, and moored it in the bay, where it was found by captain Randall, but not until he had sent his boat to Patrick's landing, for the purpose of procuring refreshments; and, as may be easily supposed, he felt no little inquietude until her return, when she brought him a letter from Patrick to the following purport, which was found in his hut.

SIR,

I have made repeated applications to captains of vessels to sell me a boat, or to take me from this place, but in every instance met with a refusal. An opportunity presented itself to possess myself of one, and I took advantage of it. I have been a long time endeavouring, by hard labour and suffering, to accumulate wherewith to make myself comfortable, but at different times have been robbed and maltreated, and in a late instance by captain Paddock, whose conduct in punishing me, and robbing me of about five-hundred dollars, in cash and other articles, neither agrees with the principles he professes nor is it such as his sleek coat would lead one to expect.*

On the 29th May, 1809, I sail from the Enchanted Island in the Black Prince, bound to the Marquesas.

Do not kill the old hen; she is now sitting, and will soon have chickens.

(Signed)

FATHERLESS ORBLUS.

Patrick arrived alone at Guyaquil in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him having perished for want of water, or, as is generally supposed, were put to death by him, on his finding the water to grow scarce. From thence he proceeded to Payta, where he wound himself into the affection of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her to consent to accompany him back to

* Captain Paddock was of the society of friends commonly called Quakers.

his enchanted island, the beauties of which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but, from his savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as a suspicious person, and being found under the keel of a small vessel then ready to be lanced, and suspected of some improper intentions, he was confined in Payta gaol, where he now remains; and probably owing to this circumstance Charles' island, as well as the rest of the Gallapagos, may remain unpopulated for many ages to come. This reflection may naturally lead us to a consideration of the question concerning the population of the other islands scattered about the Pacific ocean, respecting which so many conjectures have been hazarded. I shall only hazard one, which is briefly this: that former ages may have produced men equally as bold and as daring as Pat, and women as willing as his tender one to accompany them in their adventurous voyages. And when we consider the issue which might be produced from an union between a red-haired wild Irish man, and a copper-coloured mixt-blooded squaw, we need not be any longer surprised at the different varieties in human nature.

If Patrick should be liberated from durance, and should arrive with his love at this enchanting spot, perhaps (when neither Pat nor the Gallapagos are any longer remembered) some future navigator may surprise the world by a discovery of them, and his accounts of the strange people with which they may probably be inhabited; and from the source from which they shall have sprung, it does not seem unlikely that they will have one trait in their character, which is common to the natives of all the islands in the Pacific, a disposition to appropriate to themselves the property of others, and from this circumstance future speculators may confound their origin with that of all the rest.

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American Dialogues of the Dead, and Dialogues of the American Dead.
Pamphlet 43 pp. 8vo.

THIS little work has just made its appearance, accompanied by a modest and well written introduction, and purports to be the first number of a series which the author means to publish, in case of his meeting with sufficient encouragement. We hope that the necessary patronage will be afforded him, his pamphlet being a production of handsome promise. His object is laudable and momentous—the inculcation “upon his fellow citizens of sound principles in politics, literature, morals, and religion”—his plan is good, and, from the specimen before us, we are not permitted to doubt of the competency and fitness of his talents and knowledge.

In this introductory number are comprised two dialogues, the first partly political, the second entirely so. The dialogists

rank with the most virtuous and enlightened statesmen and patriots that the world has produced—Washington, Hamilton, and Ames of our own country, and Alfred and William Tell of Europe. For wisdom and magnanimity, elevation and sound policy, the sentiments expressed are in no respect unworthy of the exalted personages by whom they are uttered. They are such, moreover, as if adopted and steadily acted on by our fellow citizens in general, at this most critical and portentous conjuncture, appear to us eminently calculated to subserve the highest interests of our country. Resting on the basis of our excellent constitution, purged of the poison of foreign attachment, and reared above the clouds and whirlwinds of party, they are pure and stable in themselves, and bright in the sunshine of immutable truth. Could our author succeed in rendering them the prevailing sentiments of the day, his labours would contribute more towards the real welfare and safety of our country, than all that the sword of the warrior or the ablest schemes of conflicting partizans can ever achieve.

Considered in relation to its literary qualities, the work is also highly respectable. We would suggest, however, to the learned author, that the style, at least in several parts of it, is somewhat too stately for familiar dialogue, even between characters of the most exalted standing. It participates a little of the manner and character of formal harangue. If less lofty it would be equally impressive and more natural.

The author will bear with us in one or two other remarks on his style. To “revert *back*” a form of phraseology used in his introduction, is not admissible. The word “back” is redundant and, therefore, improper.

Again “If we must err, and to this we are all liable from the fallibility of the human understanding, it is surely more humane and virtuous to be mistaken in extending too far *rather* than in limiting too much the principles of civil and political liberty.” To render this sentence correct, the word “rather” should be stricken out.

Our author has commenced a few of his sentences with the copulative “and.” This liberty, if at all consistent with the rules of correct composition, is but rarely if ever used by the best writers in our language.

Another error in style, and it is the last which we shall notice, is, that, in a few instances, the indicative mood is used instead of the subjunctive. All these, however, are venial faults—mere specks on the sun, which do not, in any perceptible degree, obscure his lustre.

On the whole we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our fellow citizens the "American Dialogues of the Dead" confident that the work will contribute not a little to instruct and gratify, and somewhat, as we flatter ourselves, to convince and reform.

ED.

HALL'S AMERICAN LAW JOURNAL.

It is with pleasure we join the most enlightened members of the American bar in bearing testimony to the well merited and increasing reputation of the Law Journal conducted by John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore. Leaving the mere technical excellencies of that work to be judged of by others, whose studies and pursuits have rendered them more competent than ourselves to a correct decision—from whom, however, we have received a very favourable report respecting them—we have no hesitation in pronouncing its literary qualities to be highly respectable. On that score we are persuaded that the patrons of the Journal can find but little to wish for, though much to praise.

We are gratified in perceiving that, by a late resolution of the house of representatives of Pennsylvania, two copies of this journal are ordered to be purchased for the use of the members. We feel assured that the science of law would be materially benefited in the United States, both with individuals and in public bodies, by an extensive circulation of this important work.

A new system of Mythology, in five parts, giving a concise account of the superior Deities, the inferior deities, the giants, demigods, heroes, and heroines; the virtues and vices, and other fabulous beings and places, &c. illustrated by one hundred and fifty engravings, representing their several figures, symbols, and wonderful exploits; for the use of seminaries. By Robert Mayo, M. D. author of a view of Ancient geography and history.

We have seen and examined, with as much attention as our leisure would permit, a specimen of forty pages of this work, containing three plates, a genealogical chart of the principal heathen

deities, and an analytical table of the superior deities. We think the plan good, and the general execution such as will prove creditable to the author. The plates, although by no means finished in a high style, are sufficiently good for an elementary school book, and calculated to give a distinct and intelligible view of the subjects they represent. A compendious and plain system of mythology is much wanted to aid our youth in the study of the Greek and Roman classics. From the specimen before us, the work under our consideration, promises, we think, fairly to be of this description. Persuaded, therefore, that it will constitute, when finished, a valuable addition to our scholastic literature, we heartily recommend it to the patronage of the public.

ED.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WITH the following article, we are, in the main, not a little pleased, but cannot assent to the justice and correctness of all its parts. It is indeed true—and we are proud in the consciousness of its being so—that several American works have received from our fellow citizens their full share of patronage. We fear, however, that this will be found, on examination, to be nothing but an exception to a general rule; and that there still exists among us an undue predilection for foreign literature, connected with a comparative indifference towards our own. Were it possible for two publications on the same subject, and precisely equal in merit, to appear in this country at the same time, the one English, the other American, we are strongly apprehensive that the former would take the lead in currency and fashion. We feel humbled in the belief, that, in relation to literature, we still retain too much of a provincial spirit. Nor is it to be expected that, during the continuance of such a spirit, justice will be done to our native writers. Foreigners will be preferred to them for no other reason but because they are foreigners.

But the sentiments in this article which we think most objectionable are those that relate to Freron's Critique on Shakespeare. If the remarks contained in that paper are to be consider-

ed as "nonsense," it is a kind of nonsense with which no man need blush to be held chargeable. We contend, however, that the term is most strikingly misapplied—as much so, we venture to assert, as it would be to the criticisms of Pope or Warburton, or even Johnson himself. In the whole annals of critical literature we know but of few if any papers that are more replete with *good sense and sound remark*. Many of the parts of Shakspeare pointed out as exceptionable, are palpably so even to the lowest capacity. Perhaps the most arrant, unnatural and fulsome piece of rodomontade any where to be found in the English language, is the rant of Hamlet at the grave of Ophelia. Although that effusion has no actual resemblance to madness, as the counterfeit of which it was evidently intended, yet Bedlam itself is unable to equal it.

The scene in Richard III, where the ghosts appear, addressing themselves first to Richard and then to Richmond, each being in view and represented as sleeping in his own tent, is a *chef d'œuvre* of inconsistency and folly. It is utterly impossible to reconcile it to any shadow of probability, or to any admissible rule of either reality or fiction. It is not surpassed by the wildest romance, or the boldest *stravaganza* in the Arabian Knights' Entertainments.

Of the death of Desdemona we wish we could speak in more favourable terms. But truth must be told. Such is the absurdity of that truly Moorish scene, that we once, in the theatre, heard a sprightly, sensible little girl, of about eight or nine years old, ask her father, "how Desdemona could speak after she had been smothered?" It is to be lamented that this difficulty did not occur to the author of the play.

We know Avoniensis, however, to be one of the first Shakspeare scholars belonging to this or any other country, and shall be pleased to give a place to his future remarks. En.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN article headed "English and American literature," which appeared in the Port Folio for the month of January, begins with a complaint of neglect manifested by the people of this country to its literary productions, and of a blind and unjust preference given to those coming from England. The article is, on the whole, well written; and the author, I venture to affirm, under-

stands his subject; but the charge he insinuates of this neglect of native genius is certainly not sufficiently well founded. He who knows the extent of circulation enjoyed by the *Port Folio* and by the *Analectic Magazine* in this city—by the *Polyanthus* in Boston, and by other periodical publications, cannot reasonably maintain such an unqualified proposition. On the contrary it appears to me that there is not on earth a community more indulgent to their domestic productions, or more prompt to foster with partiality the offspring of native genius than the people of the United States. The vast circulation of certain *works of merit*, for example, *Salmagundi*, *John Bull* and *Brother Jonathan*, *Knickerbocker*, &c. &c. exhibits an undeniable proof that an English origin is not necessary to the success of works of sterling merit in this country. The fact is, that our people in general, have too much taste and common sense to affirm of one production that it must be good because it is foreign, or of another that it is bad because it is domestic.—If they are swayed by any strong partiality, it certainly is of an opposite kind.—But whatever their predilections may be, they are transient, the great mainspring of all human motives and action—*SELF*, soon does its office. The objects for which books are bought and perused, are information and amusement, and to those books which afford the best means of accomplishing those objects, men will resort without any other consideration: and thus, whatever the partialities of the readers may be, every work will rise exactly to the level of its real value: If a work be good, no American will think the worse of it for being American; if bad, none will like it better for being English. But as long as England is wealthier than America or Ireland, so long will London be the great mart of literature to which the best writers will from all parts resort, for the sale of their productions—as long as her population shall afford a greater number of persons who can live exclusively by letters, so long will she have a decided superiority in her publications.

In England whole classes of men are from their infancy trained to literature—they may be said to serve their time to it as men do to other trades, and the individuals are generally devoted to the exclusive cultivation of one branch of science. There, a great lawyer or physician will tell you that the whole of a long life is scarcely sufficient to make a man of ordinary talents per-

fect master of either of those sciences; and this is a truth to which all the learned men of Europe assent. Pope says,

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

But who are our authors here?—Academicians?—Men who from the outset of life dedicate their whole time and talents to the various branches of literature?—No—we have no such corps, and indeed, very few such individuals. Our writers are generally men who make the bulk of their livelihood by law or medicine; and who by dividing their attention between two or more professions, cannot be supposed capable of coping with the scholars of Europe, who devote themselves exclusively to the study of one alone.

It is one thing to woo the Muse and another to wed her. We are perhaps the most amorous nation existing in that kind; but from the very necessities of our situation, we cannot give that proud lady so much of our time or labour as is absolutely necessary to cultivate her good graces with effect. One is scrawling on parchment, or drawing up pleas, or composing speeches *to be spoken extempore*, when he ought to be sighing at her feet—another is feeling a pulse and prescribing cathartics or anodynes when he should be employed in fond dalliance—and another (*horribile dictu*) is marking bales and sugar barrels, or making out invoices, when he ought (if he hope for success) to be imploring the favour of his intended. But all hope—for, as Burke says, *we are great hoppers*, and some even grow tetchy if their pretensions are treated coldly.—By a rare and curious felicity of nature, however, scarce one despairs even when the lady is most cold and coy: each is sure of one opinion at least in his favour. Thanks to our good spirits, and elastic air, few of us are so forlorn as not to lay the flattering unction to our souls, that we have made a considerable progress in the lady's affections—few who do not think that they have got at least a part of the way—just like the modest self-complacent Hibernian who boasted that his nuptials with a rich lady were half agreed upon, for he had got his own consent.

If the correspondent of the Port Folio, alludes to any neglect shown by the people to the productions of this kind of authors, he has only to make proper inquiries and he will find that in England myriads of that kind fall dead, not from the press, for they never get so far, but from the bookseller's hand when he first peruses them, and many from the press itself, when a bookseller knows so little of his business as to hazard the printing of them. Here we are more generous or more enterprising:—Here, many things are sent abroad to take their chance at the hazard of the bookseller, which in England a bookseller would not submit to the ordeal of public opinion. I will hazard the assertion, that if any author in London were to offer the antiquated, relegated nonsense of the French writers of the year 1717, on questions respecting Shakspeare, which Pope and Johnson, and Warburton and Montesquieu, and a host of critics and commentators little less illustrious, had put to rest half a century ago, he would have more cause than any of our authors here have had to complain of public neglect. But on this point, I will expatiate in a future paper. At present I have not sufficient time to do it justice—begging a niche in your next number, I subscribe myself

AVONIENSIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—A NEW PLAN FOR WRITING LIVES.

WE have heard of the golden age, the silver age, the iron age, the age of chivalry, with, God knows, how many more. I don't know whether we may not call this the age of Biography. Of all the fantastic employments in which a man of talents can indulge himself, the most whimsical, when duly considered, is life-writing. This species of compositions is so replete with opportunities of paying little comfortable compliments, whether true or false, of gratifying little vanities, and of indulging the caprices of the human breast, that *good-natured*, or, what Shakspeare would call *candied-penned-tongued*, may make a good hand of it, because vain and proud and capricious men are seldom able to resist it. Hence it is that our age, and perhaps our country may be called the grand treasury of lives—or to use a favourite, though perhaps not strictly proper word—biographies.

A comical fellow once said to a person who expressed an intention to write his own life—"Throw aside your pen, you fool! if you write your history, you but renew your crimes—you but exhibit to the world a picture of discontent and folly—a tissue of melancholy and laughter. It will be only introducing again to the world a blockhead and a coxcomb; and Heaven knows, we have enough of such characters already."

If I were advising my grandfather to say his prayers, and think of the other world, I could not be in a more serious posture of mind than I am at this moment when I am offering advice to my brother scribblers; and yet I doubt very much whether they will listen to me. Their passions, their vanity, and perhaps their purses are concerned in the business. Now though I might be successful in opposing their judgment and convicting it of error, yet where the passions are concerned—and still more where the purse is a leading motive, I ought to despair of the attempt. It is in vain to remind them that though biography is the most useful and amusing department of literature, when it is properly executed, yet when it dwindles into a trivial detail of trite opinions, dwells upon unimportant anecdotes, pompously enlarges upon dull common-place, and above all daubs with fulsome adulatory panegyric, it forfeits all pretensions to the *utile* and the *dulce*. Its advantages are mischievously perverted—its charms are turned to deformity, and instead of the manly exercise and display of superior faculties, we injure the character of the subject person—it insults the public with studies only fit for school-boys, and with amusements only fit for children.

What are the swarms of new lives, new memoirs, and new histories—What are the new novels, which are fictitious biography, —Nay what are tours, travels, and strangers here, and strangers there, even Mr. Carr's or Mr. Janson's Strangers, but candidates for this character?—What are they but catalogues of private spleen and folly and scandal?—In truth the far greater part of this modern frippery is well calculated to gratify the weak and give delight to the sarcastic part of mankind;—but the crop of a whole century will never snatch an infamous man from infamy, nor add one virtuous man to the virtuous.

But to put an end to this trifling, I offer my assistance to any of those who deal in biography; and I beg leave to inform them

that I have composed a kind of syllabus for a history of the lives of all sorts and conditions of men. As it cost me much labour in the making, and contains the fruits of many years' experience, those whom such things may suit, will find their account in dealing with me. It will save many a good, honest, dull fellow the trouble and expense of chewing his pen, scratching and hammering his head and beating his brains for qualities which he will otherwise have to invent (because never possessed by the person whose life he is employed in writing) for fictitious incidents to supply the place of real ones, and for a highly respectable and honourable parentage and family for those who may be at a loss to tell even who was their father. The work is divided and subdivided into sections, which comprehend the different classes of mankind—so that when a man wishes to have his life written, and does not know very well where he shall find materials with which to supply his biographer the said biographer need only to look into that class of the work to which his proposed subject belongs, and he will find his life and opinions ready written to his hand. But a specimen will do better than a page of description, and that specimen shall be given at large in a future advertisement. **FAG.**

THOUGHTS ON QUACKS.

A FRAGMENT BY MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE.

PHYSICIANS live in great cities: there are but few of them in the country. The reason is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients; and among these, debauchery, the pleasures of the table, and the gratification of the passions give rise to a variety of diseases. A French doctor observed at his death, "that he left behind him only two great Physicians—regimen and river water."

One Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle who had lived almost an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. Whenever he saw a funeral, he would shrug up his shoulders

in pity and say, "If the deceased had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is." His friends, among whom he distributed it generously observing the conditions required, found its utility and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown a bottle, and the sale was prodigious. All the time it was no other than river water mixed with a little nitre. Those who made use of it and were at the same time attentive to regimen, or who were happy in good constitutions, soon recovered their usual health. To others he observed, "It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce these vices, and believe me you will live at least an hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice, and his wealth grew with his reputation. The abbe extolled this quack and gave him the preference to the *marschal de Villars*: "The latter (said he) kills men—the former prolongs their existence."

At length it was discovered that Villars's medicine was composed chiefly of river water—his practice was now at an end—men had recourse to other quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients, and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance—and in this respect was superior to the apothecary Arnouse, who filled Europe with his nostrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a physician of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar work and negroes; and having been robbed of a large sum, he called together his slaves—"My friends, said he, the great serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me that the person who stole my money should at this very instant have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you (cried the master) that robbed me—the great serpent has just now told me so. By this method the physician recovered the money. This piece of quackery is not to be condemned; but in order to practise it, one must have to do with negroes.

Scipio the first Africanus, a man in other respects so different from doctor Brown, persuaded his soldiers that he was direc-

ted and inspired by the gods. This piece of fraud had been long practised. Can we blame Scipio for having recourse to it?—There is not perhaps a person who does greater honour to the Roman republic; but how came it that the gods inspired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better. He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a senate that constituted the most intractable part of them. Had he proposed his laws to the assembled tribes, he would have met with a thousand difficulties from the assassins of his predecessor. He adopted a different method; he addressed himself to the goddess Egeria, who gave him a code sanctified with divine authority. What was the consequence?—He was submitted to without opposition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his *quackery* had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had disclosed his artifice and said “Let us punish the impostor who prostitutes the names of the gods to deceive mankind, he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable that Numa concerted his measures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans with a view to their advantage, with an address suited to the time, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miscarrying; but at length he succeeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the angel Gabriel. At present should any one announce himself at Constantinople to be the favourite of the angel Raphael, who is superior in dignity to Gabriel, and insist that they must believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks should know how to time their impostures.

Was there not somewhat of deceit in Socrates with his familiar demon, and the precise declaration of the oracle which proclaimed him the wisest of men?—It is ridiculous in Rollin to insist on the sincerity of this oracle. Why does he not inform his readers that it was purely a piece of quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years sooner, he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philosophical sects have all of them been tinctured with quackery. But the greatest of all quacks are those who have aspired to power. How formidable a quack was

Cromwell! He appeared precisely at the only time when he could have succeeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged: Under Charles II, he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the English were disgusted with kings; and his son at a time when they were disgusted with protectors.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BATTLE OF VALPARAISO.

"Præliis audax, neque te silebo." *Hor.*

FROM the laurel's fairest bough,
 Let the Muse her garland twine,
 To adorn our PORTER'S brow,
 Who beyond the burning line,
 Led his caravan of tars o'er the tide—
 To the pilgrims fill the bowl,
 Who around the southern pole
 Saw new constellations roll
 For their guide.

"Heave the top-mast from the board,
 And our ship for action clear,
 By the cannon and the sword,
 We will die or conquer here,
 The foe of twice our force—nears us fast;
 To your posts, my faithful tars,
 Mind your rigging, guns and spars,
 And defend your stripes and stars
 To the last."

At the captain's bold command,
 Flew each sailor to his gun,
 And resolv'd he there would stand,
 Though the odds was two to one,
 To defend his flag and ship with his life,
 High on ev'ry mast display'd,
 "GOD, our COUNTRY and FREE TRADE,"
 E'en the bravest braver made
 For the strife.

Fierce the storm of battle pours,
But unmov'd as ocean's rock,
When the tempest round it roars,
Ev'ry seaman breasts the shock,
Boldly stepping where his brave mess-mates fall;
O'er his head full oft and loud,
Like the vulture in a cloud,
As it cuts the twanging shroud,
Screams the ball.

Before the siroc blast,
From its iron caverns driven,
Drops the sear'd and shiver'd mast,
By the bolt of battle riven,
And higher heaps the ruin of the deck;
As the sailor bleeding dies,
To his comrades lifts his eyes,
"Let our flag still wave," he cries,
O'er the wreck.

In echo to the sponge,
Hark! along the silent lee,
Oft is heard the solemn plunge,
In the bosom of the sea,
'Tis not the sullen plunge of the dead;
But the self-devoted tar,
Who, to grace the victor's car,
Scorns from home and friends afar,
To be led.

Long live the gallant crew,
Who surviv'd that day of blood,
And may fortune soon renew
Equal battle on the flood:
Long live the glorious names of the brave;
O'er these martyrs of the deep,
Oft the roving tar shall weep,
Crying, "sweetly may they sleep,
'Neath the wave."

TO WOMAN.

To the tune of Mrs. Robinson's well known song, "I have lov'd thee, dearly
lov'd thee."

FAIR! to thee, in gentle measure,
Let the bard inspired sing;
Source of ev'ry earthly pleasure,
Mirth forever on the wing.

Oh! when man subdued by sadness,
Health forsakes his pale, wan cheek;
Or when roused to fiery madness,
Thou art ever kind and meek.

Let disease in madness thrilling,
Shake in agony his form,
Beauty's eye, in pity filling,
Drops a tear, and stills the storm.

Let fierce anger wildly raging,
Burst like light'ning from his eye,
Tender woman's breast assuaging,
Stills the tempest with a sigh.

Let misfortune, care, or trouble,
Press, in terror, on the breast,
Prove mortality—a bubble—
Prove *this* world—a foe to rest,

Still her sainted, kind caresses,
Sooth to rest the heart of wo,
Calm this troublous world's distresses;
Parry withering Sorrow's blow.

Lovely woman! to thy praises,
Hear the bard enraptur'd sing;
May the humble strains he raises,
To responding welcomes ring.

May his theme through ev'ry nation,
Gratitude to man impart,
'Tis the ardent, true oblation
Of an ever-grateful heart.

TO A QUID-NUNC.

NAY, prithee leave that doleful phiz,
 In truth you look a very quiz,
 Of hypocondriac sorrow;
 When things are at their worst, my friend,
 'Tis wisely thought that they must mend,
 Perhaps they'll mend to-morrow.

If not to-morrow—then the next,
 And if not then—why, be not vext.
 You thus will cheat the Devil,
 Who, not content with present ills,
 Each quid-nunc's brain with terror fills,
 Foreboding future evil.

Why should you feel such deep chagrin,
 If Yankey doctors do convene,
 To mend our constitution;
 Whether or not we've real disease,
 A *consultation* gives us ease,
 So let's indulge their *notion*.

And why my friend this constant fidget,
 To turn and twist financial budget,
 Puzzling for "ways and means,"
 Large "means," to purchase ease are yours,
 By "ways," bestrew'd with blooming flow'rs;
 Then I prythee save thy brains.

Man, never wear that brow of gloom,
 Though 'gainst us that great HILL do come,
 By Gallia's power unmov'd;
 But Yankeys have a stronger back,
 Then rest secure in *faith* dear Jack,
 Even Hill may be remov'd.

I grant 'tis hard to tax our polls,
 It grieves my heart, that tax on souls;*
 But ridicule he merits,
 Who, when each fam'ly's sore oppress'd,
 By imposts, loans, conscriptions—pest,
 Would tax "*domestic spirits*."

* Tax on leather.

When Ross our fed'ral city sackt,
 It wrung my withers, that rude act,
 Yet full well he rued his pains;
 And should sir Rowland hither come,
 To break the peace with noisy drum,
 We will *count upon our Gaiues**

Crack jokes, and banish useless fear,
 Lend not too free thy open ear
 To every idle rumour;
 A fig for admirals red or blue,
 Or transports with their motley crew,
 Transport us with thy humour.

Come quaff this bowl, 'twill chase thy pain,
 'Tis nectar fill'd from *high Champlain*,
 To M'Donough and M'Comb;
 While deeds like theirs our annals throng,
 We soon shall hear the welcome song,
 Of proud "*Britons striking home.*"

QUEVEDO.

—
 TO HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

HORACE, I love thy smiling face,
 Thou jestest with so good a grace,
 That none can take offence;
 In faith, if thou would'st kindred claim,
 With those on Thames,† who bore thy name,
 All grant thou'st good pretence.

Come tighten well thy good bow-string,
 Shoot proteus folly on the wing—
 Be merry while you quiz;
 Good humour gilds satiric pill,
 While all the nauseous dose repeat,
 From stiff pragmatic phiz.

* When these lines were written, general Gaines commanded in this district.

† The Author of Horace in London.

This life, dear Horace, is at best,
 As wise men say, a very jest,
 Then why not "jest at scars;"
 When fierce Bellona blusters round,
 May buoyant souls like thine be found,
 To smooth the front of Mars.
 Then, jocund bard, come sit thee down,
 And let us laugh, though Mars do frown,
 Dan Homer says he'd joke,
 And puff each other—with cigar,
 Until, like Scott, that *bolt of war*,
 We're lost in fire and smoke.
 And as the fragrant volumes rise,
 We thron'd in clouds like deities,
 As erst o'er Trojan plain,
 Will wield the thunderbolts of war,
 Marshal our chiefs, and loud encore,
 The battles of Champlain.
 Strike the wild harp, the goblet drain,
 To chiefs of Erie's lake, and plain,
 Till blithe Aurora peep;
 Then crown the whole, with sparkling bowl,
 To hearts as warm, Columbia's soul,
 The heroes of the deep.
 Then sunk in slumber, sweetly dream,
 We view the last expiring gleam
 Of fell Bellona's brand;
 That lurid war's long night shall cease,
 And from the west, the star of peace,
 Beams joy o'er all the land.

QUEVEDO.

—
TO OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

DREAD judge, whom bard or bardling fears,
 Whose frown appals, whose welcome cheers;
 Great umpire of the Muse;
 If thou but deign'st the meed of praise,
 Thy votries all approve our lays,
 If silent none peruse.

Like Delphian oracle, thy word,
 Foredooms full many a trembling bard,
 To seek oblivion's shade,
 For me, thy judgment haunts by day,
 And e'en in slumbers as I lay,
 My perturbed dreams pervade.

I see thee, by thy lamp's pale gleam,
 Like moth devouring many a ream
 Of rhyme devoted paper;
 Now flames my song, then episode,
 Destroying then my favourite ode
 To light cigar or taper.

Choking with rage, revenge and smoke,
 I all the Muses' power invoke,
 To aid their injured servant;
 "Ah what," I cry, "was Moscow's flame,
 "Dear Muses to this 'burning shame.'
 "Revenge, I pray most fervent."

I wake, the wick's expiring gleam,
 Dimly assures me 'twas a dream,
 My slumbering Muse lies mute;
 There, friend Quevedo, let her lie,
 Nor meet sir Oldschool's critic eye,
 Till he grant the bardlings suit.

Great sir, unseen by author's eye,
 Cloth'd in Apollo's majesty,
 Judge inquisitorial,
 By me the humble scribbling race,
 Beseech you'd show a mark of grace,
 By granting our memorial.

As erst in Britain's scribbling realm,
 Thy *namesake** kindly took the helm,
 The commonweal's projector;
 Take thou, more potent Oliver,
 Our wide republic to thy care,
 Be thou our great protector.

QUEVEDO.

* Oliver Cromwell.

THE BIRTH-NIGHT FIRESIDE.

Come, boy, close the windows, and make a good fire,
 Wife, children sit snug all around;
 'Tis the day that gave birth to our country's blest sire,
 Then let it with pleasure be crown'd.
 Dear wife, bring your wine, and in spite of hard times,
 On this day at least we'll be merry;
 Come fill every glass till it pouts o'er the brim,
 If not with madeira—then sherry.
 The freedom you claim as your proudest birth-right,
 To *Washington's* labours you owe,
 For this did he watch through war's dark stormy night,
 In battle, and famine, and wo.
 Come, boys, take your glasses, and let our proud toast
 Be the hero, devoid of a stain;
 Columbia's deliverer, Humanity's boast,
 Whose like we'll ne'er look on again.
 In your inermost hearts, his wise precepts impress,
 Be his actions your study and guide;
 Thus ages to come may your memories bless,
 As your country's best guardians and pride.
 May the laurels of Fame that his temples enwreath'd,
 Ever flourish in Gratitude's tears,
 Oh ever his name with devotion be breathed,
 That name which our country endears.

QUEVEDO.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE very learned communication from our correspondent of
 Duanesborough, was not received in time for the February num-
 ber of the Port Folio. It shall appear if practicable, in that of
 March; and we flatter ourselves that we may be permitted to consider
 it as nothing but the first fruits of a choice and exuberant harvest
 from the same source.

Quevedo's song entitled "The Naval Chronicle," meets our
 approbation. It breaths, in no small degree, the bold and sprightly

spirit of the naval ballad. To the last stanza, however, particularly the last line of the stanza, we take the liberty of directing the author's attention. We think he will not fail to perceive that it is susceptible of improvement. Perhaps, on a careful revision, other advantageous alterations may also present themselves. For his past favours he is entitled to our thanks, and by a continuance of them he will further oblige us.

"Letters from a German nobleman to his father" having been too late for the present must be reserved for a future number of the Port Folio.

The paper from our correspondent to the southward, on the original peopling of the American continent, is also of necessity, although contrary to our wishes and intentions, postponed.

Various other communications on hand shall receive due notice and attention hereafter.

There is one description of writers which we wish exceedingly to awaken from the calm of silence and inactivity. It is the wits, the humourists, the dealers in bon mots, the masters of levity, the mercers in gay, sportive, agreeable variety. The productions of such correspondents, and we are confident there can be no scarcity of them in our country, would be peculiarly acceptable. Communicating a raciness and enlivening spirit to whatever they accompany, they would serve as attic seasoning to the weightier articles in our mental repast. Were another figure allowable, we would call them the leaven of literature; imparting a lightness and savouriness to the whole mass, without which it is neither so palatable nor salutary. The favours of such writers are earnestly requested.

The "Spirit of Friendship" by V***** has been received and shall hereafter be served up in our poetic desert. It is a pleasant little collection of sparkling thoughts and delicate sentiments, without the order and regularity necessary to give them their full effect—a well selected bouquet of choice flowers, but too hastily arranged to appear to the best advantage. The author—we beg her pardon—authoress, can, we are satisfied, with a little more attention, "manage these things better."

ADDRESS

FROM THE

PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

TO

THE GRADUATES IN THE ARTS,

AT THE LATE COMMENCEMENT.

Vale, igitur, mi Cicero, tibi que persuade, esse te quidem mihi carissimum; sed multo fore cariorum, si talibus monumentis præceptisque laetare. CICERO DE OFF.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

THE interesting relation which has hitherto subsisted between us, is now to be dissolved. After having contracted the habits of that species of intercourse in which we have indulged, for some time past, all parties must be void of those sensibilities which are at once the ornament of our nature and the strongest bond and cement of society, if we could reach the period of separation without strong emotion. My heart, at this moment, apprises me, that I take a deeper interest in your welfare than I ever felt before. Its sincerest wishes and its most fervent prayers shall ever be poured forth for your future prosperity and happiness.

You are now passing from the calm and sequestered haunts of science and philosophy to the busy and tumultuous theatre of human life, and exchanging the generous competitions and exalted pursuits of a college for the more agitating and disquieting conflicts of mature age, and the corrosive cares of the world. The transition to you is critical and important. Aware as I am of the numberless dangers that will surround you, I cannot but feel my most sanguine hopes of your future success and respectability, mingled with the most lively solicitude and apprehensions for your safety. Vain have been all our efforts to cultivate your

minds and instil into your hearts the principles of virtue, if your views are not now elevated above all ignoble pursuits, and your feelings would not revolt from the commission of any vicious or dishonourable acts. But scarcely can you conceive of the severity of that test to which your principles will be put by your intercourse with a world which now, perhaps, appears to you in prospect like a vision of Paradise. How soon may we and your parents see all the fruits of our solitudes and toils blasted by the insinuating and seductive influence of vice! To guard you against the evils which will so thickly beset you in the world, to elevate your minds to high and laudable pursuits, and to animate you steadily to persevere in a course of virtuous and honourable conduct through all your future life, are the great objects of the present address. It is the last office of this nature which it will ever be in my power to perform towards you. Listen to me, then, I entreat you, with attention and docility, as to a parent or friend, delivering to you with the utmost earnestness and anxiety his parting admonitions.

In the first place, permit me to recommend to you the uninterrupted and ardent prosecution of those studies which you have here commenced. This is indispensably necessary to your future success and eminence. Your views of science must be limited and imperfect, indeed, if you do not perceive, that all you have hitherto attained are but the rudiments, the first principles of science, those principles which will enable you to investigate with advantage any one of those branches to which you may now think proper to direct your attention. The utmost we are able to accomplish in our seminaries of learning, is to lay for you a good foundation; it depends upon yourselves to rear the superstructure. And shall your exertions in this noble task be intermitted at so interesting a period of its progress? We have assisted in conducting you up the steep and laborious ascent of science, led you over her vestibule, and disclosed to you the outer courts of her temple; but those inner apartments in which her most invaluable treasures are deposited, are still to be explored by you. And can you rest contented before you have penetrated into those hidden apartments, discovered and appropriated these treasures to yourselves? But to relinquish my allegory—If you persist not in the prosecution of those studies which you have here com-

menced, you forfeit the inestimable advantage you have gained, and permit that talent which you have acquired through much labour and anxiety, to lie unimproved and useless in your possession. Nor is this all. As it is in the path of virtue, so also is it in that of science; if you continue not to advance, you must take a retrograde motion; you cannot stand still at any given point. If you rear not the superstructure for which we have furnished you with materials, the foundation itself will decay and sink into ruins. Should you not gratify the expectations which your fellow-men naturally form in reference to you, after having enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, insignificance, ignominy, and contempt, will be your bitter portion during your future life. In fact, your time in college may be considered as having been spent almost in vain, unless you have acquired a taste for letters and an enthusiasm in favour of science, which will propel you from a regard to your own gratification, as well as from the benefits which will result to yourselves and others, to persevere in habits of study and improvement. Shall you remain satisfied with the meagre praise of having passed without reproach through your college course, and at length entitled yourselves to a diploma, when it is in your power by still further exertions to become complete masters of those interesting subjects which literature presents to your contemplation? Shall you content yourselves with the crumbs that fall from the table of science, and the mere drippings of her cup, when it is in your power to gain access to her richest viands and enjoy her delicious repasts? After having been rendered familiar with the works of so many illustrious men both of ancient and modern times, whose names have been eternized in history, and the monuments of whose genius have descended with increasing honours through the long lapse of ages, can you fail to have inflamed within you a strong desire to raise yourselves to eminence and fame? The ingenuous student, animated by a noble enthusiasm in the cause of that science which it is his province to investigate, should push on his inquiries until he ascertains its full dimensions. He should dive into its depths, ascend all its altitudes, and explore its hidden recesses. Without some degree of enthusiasm in the cause of letters generally, but more especially of that profession whose duties it is your purpose to practice, you will never attain to excellence. This enthusiasm is at

once the inseparable companion of genius and the great animating spring which propels men to eminence and greatness in science and the arts. Set before your eyes the highest models in your profession, and aspire to equal and surpass them by your talents and virtues. The more elevated the point at which you aim, the greater will be your exertions, and, of course, the more distinguished your acquisitions. America has already to count her list of heroes, sages, orators, poets, and physicians, whom she is proud to place by the most illustrious names of the old world. She is waiting in anxiety to increase their number; let it be your ambition to swell the catalogue. Let this ambition stimulate you to future exertions, and let those exertions be ardent, well directed, and unintermitted. Pursue your studies, not only with a zeal which nothing can abate, but also according to a regular order and a wisely adjusted system. That loose and desultory kind of reading in which many persons delight to amuse their fancies and consume their literary hours, may serve very well as a relaxation from severer studies, or to exhilarate the languors which usually succeed them, but furnish the mind with a small portion of that aliment which nourishes, sustains, and invigorates it. If you wish to communicate to your understandings that masculine vigour and creative energy which are the foundation of all real greatness and lasting reputation, you must devote your days and nights to the perusal of those authors who will discipline your minds to close and profound reflection and laborious investigation. And what inestimable advantages will redound to you from the acquisitions of solid science? What influence and respectability will they give you among your fellow-men; what a pure and inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment will they open to you; what a refuge will they afford you in adversity; what ornament in prosperity; what brightening will they give to the hopes of your youth; what extensive usefulness to your manhood; what a glory will they shed around your hoary head!

At hæc studia, adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris: pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur.

To an ardent prosecution of those literary pursuits which you have commenced in college, and an emulation to excel, let me

urge you to add habits of industry and unremitting diligence in your professional duties. Indolence is the bane of every virtue and the foster-mother of the most mischievous vices that disgrace and torment society. It is the canker-worm that eats out in the bud the best hopes of the young. The mind of man in a state of inactivity and sloth, is a stagnant pond in which the rankest weeds grow and the most venomous reptiles are engendered. Among the indolent we always find the most despicable and degrading vices. They are ever foremost in every work of mischief. That time which they should employ in some manly and useful occupation they devote to quaffing the intoxicating bowl, to fomenting private quarrels and animosities or public riot and disorder, or to the haunts of licentious pleasure. Against the baneful effects of indolence and sloth you cannot too sedulously guard. Habits of industry and application to business, unremitting employment of your time in the duties of some manly and useful profession is your best safeguard against the invasions of vice and your surest preservative from all criminal excesses.

And if industry be thus indispensable to the preservation of your morals, it is also the only and necessary mean to every valuable acquisition. Vain will be your most ardent wishes to excel and the most exalted endowments bestowed on you by your Creator, unless your talents be improved and carried on towards perfection by your own diligence and assiduity. Those noble powers of the understanding, with which you are endowed, are so many invaluable mines, some of gold and silver, and others of brass and iron, but all in their bullion state, it depends upon yourselves to work them, and extracting the pure ore, convert it into purposes useful to your race. Now what will it avail if the mine be of gold, or any other precious metal, if, through your indolence and neglect you permit it to remain unwrought? Industry, in this respect, is the true philosopher's stone which by its chymic power, converts all the metals into gold, and renders even ordinary talents capable of the most exalted usefulness and eminence. It is said to have been an observation of the unhappy Chatterton, that a man by abstinence and perseverance can do any thing. It is a maxim no less true in theory, than important in its application to practice. What might not have been anticipated during the

usual term of human life, from a genius like his, capable at so early an age of realizing this sublime principle of action, had he not by a single rash deed forfeited the signal honours that awaited him, and blasted the hopes of mankind? Without imitating him, in his guilt, adopt his sublime maxim and carry it along with you into future life, to stimulate you to indefatigable exertion and lead you on to greatness. In this respect your future destinies are in a great degree to be modelled by your own hands. You must not expect to enjoy the triumphs with which the victors are crowned in the race of honour and fame, unless you have merited them by your previous toils. The sentence pronounced in Eden upon our great progenitor was, that by the sweat of his brow he should henceforth eat of the fruits of the earth; and ever since this period it is equally an established law of moral nature, that nothing great or good is to be obtained, but by labour and diligence; but for our consolation it may be added, that with these properly directed, every thing. It is (so to speak) the genius of nature, to advance from the smallest beginnings, and by repeated and persevering exertions to produce the most sublime results. Commencing with the simplest principles, by a gradual and almost imperceptible course of operation, she exhibits the most magnificent phenomena. Out of the cogitations of the child, composed of the few simple ideas conveyed into its understanding, through the only two inlets of human knowledge, she afterwards elaborates all the complex and sublime combinations of the poet, the orator, the statesman, and the philosopher. From a few apparently inconsiderable springs she furnishes a supply of waters that soon swell into the most majestic rivers; and from these rivers she forms the vast expanse and the immeasurable bulk of the oceans. By these processes of nature, learn what prodigies may be wrought from the slightest and most inconsiderable beginnings by repeated and persevering exertions. Think of the vast disparity between what you are at this time, and what you were at the period in which you thought and did as a child; and imagine what you may be able to accomplish during your lives by continued endeavours to improve. As the smallest sparks kindle the mightiest conflagrations, so let your race of glory and honour be. Let it be to your fellow-men a genial and healing light that shineth

more and more unto the perfect day. To the diligent and persevering nothing is unattainable.

Sir Isaac Newton, when once asked by what means he had been able to raise himself to such a vast superiority over other men, and make such wonderful attainments and discoveries in science? with his usual modesty replied, that it was not owing to any superiority in his natural parts, but to the habit of attention which he contracted.

The habit of close attention and application is the grand secret by which those men, the stupendous efforts of whose genius we are accustomed to contemplate with admiration and astonishment, have attained their enviable preeminence. Those great distinctions which we find subsisting among men, do not arise so much from any natural disparity in the talents originally bestowed on them by their Creator, as from the address and industry with which those talents have been cultivated. Look over the long list of those names which have become sacred to letters, both in ancient and modern times, of the philosophers, poets, orators, historians, whose memories will be revered while literature shall have votaries, and you will find that they were not more distinguished by their natural endowments, than by their unremitting diligence and assiduity in study. With the discouragements and painful exertions which Demosthenes had to encounter and undergo, in order to form himself to oratory, we are all familiar. And what was it that amidst the scenes of active duty enabled Cicero to become one of the greatest orators, statesmen and philosophers that ever lived? He himself reveals to us the secret, in the passage immediately preceding that which I have just quoted from him, and which should be religiously kept in memory by all the cultivators of learning. He informs us that he employed those hours which others devoted to rest, to amusements, to recreation in celebrating festivals, and other pleasures, in the pursuits of study and the investigations of philosophy. And will you, with such great examples perpetually present to your view, prove faithless to the powers with which your Creator hath enriched you as well as to your own true honour and glory, by neglecting the cultivation and improvement of them? The supreme Contriver, by bestowing on you faculties in a rude and imperfect condition, and so susceptible of cultivation, has indicated his intention that you your-

selves, by exercise and activity, should carry them on to perfection: and shall you defeat his wise and benevolent purposes in your original constitution?

Most of you intend, no doubt, as is expected by your fellow citizens, to dedicate your talents to the service of your country by performing the functions appertaining to one of the learned professions. And will you be contented to drag out a miserable and ignominious existence in them, without striving with your utmost force to attain to eminence and fame? This can be done in none of them but by the most unwearied diligence and application.

Should your inclination lead you to the pulpit or the medical profession, what various and extensive fields of theological and medical knowledge are to be explored and cultivated? what arduous duties to be performed? Should you direct your attention to the bar, what a vast fund of legal learning is to be accumulated in order to render you masters of your business, what masculine vigour of mind and readiness of invention are to be attained, that you may be able to wrestle with, foil, and subdue your antagonists: what habits of eloquence are to be cultivated, what a minute and patient attention is to be paid to every case that occurs, so that by a thorough investigation of it, you may make yourselves acquainted with every point of controversy? Should your ambition or duty lead you into the deliberative assemblies of your country, with what lights of history, of politics, of philosophy, should you be furnished that you may be able to elucidate the points of discussion, to trace causes through their whole course of operation to the most remote effects, to detect the hidden mischiefs with which an unsound policy is fraught, and recommend by solid and irresistible arguments wise and salutary measures? In all these cases that you may reach the highest distinctions, at which all of you should strenuously aim, what a vast circle of sciences is to be traversed, in order that you may replenish your understandings with the most abundant materials of thinking, and enrich your fancies with the choicest allusions and the finest imagery? And can all these things be done without perpetual industry and application? No—in none of the more elevated stations, is preeminence to be won but by preeminent toil. This is the tribute which true greatness must pay to nature, and the only price by which it can be purchased.

In the next place, young gentlemen, allow me seriously and earnestly to enjoin it on you, to pay a strict and scrupulous regard to your moral conduct. Without morals, talents are to a man what the strength of the lion and the tiger is to a beast of prey—they only render him more able to rend, to tear, and devour his fellow creatures. A youth who has thrown off the restraints of moral principle is prepared to become a pest to society, and the greater pest in proportion to his talents and attainments. And, perhaps, a more miserable object cannot be presented to our contemplation, than that of a man enriched by his Creator with high endowments of the understanding, and who has superadded to these by his own industry and application, the invaluable treasures of learning and reflection, who either wastes them on low and ignoble pursuits, or perverts them to purposes of mischief and licentiousness. Such a man violates a fundamental law in the constitution of his nature, defeats the benignant purposes of his Creator, who evidently never communicates energy to any part of his system, either in the physical or moral world, but for beneficent ends, sullies the glory with which he was originally crowned, and renders himself a monster in the order of moral nature. In a word, he who would divorce the good from the great in his character, commits an outrage upon the established laws of his moral constitution and flagrantly offends against nature and nature's God.

So wisely, however, are we formed by our Creator, that seldom do we see distinguished intellectual qualifications unconnected with those which are moral. Really great men, abusing their powers to minister to the cause of vice and profligacy, are as rare and unsightly objects in the intercourses of life; as pestilences, inundations, earthquakes, are in the natural world, and, perhaps, not less destructive. The uniform laws of nature are calculated to produce a very different result. There is a strict and intimate connexion between the cultivation of our intellectual and moral powers. Numerous are the bands by which greatness and goodness are intertwined, in the arrangements of the Supreme Contriver. Besides that the habits of irregularity and excess are utterly incompatible with that study and reflection which are indispensable

to the acquisition of learning, there are found as the usual concomitants of genius, more intense lights of the understanding, a delicacy in the texture of the mind and those finer sensibilities of heart, which naturally dispose mankind to the cultivation of virtue, and to a strong and habitual detestation of vice. The serene and tranquil state of the virtuous mind, moreover, is more favourable to the admission of the light of truth and knowledge, while the intellectual faculties are clouded and obscured by the fermentation of vicious propensities and passions. In fine, virtue alone is, for the most part, capable of inspiring, and virtuous minds alone are susceptible of that noble enthusiasm which is the great moving spring that propels men to eminence and greatness in science and the arts. If you wish, therefore, to attain distinction and superiority, you cannot too sedulously nurture and refine your moral feelings. Nothing can be more amiable in youth or promises a more plentiful harvest of future honour and usefulness, than to see them tremulously alive to the nicest perceptions, and scrupulously attentive to all the points of their moral duty. Purity of mind and chastity of morals, a high sense of honour and duty, docility of disposition, a modest and reverent deportment in the presence of their superiors, a deep abhorrence of all vicious and degrading practices, and an ardent emulation to excel, are the jewels which adorn and enrich them. These are virtues which, when they make their appearance in youth, afford to their parents and country, the sure presages of a future life of respectability and honour. In all the transactions of life, rigorously adhere to the claims of your moral duty. It is not possible that all of you can be foremost in the ranks of honour and fame, but it is in the power of you all to become virtuous men and good citizens, and this is matter of primary consideration. Never permit your integrity and uprightness to forsake you. Let nothing deter you from the path of duty, and no temptation seduce you into guilt. Cultivate a high and delicate sense of honour, and scrupulously conform to its most minute punctilios. Do not misapprehend me. The honour which I would recommend to you to cultivate, is not that prostituted name so often repeated in the circles of fashion and vice—not that base coin in such general circulation, but an elevated and noble principle, a sacred regard to

character, a nice and delicate sensibility which recoils from the perpetration of any acts which would sully the purity of your minds and subject you to merited reproach. This exalted principle, the friend and auxiliary of religion and morality in the human heart, would lead you more sedulously to avoid committing crimes than being told that you had done so—to direct your indignation, not against those who tax you with your vices, but against yourselves for submitting to such degradation as to become liable to the charge—not to revenge with unbridled fury, every expression uttered by another which you can construe into an insult, but to preserve an unblemished reputation, and a conscience void of offence both towards God and man—not to become sanguinary demons, Molochs, immolating human victims upon the altar of your resentment, but to signalize yourselves in promoting the welfare of your fellow men, and by the substantial services rendered to your country, by your deeds of true glory, to elevate yourselves to fame and pluck the wreath of immortality. This is the honour whose nicest sensibilities you should cherish, and which is so nearly allied to all the higher virtues, generosity, truth, temperance, justice, magnanimity, and heroism. Let all these virtues adorn your lives. Be inflexibly just in all your dealings; never permit yourselves to violate the truth; be rigidly temperate in your meat and drink, and abstemious in sensual indulgence. Avoid the haunts of licentious pleasure. In these are intombed the best hopes of youth, and their way conducts you to the chambers of death. The excessive indulgence of pleasure is mischievous at every period of life, but to the young peculiarly destructive. It may at first be pleasant to the eye and grateful to the taste, but at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. The effects of excessive indulgence of the passions, was beautifully adumbrated by the ancients in the consequences which were supposed to follow the drinking of the cup of Circe, that converted men into swine, and in the Sacred Scriptures by the parable of the prodigal son, in which they are exhibited as reducing men to such abject degradation as to render them fit only to become the companions of swine. This is not an exaggerated, or too highly coloured representation of the baleful effects of criminal indulgence. It relaxes the tension of the mind of youth, and unfits them for study or busi-

ness, enervates and enfeebles their powers, debases their affections, depraves their hearts, transfuses a mortal poison through their whole moral constitution, and from being men, almost without a figure, converts them into brutes. Nothing, therefore, can be of more importance to your future success and reputation, than to impose upon yourselves a wise and prudent abstinence from pleasure. And be not satisfied with that negative virtue, which consists in refraining from doing evil to yourselves or others. Be ever ready to do good. If your country demands the exercise of your talents, serve her with zeal and inviolable fidelity. Embrace those political opinions which appear to you most conformable to truth, and firmly pursue those plans of policy which you think will contribute most to the interests of the nation; this is your birth-right, claim and enjoy it, but do not permit your party rage to convulse, rend, and destroy the Republic. Let the good of the commonwealth be the polar star towards which your exertions are invariably directed. Cherish an attachment to those free institutions, both political and civil which have been handed down to you from those heroes and sages who reared them by their wisdom, and cemented them with their blood. Remember that Washington, your venerable political father, has transmitted them to you, they cannot be unworthy of your regard and veneration. Whatever profession you shall adopt, perform its duties with punctuality, with faithfulness, and zeal. Act up to the spirit of your station. If as physicians you take charge of the health and lives of your fellow citizens, regard your trust as sacred; by diligence and assiduity, endeavour to render yourselves enlightened practitioners of medicine, perform your duties with tenderness and humanity—If you become expounders of the law of your God, maintain by your erudition the dignity of the ministry, and by your deportment the sacredness of your character. Should you turn your attention to the bar, enter into the most sublime views of your office, exert yourselves to the utmost to obtain a prompt and adequate reparation of wrongs and an exact and equal distribution of justice. Are you elevated to the bench of judicature, and made the honoured interpreters of the laws? See that by your conduct you sully not the ermine nor allow the sacred fountains of justice to be poisoned in your hands. Have you at-

tained a sway in the national councils? Let that sway be a happy one for your country.

Finally, young gentlemen, amidst all your other acquisitions, let me tenderly and solemnly urge it upon you, in the presence of that Supreme Being to whom we are all responsible for our actions, never to rest contented until you have felt in your own hearts the influence of religion. Religion gives the finishing touches to the character of a great and good man; and without these it is incomplete. The ancient philosophers considered it as an essential part in the character of their virtuous man, to pay a due regard to the religious establishments of his country. Many of them were, in this respect, models of the imaginary sage whom they drew. In fact, without the enlivening influence of religion, the morals of men cannot be long preserved in their purity and vigour. The gentle sway of religion is to the moral virtues, what the showers and dews of heaven are to the fruits of vegetation. It nourishes, sustains, and brings them to perfection, and without it, they would languish, dry up, wither, and die. Along with your moral sentiments, therefore, sedulously cultivate your religious sensibilities. And thou Solomon, my son, said the venerable king David, in his valedictory address to his successor—and thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers, and serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind. This affectionate and solemn admonition comprises the sum and substance of your religious duty. Let me tenderly exhort you to observe this precept—"Remember your Creator in the days of your youth." Deriving your being from him, and indebted to his bounty for every enjoyment, for all your hopes in time and prospects in eternity, can you pass through life without habitually recognizing your endearing relations to him and those sacred duties which you owe him? Shall you allow yourselves to exhaust all the purest ardors of youth without directing any to the object supremely worthy of them? A just philosophy, as well as the true religion, informs you that you possess an immortal as well as a mortal part—What will be the destiny of that immortal spirit in a future state, it behoves you seriously to inquire. On this subject the speculations of science fail you, and your researches must be directed by a higher and more infallible Teacher. Where the efforts of phi-

losophy are feeble and ineffectual, those of revealed religion are strong and operative. Submit yourselves to her heavenly guidance and you shall find peace. Be not contented until, with all your other attainments, you have obtained the one thing needful, made your peace with God, and entitled yourselves to the merits of that blessed Saviour, who hath bought you with his blood. Pay a strict and unremitted attention to the duties of devotion, the appointed nutriment and sustentation of your spirit. Venerate and sacredly respect the religious institutions of your country. Cultivate an habitual and endearing intercourse with the Great Author of your being, and the Supreme Arbiter of your destiny both for time and eternity. I am aware that in this respect, the very path of science which I have recommended to you steadily and zealously to pursue, is environed with dangers. I know that so widely has the mischievous spirit of infidelity diffused its venom through the world of letters, that a mind prone to investigation and curious of knowledge, must imbibe a portion of this poison along with the wholesome food of science, and must content itself while exploring the fields of literature, occasionally to breathe a pestilential air. Since such are the unfortunate circumstances of the case—since in order to become acquainted with some of the finest productions of modern genius, and accumulate some of the most invaluable treasures of learning, you must expose yourselves to the hazard of having your principles vitiated and your minds perplexed by the doubts of scepticism; all that it is in our power to perform on this point, is to give a solemn caution—Beware how you dwell upon the pages of those authors who would unsettle your religious principles. They are the enemies of your present and everlasting peace. What! would you habitually drink the cup, when you know that your bane lurks in its bottom? And what is the end for the accomplishment of which these writers exhaust such ardent zeal and expend the force of such unwearied toil? To bereave you of your God, your Saviour, your liveliest and most holy joys in this life, and of all your hopes of bliss beyond the grave. And what is the remuneration they would make you for these immense privations? For the cheering consciousness that there is a God, they would give you a blind and dreary fate; for the consoling doctrines of the gospel, a cold and barren philosophy, which out of all its boasted stores of consolation never yet furnished a

lalm that could heal the wounded and broken heart; for your hope of futurity, the sad and dismal prospect of a frightful annihilation! How uncongenial such doctrines to the fervor of youthful feelings! Were your understandings disposed, for a moment, to indulge the whimsies of unbelief, your hearts, glowing with the sensibilities of early life, would correct the wanderings of reason and bring you back to the perceptions and the principles of truth and nature,

But I am conscious that I am trespassing upon the patience of this audience—I must not allow myself, much as my feelings would still lead me to say, to put that patience to too severe a test. Abundant as are the lessons, which in the zeal of which I am sensible for your welfare, crowd upon the mind, I must bring this address to a speedy conclusion.

Young gentlemen, we touch the moment of final separation as instructor and pupils. At the recollection of those scenes through which we have passed together, and the certainty that they will never more be renewed, the heart fills with the tenderest emotions. You go to your destinies, and I to mine; what shall be the future lot of each is known only to him to whose searching view the secrets of futurity are revealed. Had I the gift of prophecy, and glancing down the path of your future life, could discern the ripening fruits of those seeds which I have sown, with an ability, indeed, vastly disproportioned to my zeal—could I see you the joy and pride of those parents whose hearts now yearn over you, the ornaments and hopes of your country, I should feel myself amply compensated for the toils which have been expended in your education, and consoled for the pains of this final separation.

Go, beloved youth, to your several destinations, with the blessings of an instructor whose best wishes shall attend you through all your walks in life, and who will never cease to remember you in his most fervent prayers. May the choicest benedictions of that God who is the guardian of youth, descend upon your heads. Causing his fear to fall upon your minds, and the love of his commandments to penetrate your hearts—may he render you instruments of distinguished usefulness in your day and generation, and when your race shall have been run and your toils ended, may he gather you to your fathers, having the testimony of a good con-

science, and the well-grounded and delightful assurance of a glorious resurrection to immortal life.

At the last commencement in the university of Pennsylvania, medals were adjudged by the faculty of arts to the following young gentlemen.

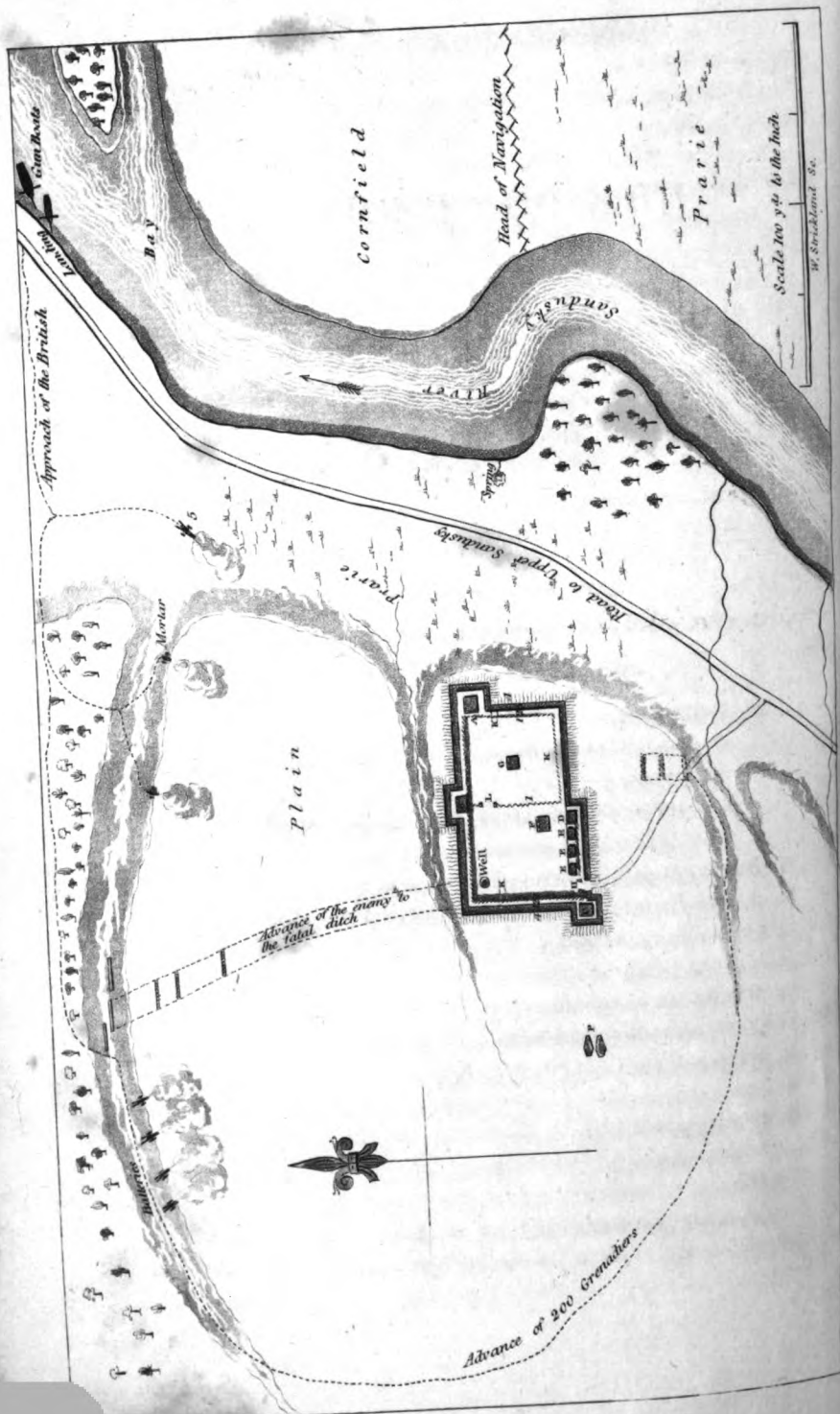
George B. Wood.

Samuel Marx.

Christian F. Cruse.

William A. Muhlenburg.

William Engles.



THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1815.

NO. III.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A PLAN OF FORT SANDUSKY, AT LOWER SANDUSKY.

Line 1—Pickets.

2—Embankment from the ditch to and against the
picket.

3—Dry ditch nine feet wide by six feet deep.

4—Outward embankment, or glacis.

A. Block house, first attacked by cannon 5.

B. Bastion from which the ditch was raked by our artillery.

C. Guard block house.

D. Hospital while attacked.

E. Military store houses.

F. Commissary's store house.

G. Magazine.

H. Fort gate.

K. Wicker gates.

L. Partition gate.

* Well.

5 cannon, six pounders.

VOL. V.

D d

2 Mortars, five and an half inch.

Length of the fort, ninety-five yards.

Breadth of do. forty-eight yards.

P. Graves of lt. col. Short, and lt. Gordon, who fell in the ditch.

DEFENCE OF FORT SANDUSKY.

THE defence of fort Sandusky, on the 4th of August 1813, although the work of a few hours, and of a small force, was an achievement brilliant in itself and important in its consequences. However diminutive it may appear when compared with many of the military fetes of Europe, and even with some that have subsequently occurred on American ground, it is justly entitled to a distinguished place in the annals of our country. It was among the first events of the present war that gave confidence to our soldiers and compelled the enemy to respect our arms. It furnished, moreover, a memorable instance of what a few bold and determined spirits can perform, when opposed even to more than four-fold their number. It is not too much to add, that, under Providence, it was highly instrumental in preserving from the tomahawk and the scalping knife, many of our defenceless frontier inhabitants.

The inclosure of fort Sandusky, like that of most fortresses that are suddenly erected in our new settlements, was composed of picket work, and surrounded by a ditch nine feet wide and six feet deep. The number of its defenders, under the command of lieutenant colonel (then major) Croghan, amounted to about one hundred and sixty, most of them raw, unexperienced troops. It contained but a single piece of mounted ordinance, and that only a sixpounder.

The assailing force consisted of nearly a thousand men, one half of them British regulars, commanded by general Proctor in person, and the remainder savages, led on, as we believe, by the celebrated Tecumseh. Their means of annoyance, besides small arms, were five six pounders, and one howitzer of considerable caliber.

The fort was regularly summoned to surrender, under the usual plea of a wish to prevent the effusion of blood. To give to this message the greater weight, the force of the assailants was somewhat exaggerated, and it was added, that should the works be carried by assault, it would be impossible to restrain the savages from massacre. Undismayed by the odds that were against him, and the unsoldierly threat, that, should the enemy be successful, he would receive no quarter, colonel Croghan unhesitatingly returned the customary answer, that he would defend his post "to the last extremity."

This conference being finished, the British regulars, led on by lieutenant colonel Short, an officer of high character and daring courage, advanced to the assault in a solid column, under the discharge of all their artillery. Notwithstanding a galling fire from the small arms of the fort, the assailants approached with firmness and gallantry, till, following the example of their intrepid leader, a large proportion of them had leapt into the ditch. At this moment, when the enemy were completely within the toil he had prepared for them, major Croghan unmasked his piece of cannon, which had been hitherto concealed, and poured among them a discharge of grape shot, which raked the ditch with terrible carnage. In the number of those who fell, under this first and most destructive fire, was lieutenant colonel Short. Another discharge or two from this piece of ordinance carried confusion into the British ranks, and forced them to retreat with the utmost precipitation; nor had they hardihood sufficient to return to the charge. Panic-struck by this disaster of their allies, the savages also fled in all directions, leaving our countrymen in undisturbed possession of their well-defended fortress.

The combined loss of the British and Indians in this affair, was computed at somewhat upwards of a hundred men; that of the Americans was one man killed and seven slightly wounded.

Such was the dismay created among the enemy by this signal and unexpected chastisement, that they precipitately abandoned their position, leaving behind them a large boat loaded with clothing and military stores.

In consequence of the gallantry of this achievement, and the important effects of which it was productive, the brave young Croghan, as yet but a major, besides being honourably mentioned

on the floor of congress, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. We believe, but on this point do not pretend to speak with confidence, that he was also presented with an elegant sword, enriched with emblems and marked by devices commemorative of the event. An affair of such brilliancy, achieved under such circumstances, could not fail to endear him to his country, and to exalt his name in the ranks of honor. Ed.

LIFE OF COLONEL CROGHAN.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following letter, containing a biographical sketch of Lt. col. Croghan, will not be the less acceptable in consequence of being known to be from the pen of a lady. We have thus long withheld it from the public, in the hope of being able to accompany it with a likeness of the gallant young soldier, whose life and achievements it so handsomely delineates. Considering that any further delay would be an act of injustice, for which it might be difficult hereafter to atone, we think it best to give the biography without the portrait, assuring our readers that the latter shall appear as soon as an accurate likeness can be procured. Ed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

Frankfort, July 22, 1814.

SIR,

UPON receiving the letter which you did me the honour to address to me by Mrs. B. I immediately took such measures as were necessary to procure the information you requested. I now transmit to you the result of my inquiries, regretting that it was not in my power to do it sooner.

At the time when colonel Croghan and myself were inmates of the same house, he was in his fourteenth year. No incident occurred during that early period, sufficiently interesting to find a place in his history; yet, even then, his conduct exhibited a happy combination of those talents and principles which have already procured him the admiration and gratitude of his country.

Though ingenuous in his disposition and unassuming and conciliating in his manners, he was remarkable for discretion and steadiness. His opinions when once formed, were maintained with modest but persevering firmness; and the propriety of his decisions generally justified the spirit with which they were defend-

ed. Yet, though rigid in his adherence to principle, and in his estimate of what was right or improper, in cases of minor importance he was all compliance. I never yet met with a youth who would so cheerfully sacrifice every personal gratification to the wishes or accommodation of his friends. In sickness and disappointment he evinced a degree of patience and fortitude which could not have been exceeded by any veteran in the school of misfortune or philosophy.—Were I asked, what were the most prominent features of his character? (or rather, what were the prevailing dispositions of his mind?) at the period of which I am speaking,—I would answer, *decision and urbanity*; the former, resulting from the uncommon and estimable qualities of his *understanding*—the latter, from the concentration of all the sweet “charities of life,” in his heart.—Thus far from my own observation. I have seldom seen colonel Croghan for the last eight years; but subjoin the testimony of those, to whose observation he has been exposed during the whole of that period.

An intelligent young gentleman, who was his associate in study and in arms, has given me a brief sketch of his military career, which I herewith transmit; together with such corroborative and additional circumstances, as I have collected from other sources, and which, in substance, amount to this,

“Lieutenant colonel George Croghan was born at Locust Grove, near the falls of Ohio, on the 15th of November, 1791.—His father, major William Croghan, left Ireland at an early period of life; was appointed an officer in our Revolutionary army, and discharged his duties as such, to the satisfaction of the commander in chief. His mother is the daughter of John Clark, esqr. of Virginia, a gentleman of worth and respectability, who exerted himself greatly, and contributed largely towards the support of our just and glorious contest. He had five sons; four of whom were officers in the Revolutionary army. General William Clark, who, together with capt. Lewis, explored, and is at present the governor of Louisiana, was too young to participate with his brothers in the achievement of our liberties; but his conduct since is a sufficient demonstration of the part he would have taken, had he been ripener in years. The military talents of general George R. Clark have obtained for him the flattering appellation of “the father of the western country.”

"Colonel Croghan has always been esteemed generous and humane; and, when a boy, his manly appearance and independence of sentiment and action, commanded the attention and admiration of all who knew him.

"The selection of his speeches for scholastic exercises, tended in some measure to mark his peculiar talent. They were of a nature entirely military. He read with delight whatever appertained to military affairs, and would listen for hours to conversations respecting battles. His principal amusements were gunning and fox hunting. He would frequently rise at twelve o'clock at night, and repair to the woods alone (or with no attendant but his little servant) either to give chase to the fox, or battle to the wild cat and racoon.

"Nothing offended him more, than for any one, even in jest, to say a word disrespectful of general Washington.

"While in the state of Kentucky his time was principally occupied by the study of his native tongue—geography—the elements of geometry—and the Latin and Greek languages. In these different branches of literature he made a respectable progress.

"In the year 1808, he left Locust Grove for the purpose of prosecuting his studies in the university of William and Mary. In this institution he graduated as A. B. on the 4th of July 1810; and delivered, on the day of his graduation, an oration on the subject of expatriation. This oration was deemed by the audience, concise, ingenious, and argumentative, and was pronounced in a manner which did great credit to his oratorical powers. The ensuing autumn he attended a course of lectures on law and upon the termination of the course returned to his father's where he prosecuted the study of the same profession, and occasionally indulged himself in miscellaneous reading. Biography and history have always occupied much of his attention. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Shakspeare, and can recite most of the noted passages of that great poet and philosopher. He admires tragedy, but not comedy. He is (as his countenance indicates) rather of a serious cast of mind; yet no one admires more a pleasant anecdote, or an unaffected sally of wit. With his friends he is affable and free from reserve—his manners are prepossessing—

he dislikes ostentation, and was never heard to utter a word in praise of himself.

"In the autumn of 1811, was fought the battle of Tippecanoe. This was the first opportunity which offered for the display of his military talents. He embraced it with avidity—left his father's house in the character of a volunteer, and was appointed aid to general Harrison. On the 7th of November, an attack was made on the troops under the command of that officer; the enemy were repulsed with valour; and during the engagement young Croghan evinced the greatest courage, activity and military skill. His services were acknowledged by all; and he exhibited such proofs of a genius for war, that many of his companions in arms remarked that "he was born a soldier." A cant saying among the troops at Tippecanoe, was, "to do a main business;" and during the battle he would ride from post to post, exciting the courage of the men by exclaiming "now, my brave fellows, now is the time to do a main business." Upon the return of the troops from Tippecanoe, they were frequently met by persons coming to ascertain the fate of their children or friends. Among the number of these, was a very poor and aged man, whose son was slain in battle. Colonel Croghan having ascertained the situation of the old man, and observing his inability to perform much bodily labour, regularly made his fires for him every morning, and supplied him with provisions, clothes, and money. Many acts of this kind are related of him, by the soldiers and officers of Tippecanoe.

"After the battle of Tippecanoe, his military ardour greatly increased, and upon the prospect of a speedy declaration of war, he expressed a desire to join the army. Recommendatory letters of the most flattering kind were written by generals Harrison and Boyd to the secretary of war; and upon the commencement of hostilities against G. Britain, he was appointed captain in the seventeenth regiment of infantry. He was stationed some time at Clark Cantonment, near the falls of Ohio; but had not been long in command there, before he was ordered to march, with what regulars he had, to the head quarters of the north-western army, then at Detroit. His countenance beamed with delight upon receiving this order. There were large bodies of militia and volunteers on their march to Detroit; but before they had proceeded far, they heard of Hull's surrender.

"Shortly after this, the command of the north-western army was given to general Harrison. Colonel Croghan commanded a short time at Fort Defiance, on the Miami, but upon the defeat of general Winchester, he was ordered to fort Meigs. His conduct during that memorable siege is handsomely noticed in general Harrison's official report, and he was shortly afterwards promoted to a majority, and stationed with his battalion at Upper Sandusky. While there, he received information, by express, of an attack upon Lower Sandusky. It was late in the afternoon when the intelligence reached him—the road between the two places was intolerably bad—the distance thirty-six miles, and the rain descending in torrents: yet he proceeded at the head of his battalion to its relief, and continued his march until twelve o'clock at night, by which time he had advanced twenty miles. It then became so dark that he and his men were obliged to lie down in the road, and wait the return of light, rather than run the risk of losing their way.

"He arrived at fort Ball (twelve miles distant) before sunrise the next morning, having waded through mud and mire frequently waist deep, and having been exposed to a heavy rain during the whole night. He was there informed that the report of an attack upon Lower Sandusky was unfounded, but after remaining a few days at fort Ball, he proceeded thither, having received orders to take the command at that post. He arrived there about the fifteenth of July. A few days after this, fort Meigs was besieged by a large British and Indian force. No doubt was entertained that the enemy would visit Sandusky: accordingly colonel Croghan laboured day and night to place the fort (which had received no advantages from nature or art) in a state of defence. The necessity of cutting a ditch round the fort, immediately presented itself to him. This was done; but in order to render the enemy's plans abortive, should they even succeed in leaping the ditch, (which was nine feet wide, and six deep) he had *large logs* placed on the top of the fort, and so adjusted, that an inconsiderable weight would cause them to fall from their position, and crush to death all who might be situated below. This improvement in the art of fortification took place but a few days before the attack.—It is novel and originated with himself.

A short time before the action, he wrote the following concise and impressive letter to a friend. "The enemy are not far distant—I expect an attack—I will defend this post till the last extremity—I have just sent away the women and children, with the sick of the garrison, that I may be able to act without incumbrance—Be satisfied—I shall, *I hope*, do my duty.—The example set me by my revolutionary kindred is before me—let me die rather than prove unworthy of their name."

"In the afternoon of the first of August, the attack upon fort Sandusky was commenced. The particulars of that memorable and brilliant transaction can be collected from general Harrison's official account, dated "Seneca town, August 4th, 1813,"* and a lucid statement of the motives, most honourable to him, which influenced the conduct of colonel Croghan on that occasion, are contained in an "extract of a letter from himself to his friend in Seneca town, dated the 27th August, 1813." These, and several other interesting particulars, will be found in the public prints, which were issued between the 14th of August, and 16th of September.

"The conduct of colonel Croghan after the battle, was such as might have been expected from his behaviour during its continuance. The wounded were treated by him with the greatest tenderness—with considerable peril he supplied them with water, by means of buckets, let down by ropes from the outside of the pickets; and, during the night, when he could not open the gates of the fort with safety, he had a communication made with the ditch by means of a trench dug under the picketing, through which the wounded were conveyed into the fort.

"Colonel Croghan accompanied general Harrison to Malden, but as the brigade to which he was attached was stationed there he did not participate in the battle of the Thames. He is remarkable as a disciplinarian, and his orders are given with more promptness, precision and energy, than are usually met with even in more aged and experienced commanders."

* See defence of fort Sandusky.

The following extract of a letter, written by a fellow student and fellow soldier of lieutenant colonel Croghan, is here introduced as throwing additional light on the military character of that distinguished young officer.

Lt. colonel George Croghan is a native of Kentucky, and the second son of major William Croghan, near Louisville.—He is the nephew of the gallant hero, and accomplished general, George Rogers Clark, the father of the western country, and of general William Clark, the present enterprising governor of Missouri. His father is a native of Ireland, and having early embarked his fortunes in America, was a distinguished officer in the war of the revolution.

Lieutenant colonel Croghan was born on the 15th November, 1791, and received all the advantages of education the best grammar schools in Kentucky could afford, until in his seventeenth year, when he commenced a scientific course in the ancient college of William and Mary in Virginia. Both at school and at college he was remarked for an open manliness of character, an elevation of sentiment, and a strength of intellect, connected with a high and persevering ambition.

In July 1810, he graduated at William and Mary college, and soon afterwards commenced the study of the law. With this view, he continued to visit that university until the fall of 1811, when he volunteered his services as a private in the campaign up the Wabash. A short time before the action at Tippecanoe, he was appointed aid-de-camp to gen. Boyd, the second in command; and, although from his situation, he was not enabled to evince that activity which has since so much distinguished him, he exhibited a soul undaunted in one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the present day, and accordingly received the thanks of the commanding general.

In consequence of his services on the Wabash expedition, he was appointed a captain in the provisional army directed to be raised and organized in the spring of 1812. In August he marched with the detachment from Kentucky, under general Winchester, destined to relieve general Hull in Canada; and to those acquainted with the movements of that gallant but unfortunate little army, the caution, zeal, and military capacity of captain Croghan was conspicuous.—Upon visiting the various encampments

of the army on its march along the Miami of the Lake, both before and after the attack on fort Wayne, the ground occupied by captain Croghan was easily designated by the judicious fortifications erected for the night. On the movement of the army towards the Rapids, he was entrusted with the command of fort Winchester, at the junction of the Auglaize and Miami rivers, where he manifested his usual military arrangement. After the defeat at the river Raisin he joined general Harrison at the Rapids, previously to the erection of fort Meigs.

It is creditable to the discernment of general Harrison, that he relied with the utmost confidence on the judicious arrangements of captain Croghan, in the trying, brilliant, and ever memorable siege of fort Meigs. In the sortie under that gallant soldier, col. Miller, on the 5th of May, to the companies led by captains Croghan, Langhan, and Bradford, was confided the storming of the British batteries, defended by a regular force and a body of Indians, either of them superior in number to the assailants. Here captain Croghan's gallantry was again noticed in general orders.

At a very critical period of the last campaign (that of 1813,) young Croghan, now promoted to a majority, was appointed to the command of fort Sandusky, at Lower Sandusky. On his conduct in the defence of that post, the official documents of the time, and the applause of a grateful country, are the most honourable commentary. The character of the campaign was changed from defensive to offensive operations, and its issue very materially influenced by the achievement. For his valour and good conduct on this occasion, major Croghan was made, by brevet, a lieutenant colonel.

At an early period in the present war, fort Mackinaw is known to have fallen into the hands of the enemy. In the Summer of 1814 an effort was made for the recapture of that important post. The expedition destined for this purpose was placed under the direction of lt. col. Croghan. Although that enterprise proved unsuccessful in its issue, its failure was not ascribable to any misconduct on the part of the commanding officer. Every thing was done that vigilance, bravery, and perseverance could achieve. But fortune cannot be at all times commanded. Events will occur to

frustrate the best founded expectations, and to bar the success of the wisest measures. It was thus that, without the commission of any fault, colonel Croghan was disappointed of the additional reputation which he expected to acquire by the restoration of fort Mackinaw to the government of his country. But public confidence in him is unimpaired; and should he devote his life to the profession of arms, no doubt is entertained that his age will realize the promise of his youth.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON BEAUTY.—*Concluded from p. 162.*

THESE principles of congruity and propriety, which set limits to our tastes in judging of personal beauty, equally restrict them on many other occasions, and explain, why the same forms and colours which please in one set of objects fail altogether to please in another. Certain qualities, unconnected with intrinsic beauty, and perhaps even unfriendly to it, are indispensable to the perfection of the object, and where these qualities are wanting, the pain arising from a perception of the defect, is greater than the pleasure afforded by the direct impression on the organs of sight. Thus, as we prefer one set of curves for the mouth, and another for the nose, and white is not pleasing on the lips, nor red on the eyes, because we are restricted by what we believe to be natural, so in judging of the beauty of a horse, a hound, a swan, a peacock, and other animals as various in shape and colour, we find that which is pleasing at one time, disagreeable at another, because it seems to violate the law of nature, and conveys the idea of defect. So also the mingled white and red which are thought such material constituents of female beauty in Europe, would not give the same pleasure when seen in an African or Asiatic face, because they would be the indications of disease or seem unnatural. But it does not thence follow that the delicate tints of the rose and carnation are not agreeable to the human eye: we find an entire correspondence in human tastes in all qualities of form and colour, where these potent objections of implied deformity or disease do not interfere. Thus the African no less than the European admires smoothness of skin—brightness

of eyes—regularity of features—and it is supposed they would substantially agree not only as to the individuals who should be pronounced beautiful in both quarters of the world, but as to the visual qualities in which their beauty consisted. Perhaps we may go further and insist that notwithstanding the obvious propensity which every people has to make its own complexion and cast of features the standard of conformity to nature, and consequently to consider all deviations from them as instances of deformity or disease, yet such is the force of native beauty—so intrinsically agreeable to the human eye are certain colours and forms, that even an African taste would commonly think an European beauty handsomer than one of his own tribe. It is well known that the Georgian and Circassian women have been admired for their extraordinary beauty in other countries than their own, and in some where nature has given a different tinge to the human complexion. In like manner the forms and proportions of a house and a ship are entirely unlike, and yet both are objects of beauty. But the purposes for which each is destined being totally different, their forms must also differ, and each solicits that degree and species of beauty which is not inconsistent with the useful purposes it was intended to answer. The house is limited to straight lines, but it admits of regular figures, parallels, variety in its decorations, smoothness, &c. The appropriate form of the ship allows of large curves, variety in ornament, gay-colours, &c. Without doubt a large portion of the beauty of both objects is derived from the interesting reflections they awake in the mind, but that a part of the pleasure the sight of them occasionally produces, is caused by the physical effect of colour and form appears from the very great difference in the beauty of two edifices or two ships that are exactly equal in magnitude, costliness and utility. To give another example: the epithet of beautiful is often applied to handwriting. The forms of the letters have certain laws which usage has prescribed, and which cannot be transcended; but within these limits the taste and skill of the penman have room to range, and his writing is said to possess or to want beauty according to the straightness of lines meant to be straight, and the gentle variation of those meant to be curved. That the same curves which give us pleasure in a manuscript, do not please in the human face, or

in the form of a horse, no more proves that they are not intrinsically agreeable than that the musical concords are not grateful to the ear because they would offend us in the tones of a reader or speaker—or that the smell of new mown hay is not agreeable because we should not like to meet with it in a beef steak. The diversity, in short, shows not that there is no physical intrinsic beauty, but that in particular objects it is liable to be controlled by qualities, such as utility, conformity to nature, &c. which, in those objects, are more important than visual beauty. As these qualities which thus counteract or modify the natural sense of beauty, are influenced by the varying circumstances of opinion, habit, education, &c. men must also vary in their opinions of beauty. But whether beauty be shown to be relative by different persons judging differently of the same objects, or by the same persons judging differently of the same forms and colours in different objects, no conclusion can be drawn against the existence of physical beauty, that may not be brought to show that sugar is not sweet because we do not relish it in every article of our diet, and that tobacco is not bitter because some persons acquire a taste for it.

The very extensive use of the term *beauty* has furnished an argument against its physical existence. It was probably first appropriated to those objects which give an immediate pleasure to the beholder, unattended with any other operation of the mind than the bare consciousness of the sensation, as on viewing a rose, a rainbow, or a humming bird.—It was afterwards extended to those objects which naturally and generally inspired agreeable images in the mind, as a garden whose appearance reminds us of the gratifications it imparts to the other senses; or a house, which displays the skill of the builder and its adaptation to human comfort; or a picture which exhibits the imitative art of the painter. It at length was bestowed on all objects which give us sensations of pleasure similar to those inspired by agreeable visible objects, as to tunes, poems, theories—and we are led to use this common term merely by some faint resemblance in our sensations, without imputing to the very dissimilar objects to which we apply it any common property, or even thinking at all of the matter. We perceive a similar extension of the words *sweet* and *sweetness*,

which originally were merely applicable to objects of taste and smell, but have, from a slight resemblance of sensation, and the insufficiency of language been applied to sounds—to objects of sight—and even to the qualities of the mind, as to the temper and disposition. The extensive signification of the terms, beauty and beautiful, thus generally applied to other than the visible properties of matter, has no doubt contributed to perplex our ideas of visual beauty, and to render its analysis more difficult. Nor can the theory of Mr. Alison derive any support from the moral epithets that are often given to colours and forms. These are but common instances of metaphorical expressions which are sometimes borrowed from sensible objects to express intellectual properties, and sometimes from the latter to express the qualities of sensible objects, thus while we say that colours are “grave or gay,” that forms are “delicate or modest,” we also speak of *bright* hopes, *splendid* talents, *blackness* of heart, the *bitterness* of grief, and the like. But there is probably, no one language upon earth in which there is not some primitive words to express simple beauty, or the quality of imparting pleasure through the eye, and the opposite quality of ugliness; though it is only when, in the progress of refinement, men have learnt to discriminate in their perceptions that they borrow terms to express the various modifications of those qualities.

In viewing a stately edifice—a pleasing landscape—a lovely female—whatever is naturally grateful to the eye (and we have seen that they all contain much) is heightened in effect by the agreeable reflections which these objects suggest, and the primary and derivative pleasures are so intimately blended, that they are easily confounded, and whilst the vulgar consider all the pleasure which these objects impart as natural, inherent beauty, just as that of a shell, a flower, or a butterfly, many of the learned, perceiving their error, and that much of our pleasure arises from reflection, have gone to the contrary extreme and have greatly underrated the pleasures of sense. But each has its share, and often that which appears to be intellectual, is greatly heightened by the pleasure of sensation. The beauty of natural scenery is, by the ingenious reviewer of Mr. Alison attributed to the interesting moral reflections they excite, and physical beauty seems to be excluded alto-

gether. But it is believed that in every pleasing landscape this comes in for a large share of the exciting cause of our pleasure. Let us, by way of example, take the description of a recent traveller,* of the bay of Naples. This writer having no particular theory to support may be supposed to give a safer example of the emotions that celebrated spot would naturally awaken.

"Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me, when I awoke: in front the bay of Naples spread its *azure surface*, *smooth* as glass, while a thousand boats, *glided* in different directions, over its *shining* bosom; on the right, the town extended along the *semicircular* shore, and Posilippo rose close behind it with churches and villas, *vineyards* and *pinces*, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay, and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment, while beyond it over a vast *expanse of water*, a rugged line of mountains, stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages and convents, lodged amidst its *forests* and *precipices*, and at length terminated in the cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite and in full front, rose the island of Caprea, with its *white cliffs* and ridgy summits, placed as a barrier to check the tempest, and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene *illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright* on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition, which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, *when beheld for the first time*, emotions of delight and admiration that border on enthusiasm. Nor are the charms of recollection, that are capable of improving even the *loveliest features of nature*, here wanting to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic of achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents, but they have been the residence of the great and the wise; they have aided the meditations of the sage and awakened the raptures of the poet: and as long as the Latin Muses continue

* Eustace's Tour in Italy.

to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight, the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birth place of Tasso."

In the preceding extract we meet with most of those qualities of brilliancy, colour and variety in which physical beauty consists—nor was the spectator insensible to the accompanying pleasures of the memory and imagination; though these were manifestly inferior to the vivid impression immediately made on the organs of vision.

There seems to be nothing peculiar in the pleasures of the eye that they are capable of being enhanced by the trains of reflection which accompany them. Every one who has been in the habit of regarding his own perceptions, must have noticed how particular airs of music were more or less agreeable as they recalled past scenes of pleasure or pain. They give a life and freshness to our recollections which no voluntary effort of the mind can reach. Those softened pictures of past scenes which the memory is ever presenting to our view commonly indeed appear in softer and more engaging colours than did the first realities, but their tints are much livelier and stronger when they are recalled by a repetition of the same excitement of the organs with which they were originally associated. One man hears a tune with a transient emotion of pleasure, according to its natural melody: another is reminded by it of scenes of past delight when, in the presence of a beloved female, forgetting the world and its bustling cares, he gave free indulgence to the sweet delirium of love. In his ears the music possesses a far greater beauty and sweetness. The same effect has been perceived with regard to the sense of smell. The fragrance of a particular perfume has an additional zest for having been enjoyed on some former blissful moment. The recollection is the livelier for being thus introduced, and memory adds a new pleasure to the gratification of the sense. The rose geranium—the violet—the blossom of the crab-apple, from accidental associations of this kind in the mind of the writer never fail to call up to his excited fancy scenes of vernal delight, and to impart a degree of pleasure of which the olfactory organs are not easily susceptible.

It is not meant to be denied that the organic pleasures of sight are the weakest of all the sensual pleasures. They seem

to possess different degrees of intensity in the following order. First, those of the touch, including what some have considered a sixth sense. Secondly, the pleasures of the palate, or taste. Thirdly, those of the smell. Fourthly, those of the ear. Lastly, those of the eye. And it is remarked by the count de Buffon that the number and delicacy of their several nerves increased in a contrary order, so that those of the touch which are acted upon by an immediate contact with solid bodies are few and coarse, whilst those of the eye which are sensible to the very subtle matter of light are the most delicate of all. If then we may quit the solid ground of fact to venture into the regions of conjecture, it may be supposed that the difference in the intensity of the pleasure of which the different senses are susceptible is owing to the force of the impulse they are respectively capable of sustaining. There are certain facts which seem to favour this supposition, and perhaps their number may by inquiry be increased. The particles of sugar, the most agreeable of all substances to the organs of taste, are perceived by the microscope to be larger than those of any other salt. The red rays of light, which we have seen are the most pleasing to the natural eye, have been supposed by philosophers to be the largest. The otto of roses, the most delicious of all perfumes, seems, from the manner in which it is obtained, to consist of odorous particles of unusual magnitude, as no other native fragrance is known to have admitted of condensation by the same process. Thus, as the objects of each sense are agreeable according to the size of their particles impinging on the nerves, so the senses themselves are susceptible of a quantum of delight according to the force of the percussion they can severally support.

But however inferior the pleasures of the sight may be in intensity and liveliness to those which are caused by a stronger action on the nerves, they seem in common with all others to be susceptible of great increase from cultivation. Whenever the eye is exercised in the contemplation of any particular species of object, we find it gradually acquires sensibility to minute beauties which formerly made no impression. See the florist in his garden. How anxiously he watches over their gay productions—how fondly they are cherished—with what rapture they are seen to unfold their delicate beauties! Another class of naturalists have the same

lively enjoyment in contemplating the variegated forms and colours of butterflies, or sea-shells. The taste for visual beauty, being by some accidental circumstance limited to a particular species of objects, whether it be for flowers, medals, birds, horses, furniture, or dress, it in time acquires a preternatural delicacy of perception and discrimination so as in some cases to become the principal channel by which the heart of the votary is accessible to sensual pleasure. We see the same effect of cultivation among amateurs of music whose organs are steadily acquiring accuracy and nicety, and whose susceptibility to the delights of melody and the fuller powers of harmony sometimes attains the strength of a passion. The superior pleasure of the epicure over that of ordinary men is always the result of indulgence and exercise.

The diminished effect of the same objects on the organs of sense, as we become familiarized to them, may at first seem irreconcilable with the increased sensibility from exercise here insisted upon. But the first principle merely regards the identical objects; the second, the general sensibility, whilst the effect of the same excitement may be gradually weakened by use; the excitability to other objects may be augmented. Thus while the habit of contemplating a particular landscape may make us less sensible to its individual charms, the habit of contemplating the beauties of natural scenery every where, may make us more susceptible of pleasure from every new scene.

Admitting this effect of cultivation in improving perception and increasing sensibility, it follows that most of those who have speculated on the subject of visual beauty were not the best qualified to make a correct estimate of the degree of pleasure it was capable of imparting. Their sense of beauty has not only not been increased by exercise, but has in fact been diminished by the nature of their pursuits. The habit of mental speculation blunts the natural feelings of every sort; and though this were not the case, those who have most cultivated the refined moral sympathies will be least likely to feel a lively relish for sensual pleasures. Judging of every object according to its influence on human happiness they gradually become inattentive to so very different a standard of excellence as material beauty, and finally their perceptions of the pleasurable properties of matter, grow dull for

want of exercise. Our minds are capable only of a certain portion of sensation, and whether they be employed in perceptions or reflection, the more pleasure they derive from the one source, the less they can derive from the other. Although there are not many who are so remarkably insensible to the excitement of surrounding objects as sir Isaac Newton was said to be, yet something of the same effect may be expected to take place in proportion as the mind is diverted from observing the sensible properties of bodies to the contemplation of those which reflection suggests. But however it may be with those whose susceptibility of intellectual and moral pleasure have been improved by habit and cultivation, the mass of mankind must ever derive their chief gratification through their senses. To these the glitter of the precious metals—the polish of the various fabrications of art—the clear azure of the sky—the verdant lawn—the blushing rose—the reflected brightness and mingled shades of a fair day—will ever communicate pleasure by their physical effect on the organs of vision. With these the varied tints—the graceful lines, and symmetry of the human face will constitute much of female loveliness, as well when they indicate agreeable moral qualities, as when the sense, inefficient from delight, perceives no indications at all: and mankind will continue to behold with pleasure the evening sun fleckering the west with crimson and gold without thinking of “domineering ambition,” or “exulting vigour,” and enjoy the softer radiance of the moon, unapprised of its “reflecting the promises of heaven in the serenity of its face.” Refined reflections, such as those suggested by the advocates for derivative beauty, are commonly the *inventions* of a tasked ingenuity; but even where they happen to occur to a warm and sublimated imagination, the pleasure they impart is of a placid sort, and does not oftener “rise to an emotion” than that produced by the perception of mere visible beauty.

It is worthy of remark that though much of the pleasure imparted by the eye is, from the clearness and distinctness of its perceptions, the pleasure of the memory or of the imagination, yet these are in turn enhanced by the pleasures of sight. It is the pleasing objects we have seen, or hope to see, or suppose possible to be seen that make a large part of the agreeable materials with which those active faculties fabricate their agreeable images; a

truth well known to the poets by the aid they are continually drawing from visual beauty. They therefore abound in terms and epithets expressing splendour, agreeable colours, and pleasing forms. This species of ornament manifestly constitutes so much of the charm of all descriptive poetry, that some by considering all poetry whatever to be merely a "speaking picture," have precluded themselves from excelling in its higher species, the pathetic and the sublime. By this practice, which is blamable only by its excess, they recognize the numerous and lively organic pleasures of which the eye is universally susceptible. Form, colour, and brilliancy, with their infinite varieties, form, indeed a part of all visible beauty, whatever it may derive from moral associations. The eye true to the laws of its nature never fails to perceive it and to acknowledge its force. The pleasure of viewing an elegant edifice by the warmest idolator of the Grecian forms, is the greater for the clearness and smoothness of the marble. The most masterly exhibition of art in a painting pleases the more for the clearness, brightness, and happy combination of its colours. What constitutes female loveliness according to these refined theorists? The appearances of health, youth, innocence, and gayety. Yet how much is the beauty in proportion to the brilliancy of the eyes, the coral of the lips, the transparent polish of the skin, the regularity and pearly whiteness of the teeth, and such like agreeable qualities which are mere modifications of matter! The primary and derivative pleasures of sight lend new force to each other. While the beauty of mere colour or form gives but a transient pleasure, the beauty of mere utility, or skill, or ingenuity, also affords but a slight gratification, let them but both concur, and a lively emotion of pleasure is produced; in the same way as songs often give great delight to the hearer, when a separate repetition of either the words or the music would be entirely disregarded.

However erroneous and imperfect Mr. Alison's theory may be with respect to *beauty*, it seems perfectly and undeniably just as it regards *sublimity*, which is indeed nothing more than the property of exciting in us ideas of power, danger, vastness, and the like. We have no more organic perception of these qualities than we have of worthlessness, or utility, or benevolence. They are the suggestions of reasoning and reflection, and are perceived by the

mind's eye, but visual beauty and its opposite are perceived by the eye itself.* The fact mentioned both by Dr. Darwin and the Edinburg reviewer that the rattling of a carriage which was mistaken for thunder ceases to be sublime when the mistake is discovered, is conclusive to show that the sublimity is only in the mind of the hearer, but whenever an *agreeable* sound strikes upon the ear, no detection of error as to its cause can in like manner destroy its pleasing effect.

Enough now has been said to show that physical beauty *does* exist—that visible objects often please us by no indirect means, but address themselves immediately to the organs of vision, and excite them to an agreeable action. The materials of beauty are found in every form which matter can assume. In whatever direction the eye is turned it meets with objects to cheer and greet it; and the same inscrutable fountain of beneficence who has painted the clouds, enamelled the fields, polished the surfaces of rivers and lakes, and lighted up the heavens with perennial fires, has made the whole creation “profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight.”

To some this discussion may seem to have been unnecessarily protracted; but when writers of high authority had displayed so much ingenuity in underrating, and almost denying the existence of physical beauty, nothing less than a thorough examination seemed worthy of such respectable adversaries. And the writer is not without his fears that he may be charged with not having said enough, rather than with having said too much, and be blamed still less for prolixity than ill-advised presumption.

* Though, therefore, writers on the subject of taste have found it convenient to divide all objects into two great classes, the beautiful and the sublime, yet in the discussion of this question we cannot safely reason from one to the other.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROPOSED SOLUTION OF THE QUESTION, TOUCHING THE PEOPLING OF THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.

IN the last number of the Port Folio we promised our readers an extract from a manuscript, which has been some time in our possession, purporting to solve the problem touching the original peopling of the American continent. Pursuant to our engagement, we now present them with the following chapter, which we flatter ourselves will be to most of them not only curious and new, but interesting and instructive. We have to regret that the style is not equal to the matter. To speak honestly and without reserve, it stands in need of considerable amendment. Should the respectable author, therefore, determine hereafter to commit his work to the press, we earnestly recommend to him a careful revision of it, a duty which he owes alike to himself and the public. *Ed.*

HAVING now shown* that the difficulties attending the settlement of America by men and animals, cannot be explained by the commonly received opinions, the proper subject of this essay will be entered on, by stating the views we ourselves have respecting it, and which will be presently considered more at large.

We think there is sufficient reason to believe that land once connected America to the old world, in place of which now roll the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Over this continuous land, men and animals passed. This land which, it is probable, was of very considerable extent, was all submerged, except in those parts of it which now appear as islands in those seas.

We shall now proceed to examine the different evidences and circumstances, which appear, to support the opinion just given, as to the division of the earth. And the first authority to be noticed, is a verse of singular expression, in the Mosaic writings: "He was called Peleg, for in his days was the earth divided." Gen. chap. 10. v. 25.

The manner this verse is explained in the different commentaries on the Bible, is certainly incorrect; for they confound it with the events related of the confusion of language at Babel. The celebrated Bryant was the first who showed there was

* In the preceding essay, this being the second of a series on the same subject.

an evident distinction to be made between the event related of Peleg, and that of the confusion and consequent dispersion of man, from the plain of Shinaar. Though we differ from Mr. Bryant's ultimate explanation of the passage, relative to Peleg, still, the arguments by which he proved the verse in question was entirely distinct from the confusion at Babel, are so just, that as far as they go, we shall avail ourselves of his research and opinion.

To show the difference between the event said to have happened in Peleg's days, and that of the confusion at Babel, he remarks, after mentioning from Gen. chap. —

In the days of Peleg was the earth divided: and the sons of Noah were distinguished in their generations, in their nations, and by these were the nations divided in the earth, after the flood, that this is said to have happened, not after the building of the tower, or confusion of speech, but after the flood. But in the history of the confusion at Babel, it is said, "so the Lord scattered them abroad, *from hence* (i. e. from the city and tower) did the Lord scatter them abroad," certainly two different events.

Added to Mr Bryant's observation we remark, that it is the *earth* which is said to have been divided in Peleg's days; in the history of the confusion, it is the *people* who were confounded and scattered; two very different relations, the one of human beings, the other of the earth.

The word Babel means *confusion*—the word Peleg is translated *sever* and *divide*.

As the signification of the word Peleg is of very considerable importance, a minute investigation of it will be entered on.

According to Mr. Bryant, the explanation is, *to sever and divide*.

General Valancey says Peleg means *secare in duas partes*. See Ousely's Orient. Col. vol. ii. 332.

From the kindness of Mr. Van Vleck of Nazareth, Pen. I am enabled to give a more diffuse analysis of the word: he wrote me that the verb *Palag*, from which the noun proper Peleg is derived, signifies in general, to divide something into several parts; more especially considered, it implies, in the first place, *to part asunder, so as to form a passage for something else, in*

which sense it occurs in Job, xxxviii, 25. Secondly, *to separate into different parts, which remove into different directions*. The noun itself considered as a common noun, for as such it occurs in various passages, signifies in general a *stream*, properly of water, &c.

Luther, in his German translation of the Bible, has rendered the passage under consideration thus: "And he was called Peleg, for in his days was the *world* divided." This Mr. Van Vleck considers as an inadvertence, as in the parallel passage, i. Chron. i. 19, he has it, the *land* was divided.

Dr. Clark, whose commentaries on the Bible are now printing, is also of opinion that a *physical* division of the earth is the most probable explanation.

From the etymology of this word, and the general signification of the expression, are we not to conclude, that there is no reference to a division of men, or to a political division of the earth among them, but to a division of the substance of the earth, of the *world*, a division by which not only continents, but perhaps the greater number of ocean islands were formed.

Nor are we without historic traditions and the opinions of learned men, to support the idea: natural causes greatly strengthen it, and without such an hypothesis, many important circumstances are utterly inexplicable. What has been said concerning Peleg, appears to be considerably strengthened by the observation of an ingenious writer, and a fact related by him. This gentleman, Mr. P. Howard, allows about four centuries from the deluge, for the accomplishing some considerable revolutions in the appearance of the globe. He grounds this belief upon seeing that the age of man was curtailed two hundred years from Peleg's time, which is certainly the very probable consequence of bringing a vast body of water to the surface of the earth, which we suppose was occasioned by the sinking of a great part of the terrestrial surface of the globe. This fact is of great consequence, as it comes to the very point of time that this catastrophe is supposed to have taken place.

The celebrated Dr. Burnet, though he does not go any great length with us, still allows several centuries after the deluge,

for considerable changes and alterations of the different parts of the globe. Burnett's Theory, Vol. i. 163.

We have now, from sufficient authority, shown the difference between the confusion at Babel, and the event related of Peleg; and no inconsiderable argument has been brought forward to prove what that event was: now digressing a little, an attempt will be made to show the difference in point of chronology between them, the use of which will be obvious in a future page.

We cannot but support the idea, that the division of the earth which took place in Peleg's days, happened many years after the confusion at Babel. It is true, Peleg's name is mentioned in the chapter preceding the one which relates the history of Babel; but that is of little weight against our assertion. Mr. Bryant, in one part of his works says, "Many things recorded in Scripture are not introduced according to precise method, and the like is to be found in all writings: thus, in Genesis, an account is given of Canaan in chap. ix, and his generation is not related until chap. x." We find also that Nimrod and Ashur are said to have built eight different cities, in chap. x, yet the confusion at Babel, is not related until chap. xi: now assuredly, the dispersion must have taken place before they began to build these cities: these examples are sufficient to prove, that many things are not related in exact chronological order in the Mosaic writings, and also show that there is no positive authority against our supposing that the event related of Peleg, actually happened some years after the dispersion of mankind, from the plain of Shinaar. He was born two thousand six hundred and forty-two years before Christ, and lived three hundred and thirty-nine years; and as Moses only says the division happened in his days, there is great latitude for conjecture. We should suppose that the expression in his *days*, would certainly remove it to a time when he was advanced in life, and not at his birth: therefore, we are inclined to place it as late in his life, as is reasonable and possible, without forcing or stretching the period, thinking it highly probable that the confusion at Babel happened at or shortly after his birth; the division of the earth, near his death, making a period of near three hundred years between the two events, viz.

Peleg's birth, and confusion at Babel, - - 2600 B. C.

Division of the earth near his death, - 2200 B. C.

We have now examined all that sacred writ appears to say relative to our subject. We shall proceed to show, what human records and observation have to corroborate the supposition. Although the story related by the Egyptian priests of Sais to Solon, has been disputed as to its reality, yet some learned men have defended it, and this latter opinion has gained considerably within the last forty or fifty years: no doubt there is something fabulous in the narration; but that there was such an island or continent, is highly probable, and we have within a few years, received no inconsiderable proofs of its actual existence. The relation made to Solon was as follows:

" You Greeks, says the Egyptian, are ever children; an air of youth is visible in all your histories and traditions; your country, from its situation, is forever exposed to those inundations which sweep away the generations of men, and leave no traces of the past. The lofty mountain of the Thebais of Egypt, affords its inhabitants a more secure assylum, and in its temples are deposited the records of ages and nations long buried in oblivion. There have been innumerable deluges and conflagrations of the superficial regions of the globe. Your fable of Phæton setting the world on fire, is founded on some mutilated tradition of one of these grand catastrophes, in which terrestrial things have perished, by the devastation of the igneous element. Your histories, I know, mention only one deluge, but there has been various and successive deluges prior to that mighty one recorded of Deucalion and Pyrrha. There existed an ancient and celebrated people in Greece, the wisdom of whose laws, and fame of whose valour, are renowned in the sacred writings and ancient annals of Egypt. This heroic race, were as highly celebrated for their exploits by sea as by land, as was evident in their arduous contests with the mighty nation who formerly inhabited the vast island Atalantis, now buried in the ocean which bears its name. This island was situated near the streights of Gades; and it exceeded in magnitude all Europe and Asia joined together. It was so called from Atlas, the son of Neptune, whose descendants reigned there in an hereditary line, during a period of

nine thousand years; and extended their sway over all the adjoining regions, for there was an easy passage from this island to the neighbouring islands and continents; and their armies passing over into Europe and Africa, subdued all Lybia, to the borders of Egypt, and all Europe to Asia Minor: in succeeding ages, owing to prodigious earthquakes and inundations, in the space of one day and night, all that part of Greece which your ancestors inhabited was desolated and submerged, and the Atlantic island itself, being suddenly absorbed into the bosom of the ocean, entirely disappeared, and for many ages afterwards, that sea could not be navigated, owing to the numerous rocks and shelves with which it abounded."

As a proof of the existence of this island, or country Atlantis, a Mr. Taylor, who has translated the works of Plato, gives the following relation of one Marcellus, who wrote a history of Ethiopic affairs, according to Proclus, in *Tim.* p. 65.

"That such and so great an island once existed is evinced by those who have composed histories of things relative to the external sea; for they relate that in their times, there were seven islands in the Atlantic sacred to Proserpine: and besides these, three others of an immense magnitude, one of which was sacred to Pluto, another to Ammon and another, which is the middle of these, and is of a thousand stadia, to Neptune; and besides this, that the inhabitants of this last island preserved the memory of the prodigious magnitude of the Atlantic island, as related by their ancestors, and of its governing for many periods, all the islands in the Atlantic Sea." (*See Rees' Cyclop. Art. Atlantis.*)

The Hindoos have in their ancient maps and records, a region called *Atala*, which they assert was sunk by earthquakes. The relater of this circumstance (*See Asiat. Research, Vol. III. p. 300.*) supposes the Egyptians received their history of Atlantis from this, but he does not give a single reason to support that opinion: and the principal point of our theory, namely, that land once existed in the place of the ocean, is considerably strengthened by this Hindoo tradition.

The appearance of the globe in that part in which this catastrophe is said to have happened, has been asserted by some learned men, to bear marks of such an event having taken place;

and that the Canaries, Azores, and Teneriffe,* are nothing else than the tops of mountains belonging to land sunk in the Atlantic Ocean. Buffon says this tradition of the Island Atalantis is not devoid of probability, and that the lands swallowed up by the waters were perhaps those which united Ireland to the Azores, and the Azores to the continent of America.

Mr. Whitehurst says so much in favour of our hypothesis, that we will give the extract in his own words. He was treating on the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, which he asserts is of volcanic origin. "Whoever attentively views and considers these romantic cliffs, together with their exterior appearances, will, I presume, soon discover sufficient cause to conclude, that the crater, whence that melted matter flowed, together with *an immense track of land* toward the north, has been absolutely sunk and swallowed up into the earth, at some remote period of time, and *became the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.*" (See *Whitehurst's Works.*) He also makes an observation, that he was almost persuaded Ireland was originally a part of the island Atalantis."

This opinion of Whitehurst's is highly strengthened by the following remarkable tradition of the old Irish, given by an author of the highest reputation, whose entire work I regret I have never been able to see—The gentleman alluded to is general Vallancey, who says the old Irish relate, "that a great part of Ireland was swallowed up by the sea; and that the sunken part often rises, and is frequently seen on the horizon from the northern coast. In the north-west of Ireland, they call a city of this enchanted island *Tír Hud*, or the city of Hud, believing one stands there which once possessed all the riches of the world. This is a general tradition with them. This island is called *O Breasil*, or *O Brazil*,

* Glass, in his history of the Canary islands, page 232, says the prodigious quantity of calcined stone, ashes, and lava, that cover the greatest part of all the Canary islands, disfigure them much, and render the ground unpleasant; the volcanoes from whence this matter proceeded may be discerned in all quarters of the islands, as also the channels made by the fiery streams that flowed from them; they are full of ashes, cinders, and pumice. I have heard of no volcano burning in Canaria since the conquest. (about 1400 A.D.)

The Azores also bear marks of great and extensive volcanic fires.—(*Herriot's Travels*, p. 14.)

which signifies Royal Island." General Vallancey says, "it is evidently the lost city of Arabian story, visited by their prophet Houd; namely, the city and Paradise of Irem." He compares this tradition with Whitehurst's observations on the Giant's Causeway, and suspects it refers to the *lost Atlantis*." (See *Notes to Southey's Madoc*. vol. i. 238.)

It is very probable, says Mr. Ray, (See *Buffon*, vol. i. 491.) that the islands of Great Britain were formerly joined to France: whether the separation was occasioned by an earthquake, or an irruption of the ocean, we know not, but its former junction is evident from the identity of the rocks and different strata, at the same elevation on their opposite coasts; and from the similar extent of the rocks on each side being both about six miles. The narrowness of the streight, which is not more than twenty-four miles, and its shallowness, when compared to the depth of the neighbouring sea, render it probable that England has been separated from France by some accident. He adds farther, to prove their former union, that wolves and bears once existed in England: it is not probable that these animals could swim over, nor can we be so absurd as to suppose men would transport them over; we must therefore come to the conclusion that there has been an union between the island and continent, which enabled them to pass without difficulty.*

Though somewhat irrelevant to our subject, we introduce the following article from Buffon, as testimony in our favour, of the great changes which have happened in our globe since the *Noachich* deluge. Buffon asserts that the Mediterranean sea is not an ancient gulf, but that it has been formed by an eruption produced from some accidental cause; such as an earthquake swallowing up the barrier, or a violent effort of the ocean occasioned by the wind, and forcing its way through the bank, between the promontories of Gibraltar and Ceuta. This opinion is supported by that of Diod. Siculus and Strabo, who inform us that once the Mediterranean sea did not exist;—it is likewise confirmed by natural history, and observation upon the strata, on the

* Kirwan in his work on geology, says, England and Ireland have been separated from each other and the continent since the deluge.

opposite coasts of Africa and Spain, whereas in the neighbouring mountains, the beds of earth and stone are the same at equal levels. (See *Buffon vol. i. 35.*)

Might not the great convulsion which destroyed Atalantis, also have occasioned the formation of the Mediterranean sea?—It is possible, as that island was in part situated before the pillars of Hercules, according to the Egyptian priest.

We have now shown, that there is considerable argument for our belief, that land once existed in the Atlantic Ocean; we can also show that the countries and islands on and in the Indian and Pacific Oceans give evidence that land was once submerged in those portions of the globe.

The Ceylonese have a tradition, that an irruption of the sea separated their island from the peninsula of India; and a similar tradition is related by the inhabitants of Malabar, in regard to Sumatra.

Pallas gives his opinion that volcanic eruptions have destroyed land that existed formerly between the Philippine, Mariane, and Caroline islands; also between New Guinea, New Holland, the Molucca, and Maldiva islands.

Sir Joseph Banks says, "From many circumstances, it may not be unreasonably supposed that Otaheite and the neighbouring islands are either *shattered remains of a continent*, which some have supposed to be necessary in this part of the globe, to preserve an equilibrium of its parts, and which were left behind, when the rest sunk by the mining of a subterraneous fire: or were torn from rocks which from the creation of the world had been the bottom of the sea and thrown up in heaps to a height that the waters never reach. The sea does not gradually grow shallow, as the shore is approached: the islands are almost every where surrounded by reefs, which appear to be rude and broken, as some violent convulsions would naturally leave the solid substance of the earth."^{*}

* Since writing these sheets, I have found that the inhabitants of Otaheite have a tradition that once the great Gods in their anger, *broke in pieces the whole world, and that all the islands are but small parts of the great lands, &c.* (See *Nature and Art, vol. ix. 66.*)

Here we shall introduce two very remarkable circumstances, which not only support our general theory, but also help to fix the time of this submersion of land.

Father Du Halde says there is in the Chinese annals an account of a great inundation that happened in the reign of Yao, in whose time the real history of China begins, which he says was about two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ.

Again, in the Hindoo records, mention is made that the fourth Menu, *Ta-masa*, derived his name from the universal darkness attending a *flood* that happened in his time, which is said by the Asiatic Society, to have been two thousand four hundred and fifty-six years before Christ.

Now Peleg was born two thousand six hundred years before Christ, and lived three hundred thirty-nine years; so the dates both of the Chinese and Hindoo floods will fall during his life time.

As a collateral argument, we observe that there is a period in the Hindoo histories, which was characterized by the *great earthquakes* that took place at that time, which were sufficient to make an *yug* or age of earthquakes. (See *Hist. Hind.* vol. i. 516.

Clavigero in his History of Mexico, relates, that the Mexicans in their descriptions of the different ages of the world, say that the second age lasted from the time of the *inundation* until the ruin of the giants, and the *great earthquakes*, which concluded the second sun, which they supposed was destroyed at the end of every age.

We must now close that part of our work which goes directly to prove the submersion of land in the sea; and shall only remark, that the considerable number of traditions and facts, having an almost immediate reference to this very ancient time, must strike the reader as no feeble evidence in our favour: their universality also shows how great a body of land must have been destroyed, and we are emboldened to say, from the present appearance of the earth, its islands, and the circumstances connected with them, that we believe there was land of very considerable extent in the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans, no doubt much shattered and broken, yet still not to such a degree as to hinder men and animals from roaming through their extended parts.

During this state of things, or in Peleg's days, two thousand six hundred years before Christ, whilst men and animals were traversing the world, the division of the earth took place, which was about three hundred years after man was forced from Babel. By this sinking of the earth, numbers of men and animals were doubtless destroyed. The new formed islands, however, preserved many, and thus early severed from the rest of the world, these fragments of the human family have remained through successive generations, when the spirit of navigation and modern enterprize, once more united the links between them and their brother men.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REPLY TO FRERON'S CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE.

As far as the following production relates to any thing we have ourselves written, in our editorial capacity, the allusions contained in it are too broad and the observations too general; to be, in any reasonable degree, applicable. From a mere perusal of it, without a simultaneous reference to our own remarks, which it censures so keenly, and more sarcastically perhaps than the occasion requires, our readers might be induced to believe, that we have had the temerity to condemn the writings of Shakspeare *in toto*, allowing to that author no excellence either as a poet or a dramatist. If an appeal, however, be made to his candour—for we know he prides himself, and justly too, on that valuable quality—our correspondent Avoniensis will himself acquit us of so gross a charge. We have never, as we firmly believe, either spoken or written of Shakspeare, the occasion alluded to not excepted, without intermingling in our remarks a due degree of admiration and praise. If we have censured, at times, what we considered as his faults, we have never failed to applaud what must be acknowledged *by every one* to be his transcendent beauties. This we regard as the true province and the indispensable duty of rational criticism. Unqualified praise is not the due of any mortal pen; and there lives, perhaps, no man, to whom such

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an offering is more offensive than to our correspondent himself. If we are not mistaken, we have ourselves profited by what we know to be his sentiments on this subject.

On a dispassionate and we flatter ourselves an unprejudiced reconsideration of our introduction to Freron's critique on Shakspeare, which appeared in the January number of the Port Folio, we perceive no cause to retract a word or sentiment therein contained. We still believe, as we then did, that "*most*" of the sentiments expressed in that article are true; and we stated at the time, that we did not hold ourselves responsible for the correctness of "*all*" of them. If the French critic attaches—as possibly he does—too much importance to the preservation of the *unities* of the drama, the fault is not ours; nor will it, we think, be denied even by Avoniensis himself, that Shakspeare is, in many instances, most culpably regardless of them. With all his witchery, and we readily acknowledge that he has much more of it than any other writer, the great English dramatist is utterly unable, without once moving us from our seats, to transport us, even in imagination, over seas and countries, and to transfer us in an hour from one age almost to another, without doing violence to our feelings and our judgment. In relation even to the "*inspired Shakspeare*" that "*SUN OF THE POETICAL HEMISPHERE*," there exists a forbidden task—a bow of Ulysses, which it was the very essence of temerity in him to attempt to bend. We might add, that such a bow was his frequent, wild, and wanton violation of the *unities* of the drama.

Avoniensis dwells, with no inconsiderable degree of disapprobation, on our declaration that "many persons pretend to an enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of Shakspeare, who do not in reality understand his meaning."

If our correspondent be not himself thoroughly convinced of the truth of this remark, his experience among mankind must be very different from ours. He calls for our authorities—they are too numerous and too palpable to deserve to have either time or words wasted in detailing them. His own English and American coblers, who pay their shillings and half dollars for the privilege of being present at the representation of Shakspeare's plays, do not, one in ten of them, either "understand" or relish the writings of that au-

thor. They are drawn to the theatre by some popular actor, or perhaps by the force of fashion, not by their sense of the merits of the drama. A play written by the author of Tom Thumb, "got up" in a style of great pageantry, and graced in their eyes by the same favourite performer, would probably be much more highly acceptable to them. In asserting, however, that many persons pretend to admire the writings of Shakspeare, who do not understand them, we certainly did not mean to include in that number either Johnson or Pope, Burke or Avoniensis. Yet perhaps an allegation even to that effect might be well sustained, inasmuch as they differ from each other in relation to the interpretation of many of his passages. From the writings of either of these scholars, on the subject of the drama, we are pleased ourselves to derive instruction: by each and all of them we *have* been instructed. But mankind, at large, are made of different materials. They are also very differently educated. "Cobblers," whether in England or America, are but rarely men of mental cultivation: and we contend that without such cultivation the writings of Shakspeare cannot be understood. But both in England and America, to admire Shakspeare is "all the fashion."—With many it is as mere a fashion too, as the shape of a bonnet or the cut of a coat; and, were the fashion to change, they would immediately change along with it, always adopting that which is newest. In matters of literature, it is impossible for the "*mutabile vulgus*" to be actuated by any thing like settled principle. They follow their betters precisely as soldiers follow their officers. Yet in expressing their admiration of the beauties of Shakspeare, they are apt to be enthusiastic and loud precisely in proportion to their incapacity to judge. Avoniensis possesses too correct a knowledge of mankind to controvert or doubt the truth of this statement. We hope, therefore, he will call on us for no further authorities. When Cooke was in Philadelphia, we heard, in walking the streets, a very grave discussion on the merits of his Richard, between a brace of sooty gentlemen of the scraper and the brush. Each spoke in terms of great admiration. Is it at all probable that they either understood or relished the beauties of "the sun of the poetical hemisphere?" We are sceptical as to the fact, although they had, no doubt, paid each his half-dollar for a seat in the gallery, besides risking a broken bone for the sake of procuring it

Another point, and it is the last we shall now notice, at which Avoniensis takes exception, is our intimating that the admiration of Shakspeare is "idolatrous," and that that great writer is regarded by many as something more than a "mere man."

As if other proof confirmatory of the truth of this statement had been wanting, our correspondent has very obligingly furnished some himself. If Shakspeare be indeed an "*inspired*" writer—"the sun of the poetical hemisphere," other poets revolving and, by light borrowed from himself, twinkling around him, then is he, in truth, something more than a "mere man."—He must be an especial favourite of heaven, to whom it is ordained that mankind shall do homage.

But in thus lauding their man of inspiration, perhaps Burke, Montague, and the rest, were conscious, at the time, that they spoke hyperbolically: and, as Avoniensis appears to be himself, in no inconsiderable degree, wedded to an observance of high authorities, we hope he will indulge us in a similar privilege. We frankly acknowledge, therefore, that, pursuant to the example set us by such distinguished writers, and we include in the number our correspondent himself, we used the language of hyperbole respecting Shakspeare, when we intimated that he has been ever regarded as any thing more than a mere man. ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

A brawny Hibernian porter staggering one day under the weight of a huge load, up Cock-spur street, London, happened to meet the celebrated sir Boyle Roach and put to him this question. "Plase your honour which is **HELTTER-SKELTER** street?" Now, there being no street in the map of London bearing that name, had the fellow asked any other man in the world but sir Boyle, he must have gone without the necessary information: but a certain congeniality of thought fired the minds of the worthy pair, and the baronet, without further explanation replied, "Pooh, you blundering blackguard, you mean Pall-mall; there it is before your eyes." The man had been ordered to drop his load in a street which, though written Pall-mall, is always pronounced Pell-mell, and forgetting the word, but remembering the sense of it, made a guess which none but an Irishman would have thought

of, and none but another Irishman could have instantly understood.

I wish I could flatter myself with the hope that it was a congeniality of the same kind which informed the editor of the Port Folio that I meant *Freron* when I spoke of the *nonsense* of the French critics of the beginning of the last century on the subject of Shakspeare.—I certainly had not mentioned that writer's name: and to tell the truth I had glanced at the whole of the article in which he was mentioned in a very cursory way. I thought generally from the piece signed Ed. and the succeeding one signed T. C. that the old business of the unities, the Aristotelian rules, and all the pedantry of the old French school of dramatic criticism were about to be brought forth upon us.—That the worm-eaten bones of Voltaire, and Freron, and Dennis, and Rymer, and all that host of *nomina oblita*, who, a hundred years ago, endeavoured to raise an ignominious name by the defamation of Shakspeare, were to be dug from their interment, and strung up into skeletons, to be danced and rattled before the public, by way of accompaniments to denunciations against that great poet; and with more feeling than reflection, or rather indeed, from mere instinct, I hastily pronounced it *nonsense*.

One of the greatest and best of mankind says that "under the direction of reason, instinct is always right." Even with the very respectable authority of the Editor of the Port Folio against me, therefore, I was not overhasty to believe that the expression was *censurable*, and a very attentive perusal of the whole, convinces me that it was not. Whether it is, that in common with all old men my opinions, like my joints, are grown rigid and less flexible, or that I want taste, or that I am too far gone in old habits, so it is, that I am perfectly insensible to new fangles of any kind—and above all things abhor old French pies re-cooked into new English pastries. The little reading that I have had is mere English.—But then, I have taken it and my little all of knowledge from those whom the world have by common consent, acknowledged to be the best in their respective kinds; and as in the vast multitude of experiments I have witnessed, and in their effects upon the world about me, I see no great advantage either to the heart or understanding in the cultivation of self opinion and con-

fidence, I have learned to call in the aid of high authority, in forming my opinions, and choose to make up my decisions on the principles of those who are allowed to have benefited mankind by their wisdom and virtues, rather than on my own crude notions.—I do not want to be too knowing—and, what is more, I am obstinate enough to be unalterable in these notions, and charitable enough to recommend them to the adoption of all my friends and acquaintances. On reading the reproof of the editor, therefore, which I did not like the worse for showing a bristle of sincerity, I resolved to review the whole article with care, and after severely sifting and discussing my own opinions upon it, to speak with all the candour I should observe on a point in which I had been occupied by no prepossession whatever.

To the extract from Mr. Freron I had addressed myself with a determination to view it with all possible favour.—I read it with much attention, and I am sorry to say that I was so purblind, as to be incapable of finding any opinions worthy of being so greatly admired by the editor. Those of them that happen not to be untrue, a gentleman of his universal reading might have found candidly acknowledged in the writings of Shakspeare's highest English panegyrists—while the rest are evidently designed to reduce a number of the brightest and best men of every generation of English and Americans since Shakspeare flourished, to the state of fools or liars. Johnson, in his inimitable preface to Shakspeare's works, has given four pages exclusively to an open display of our poet's faults: and Mrs. Montague, who brushed away forever, not only the spiders that crawled over his fame, but the very cobwebs in which they crannied, has freely descanted on his faults, and avowed that she did so for the purpose of securing his fame on a sure basis, by preventing the faith of a future sceptical and critical age from being shocked by incredible pretensions respecting him: and yet from the general tenor of the article in the *Port Folio*, we are to infer that the admirers of Shakspeare can be no better than ignorant enthusiasts, or barbarous idolaters, whose admiration of the poet was, like some absurd religious superstition, taken up, merely upon faith, without consultation with the reason.

Though little pretending to letters myself, I have had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with men of considerable emi-

nence in literature.—Many years of my life have been spent among such persons, and I can declare that I never knew one of them who did not admire Shakspeare and Milton, and admire them exactly in proportion to his own talents and erudition.

But where are those people who admire and *do not understand* those poets—how has their ignorance come to the knowledge of the editor? A naked assertion of the ignorance of another implies not only a perfect acquaintance with the mental resources of the persons accused, but in the accuser a competency to form a judgment respecting their intellectual endowments. He therefore who comes forward to the public with such a charge, ought to bring his proofs along with him—the public have a right to insist that he should exhibit his credentials. The editor applauds the production of Freron, among other fine things, for its *intrepidity*; and in the writing before me he seems to rival the Frenchman in that respect; if indeed it is not something more than intrepidity, to say that there exist in the dramas of Shakspeare, *many of the most flagrant faults both in sentiment and style, that are to be found any where in the English language, sanctioned by the approbation of a long and illustrious line of critics, not unfrequently referred to as models of elegant and correct composition, and placed among the flowers and beauties of Shakspeare.*—Now I declare that if I had stumbled upon such an expression myself, I should call it temerity, I should be startled at such an act of rashness, and, indeed, rank it with the renowned Manchegan's adventure of the lions.

But it appears that all those personages great and small who have admired Shakspeare for two hundred years past, up to this day, have laboured and now labour under A SPELL which it is reserved for the editor of the Port Folio and his correspondent T. C. with the aid of Mr. Freron to dissipate. While I confess my doubt of the practicability of such a design, I cannot but admire the chivalrous spirit of the attempt. If I were certain that such a spell did actually exist, I might wish the editor success in breaking it: but I should not mount my Dapple to pad along at the heels of his Rosinante, after such a hopeless adventure. So far from being of that opinion, however, I really think that the kind of admirers of Shakspeare of which he speaks have no more existence in reality than the Dulcinea of our much beloved old friend of the

sorrowful countenance. I venture to affirm that the stringing of pearls and the fine perfumes will, on examination, turn out to be only the winnowing of wheat, and the odours of hard labour.

In the name of all the gods at once, I beseech you, Mr. Editor, let us know who or where those persons are you wish to disenchant, or whom (to use your own words) you would fain induce to "*consider Shakspeare as a mere man, a poet, and nothing more, subject like other men, to the errors and frailties of human nature.*" In the pursuit of your professional avocations, you must have met with maniacs of course—but I dare say that if any such instance of insane extravagance as you allude to had been found among them, it would have had a place in a late famous work on the human mind. As I have never been in the habit of intercourse, however, with the happy tenants of a mad-house, I have never in a long and varied life met with any person who ascribed to Shakspeare a single attribute that was not downright human. Not but I have met people (and who is he that ever went into a crowd without meeting them in abundance) partially deranged with the indulgence of wild fancies, or clouded with the smoke of heterodox chimeras: but I declare I never met a man labouring under so highly sublimated a frenzy as to view Shakspeare in any other light than that of ONE of the brightest of MANKIND; and it is as such, as a mere *fellow* man, that we humble creatures exult in him.—We are proud of our species, even when we cannot be proud of ourselves, while we contemplate such characters as Milton, Shakspeare, Newton, Bacon, and the other *pure intelligences* who buoy us groundlings up, and raise even their calumniators from the mud below. I cannot suppose that any rhetorician would construe the violent epithets of a lively admiration into serious professions of an absurd faith. I have heard our bard called the *inspired* Shakspeare. And I have heard very great men say that his maxims spoke the *language of inspiration*: I have heard the same said too, of old lord Chatham—I have heard it said of Cromwell, but still, as a particular mode of expressing a high sense of their superior sagacity. That very lord Chatham (who by the by was no idolater of other men) called WOLFE a *heaven born general*; and I have heard and read the borrowed figure applied to many people since who had not one spark of ethereal fire about them. But I never

heard of a real apotheosis of any of the parties. In a letter of Burke to Mr. Jerningham, he calls Shakspeare "THE SUN OF THE POETICAL HEMISPHERE"—but no man could or ever did more freely speak of the imperfections of his favourite poet; although he still considered them like those fleeting clouds which, passing between the earth and the great orb of day, neither extinguish its warmth, nor diminish its lustre.—But perhaps MR. BURKE did not understand Shakspeare!

I will suppose, for argument sake, contrary to my conviction, that there have been persons such idiots as to think Shakspeare more than man; and I will then ask, what has that to do with the merits of Shakspeare himself, unless it be to show that he possessed some superior power of agitating idiots, or of making men such; which is much more than his greatest admirers have ever yet presumed to suggest of him. If there really exist such bedlamites, however, the lancet will be a better cure for them than the pen.

I should not have troubled myself with this repetition of unwelcome truths, if the attacks of Freron and other French critics on Shakspeare were alone concerned. The moon is nightly bayed, but with all my regard for that sweet luminary, I feel no pain, unless the noise happens to interrupt my rest. The rays of the sun may be intercepted by a parasol, but no further than the narrow perimeter and the little head and shoulders it shades, while *they* all the time diffuse life and gayety, and warmth and fertility to several worlds. But I cannot witness such wholesale condemnation of men I must ever revere, and with whom I essentially concur in sentiment, offered to the approbation and adoption of the public, without endeavouring to expose its fallacy. And to that end I shall beg leave to call the attention of the reader to some further observations.

"Nothing, says Burke, can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough bred metaphysician." I once *believed* that position, partly on the authority of the illustrious person who uttered it, and partly on the dictates of my own common sense: but I have long been *assured* of it by experience. And Sterne never depicted any thing in better colours than he has that class of men in the character of Wat Shandy, when he makes him

say, "What is a life, brother Toby—nay, what are a thousand lives compared to an hypothesis?" It is for this reason that I pay no regard to metaphysical critics, particularly when they exercise their talents upon subjects to the discussion of which feeling is requisite, as is eminently the case in judging of Shakspeare. The overthrow of established principles, which for their own particular purposes, they call prejudices, is their chief object. They delight in propounding and maintaining paradoxes, and the more preposterous the paradox the better—because more calculated to display the distortions of ingenuity. Besides, on the right side of every question, the whole harvest of fame has been already reaped by the great men of the world, by the wise, the learned, the virtuous, and the religious, so that the minor wits must be content either to glean the trodden stubble, or to put their sickle into weeds and tares. "Who, (says dean Swift) would have ever suspected Asgyll for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these have been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion."

For the compositions of such authors, therefore, I have no liking—I suspect their tendency even before I read them;—I view them at all times with caution and distrust, and, considering the ingenuity they may display only as an aggravation of their evil, I am more averse to them when their authors are said to possess some genius. They shall never have a share in my cabinet counsels; and instead of recommending their writings to the heedless, uncorrupt, but susceptible youth of the nation, I will do every thing in my power to stop their access to them. The principles of modern philosophers, particularly those of the French school of 1790 and upward, shall never find their way into the manual of me or my children, whether exercised on politics, ethics, science or criticism; for, be the subject what it may, they finally contrive to strain it to the purpose of their delusive speculations.

The war against Shakspeare was principally waged by French philosophists and their followers, and chiefly by Voltaire, who, in his great vanity, flattering himself that he had carried away the palm of dramatic poetry from Corneille and Racine, imagined that if he could only persuade the world to believe that Shakspeare was inferior to those dramatists, he should himself stand decidedly at the head of that species of composition. The influence and genius of Voltaire drew over the greatest part of the French wits to his side, and they had the address among them to make it a national concern, so that the destruction of the navy of England was scarcely more an object of French *national* hostility, than was the character of our great poet. I say *our*, for no critic can write down this truth, that Shakspeare is as much the countryman of the Americans as of those who have been born and resident in England.

The overwhelming force of Johnson's writings silenced, for half a century, the anti Shakspearean critics, and the good sense, liberality, and natural justice of the French people, as soon as the effervescence of national feeling subsided, disposed them to a fair consideration of Shakspeare's merits. The consequence was, that several of his plays were translated into French, and some of them were acted with applause in France.—One of the most ingenious and intelligent of their literary men altered *Romeo and Juliet*, and what may surprise certain gentlemen, many of those *idolatrous* admirers of Shakspeare were so little warped by prejudice on the occasion as to allow that in that alteration the scheme and catastrophe of the tragedy were improved. One of the most partial of those admirers, speaking of this alteration, says, "it has all the delicacy, finesse, and truth of the admirable author."

The spoliators of Shakspeare's laurels entangle themselves in a very ridiculous dilemma. In endeavouring to deprive him of one gift, they are compelled to dress him up in another, and a more extraordinary one. They deny that he is the greatest of dramatic poets, and they make him a sorcerer—a magician who, with a figure that he cast more than two hundred years ago, raised a charm—a spell that continues to this very moment to bind down at least nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand that

read or hear his cabalistic words. Even the long and illustrious line of critics are spell-bound, and forced to submit to his influence. The talisman of Aristotle itself cannot remove the Solomon's seal fixed on by this poetical conjurer.—Why, sir, is this reasonable?—is this even doing justice to the common sense of mankind? Have the twenty millions of people who compose the population of Great Britain, Ireland and America, been labouring under an uninterrupted fatuity for centuries?—or, like the inhabitants of the enchanted city in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, have they been turned by the necromancer of Avon into marble, there to remain, staring at each other, till we, of the Port Folio, send forth one or more of our genii to disenchant them? But then comes the universal nostrum—the grand catholicon of bewildered arguers—the refuge of defeated disputants—the forlorn hope of the rash controvertist—*prejudice*. The admirers of *Shakespeare* are prejudiced. To say nothing of the absurdity of a prejudice maintaining its power over a whole nation, and that not a very foolish one, for two hundred years, and extending its influence to all ranks, classes, conditions, sects, sexes, ages; through all changes of time, taste, fashion, and opinions, and equally enthralling all parties, political and ecclesiastical—how can we imagine a prejudice that could not by any possibility have had a motive in any affection, passion, or interest, and which, on the contrary, could not be indulged without considerable pecuniary expense? Why does the cobbler pay down his shilling in Great Britain, or his half-dollar in America, to see *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet*, or *Othello* performed at the theatre? He is prejudiced, is he? By what? by a man who died and was turned into earth before the great grandfather of any one now living was born?—No sir, he is governed by his feelings, which, in such cases, are worth all the dogmas of all the critics from Aristotle and Quintilian, down to the newspaper critic of the day. Why do the wisest, the most learned, the highest in genius and highest in station—why do privy counsellors, statesmen, peers, bishops, heads and fellows of universities, acute discriminating lawyers, grave and learned clergymen, liberal and luminous professors of physic, profound philosophers, voluntarily run their necks into the yoke of this supposed prejudice?—Why, they cannot help it—they can no more resist it, than healthful uncor-

nupted youth can help being comforted by a lovely day in spring, delighted with the smell of a rose or a violet, or struck with transport at the view of a grand and picturesque country. Nature recommends them alike to the heart through the senses, and the intelligence, if unpolluted, backs her recommendation. But a metaphysician will tell you, that it is all prejudice, and all who submit to it are fools. That a fine day is no better than a foul one for planning a paradox or handling the dry bones of a diagram—that to a being of firm unprejudiced *mind*, a rose or a violet can be no whit more agreeable than any other matter producing volatile particles of sufficient pungency to stimulate the olfactories. What, Mr. Editor, shall we trust our lives to those physicians? the making of our laws to those statesmen? the moral conduct of our family to the advice of those bishops and clergymen? or (which will come much more home to the understandings of some of my readers,) our *property* to those lawyers, and yet in the next breath confess we think them mad enough to believe that a wool-comber of Warwickshire, who died two hundred years ago, was more than man—more than poet even—in short a god.

Why sir, these perversions of thought are perfectly unaccountable. Supposing a prejudice so universal, extensive, and durable were possible, (a supposition as preposterous as that I am encountering)—where or how could it have originated in the case of Shakspeare? Did the charm arise from the merits of the wool-comber, or the vigilance of the *horscholder*?—or was it homage to his rank as a deer-stealer?—Yet at the middle time of life we find him emerged from obscurity,—I may add indigence too, and elevated to a high rank in the admiration and esteem of his countrymen of all stations.—We find him at that age the delight of the people at large—the favourite of the great, the virtuous, and the wise, (a consummation not easy to be attained in England,) the head of the drama, even by the acknowledgment of his brother poets.—Was it prejudice, think you, that made the surly and invidious Ben Jonson his panegyrist? Was it prejudice, that raised him to the heart and high opinion of the bright and beneficent Alleyn, the Garrick and the Howard of that day united, and the founder and endower of Dulwich college?—Was it a prejudiced sense of his merit as a player, and a bad one too, that elevated him to a place

in the private friendship, and to bosom intercourse with lord Southampton, sir Walter Raleigh, sir Philip Sidney, and the other worthies of queen Elizabeth's court, as well as to the partial regard of the queen herself?—And was she ignorant?—Was it prejudice that secured to him the still greater glory of a place in Milton's almost celestial numbers,* and so fascinated all succeeding poets, that they seem to rival each other in his praise.

Strange prejudice! that has outlived not only the original affections which gave rise to it and the persons that entertained them, but has gone down to generations who are mingled with the dust of all countries! "*The effects of favour and the traditions of friendship,*" says Dr. Johnson, speaking of this poet, "*have long since perished, and his works are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.*"

But, sir, the oppugners of Shakspeare need not travel so far as France for reinforcements. They will find that among his countrymen there were some few who, though they might not have had the hearts to *feel* our bard, had English enough to understand his language, (which I mean hereafter to demonstrate the chief of French critics did not) and they played Zoilus for want of means to do better. The antiquated lumber of the literary garrets of England, make mention of some insect critics—moths, such as flutter round every blaze of genius, and fall singed to death, at the slightest touch of the flame—feeble, mealy fools, who, as Johnson says on the same occasion, "*being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence through the heresies of paradox,*" some of whom as nameless as the moths to which I compare them, aspired even before he died, to momentary "bad eminence" by attacking his fame. Dennis and Rymer had their predecessors, who endeavoured to tarnish the virtues and the merit they could not comprehend—who represented Shakspeare as "a good kind of man"—"a well intentioned man," but took

* See the L'Allegro of that post.

care at the same time to inform their readers that he was a notorious deer-stealer, and that he turned out a very bad actor. They forgot to add that his polished manners made him the delight of the court, as his poetry did of every man of taste in the nation.

In my next I shall offer some observations on the passages quoted from Freron, and proceed to show what grounds he had for insisting on the superiority of the French tragedies to those of Shakspeare. In the mean time permit me to say, notwithstanding the praises bestowed upon him in the Port Folio, that the argument which cannot be maintained on some better grounds than the authority of that gentleman, will stand but a poor chance of success. He was to Shakspeare in France, what Dennis was in England—and the fate of both was emphatically similar. They worked in the same cause, and they received the very same kind of reward for their labours. Pope made Dennis one of the heroes of his Dunciad, and Freron received the very same compliment from Voltaire.

AVONIENSIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM A GERMAN NOBLEMAN TO HIS FATHER.

MR OLDSCHOOL,

THE following letters from a young German nobleman to his father, contain about as much truth and as valuable information, derived from similar sources, as those travels through this country published by British subjects. The writers, for the most part, who have given what they call descriptions of the United States, resemble the baron in capacity, prejudice, and choice of associates; and their labours, although more copious, are not a whit more important.

LETTER I.

Frankford, June 10.

Most gracious, high, and well-born father,

I HAVE the honour to write you these few lines, which I hope will find you in good health; as for myself, I am remarkably well, although my journey has been very fatiguing. Frankford is in Germany, and of course a very fine city.

You know how much information our cousin the baron collected in America, from inn-keepers and stage-drivers; it is for that reason that I consult almost altogether these intelligent people, and according to the advice of our driver and of Henry, the head waiter at the tavern where I put up, I have sold my carriage. My man Michael tells me what you have so often said before, that it is wiser to put the amount of this vehicle in my purse than to let it be rotting on wheels through the dirty roads; and to-morrow I shall take a seat in the stage-coach, where I cannot fail to meet with genteel society.

Accompanied by the aforesaid Henry, I have been to see every thing worth looking at in this town. The church where the empéror (not that rogue Buonaparte) was crowned; the golden-bull, which, however, has no gold about it; and the Roman mount, which looks more like a market-place than a mountain. Present my love to my sister, Miss Louisa, my aunt, and John George, and believe me, of a high and well-born father, the humble servant and son,

THE BARON DE WITTERWHOL.

LETTER II.

Paris, in France, June 20.

Mon révérend père;

You will see by the three French words above written that I have at last reached Paris. I thought this town had no end to it. I compute that it stands upon as much ground as would bring at least one hundred thousand bushels of rye. We travelled night and day, and through such a multitude of towns and villages, that one should have been the inventor of their names to recollect even the quarter part of those I meant to describe to you. At Strasburg I met at the inn two young Saxons; one of whom gave himself the airs of a Greek from Berlin, and affected to have forgotten his native tongue; the other is a kind of rough animal who has studied at Gottinguen, and asked me whether I was acquainted with the ancients. I believe I can say without vanity that I am, said I; for my father, who is the most ancient of the nobles of the empire, is called the Baron de Hinter at Wilsdeim, and I am Mr. Fritz his son; but, added I, you doubtless know all this as well as I

do." You would have been astonished to see what a foolish laugh he burst into.

I found in the stage in which I travelled from Strasburg to Paris, three amiable Parisian gentlemen. One of them spoke German, and had accompanied a prince on his travels in quality of *gentleman* of the *chamber*: it is a place at court. The other is the first actor of Strasburgh. He himself knows what every one else is ignorant of; and of this I am a tolerable judge, for I saw him pop his head through a little trap door,* and whisper to the performers almost every word they said. The third is a royal clerk of the tobacco warehouses. There was besides these a woman whose black eyes pleased me excessively, although I must own I should have liked to have seen her dress a little cleaner. I am well informed, nevertheless, for she told me so herself, that she belongs to a great family, and she appeared to be under the protection of every officer of the garrison.

No one found himself more comfortable than Michael: he had absolutely nothing to do; for the gentleman of the chamber dressed my hair, and the royal clerk took charge of my trunks every time we stopt on the road, and ran to bespeak the best things for our meals. You may naturally suppose that I was very polite in my turn, and would not suffer these gentlemen to pay a single sou.

But I am not the dupe of my own generous disposition, and did not throw away my money upon this occasion; for I learnt with them three times as much French as it was all worth. They all declared to me that they were astonished at my genius.

In a short time you shall hear from me again. One thing, however, I cannot help mentioning now. This morning I wanted to go into the country to shoot a few partridges, when I was told that it would not be allowed! They must certainly not have found out yet who I am, and consequently do not know that I am entitled to the privileges of the great and little chase: but I intend soon to let them know what an important guest they have in their town.

* The place where the prompter is fixed in France.

LETTER III.

Paris, June 30th.

WE have very fashionable company at our table: three officers decorated with the badge of the legion of honour, pretty indifferently dressed, it is true; but the coat, as we say at home, does not make the man. Along with these is a celebrated lame dancing master, and a famous dentist, who is so skilful, he tells me, that he has drawn three teeth out of his own head without giving himself the least pain. French cookery is very singular: I can't understand any thing about it. Every kind of meat is so disfigured that you think you are going to eat mutton, when you find your mouth filled with fish. It would be better if these people could make our nice Westphalian minced-balls; but they know nothing of this valuable art.

I have been to the opera. When I pull my little dog *Barbichon* by the ear, I give you my word he sings better than they do there. The sun and moon they exhibit are pitiful; but I must do them the justice to say that their lightning is frightful and their thunder good; and if there is not a deal of deception about the actresses, they must be handsome.

I went yesterday to see a tragedy; but although I did not understand what they said, I will never go again. An old man in a black coat, who sat next to me, cried like a child. I would not have them believe that I mean to give them my money to be set a crying as if I had been flogged. I prefer our smocking houses a thousand times over. There the French never come, and one is not in danger of forgetting one's mother tongue.

Last week our ambassador invited me to dine with him. Here were ceremonies without end; yet, notwithstanding all his complements, I was half tempted to let him know my way of thinking. He told me he wished to introduce me into good society, and to form my manners; but their good society, as they call it, does not please me: it is kept in houses as large as churches with a court yard in the middle as silent as the grave; no fowls, no pigeons, no dogs, not a living thing in them. Oh, what can compare with dear Germany!

He asked me whether I was not learning French? I told him I was going on slowly, but that I should begin in earnest

whenever I could find time. And what's the reason these people don't learn Geman? At this dinner I saw women painted red and white and covered all over with varnish. I have not yet seen a single inch of a French woman's skin in its natural state. Every thing is deception in this country: If I was to marry here, I would take great care to conduct my intended to a basin of water to see whether she did not discolour it when she washed.

After dinner some liqueures were handed about, but in such minikin glasses! about the size of my aister's thimble; and when I asked for the tumbler out of which I drank my beer, they all laughed like a set of fools.

In this ridiculous town the coachmen is decorated with a wig and bag, while his master visits in an undress. The prevailing colour here is called goose-dung. (*Merde-d'ore.*)

LETTER IV.

Paris, August 1st.

*Of the empire free—high and well-born,
Sir, gracious father,*

At last I am able to translate your titles, though not without much difficulty, as the French are in common conversation nothing more than *Monsieur*, or at most *Monsieur*; and no one here can have an idea of what an empire free, high and well-born means. Your grace may perceive by this that I pay some attention to the French language.

You would laugh heartily if you were to see me in my present dress. They have squeezed me into a tight coat that holds me in spite of myself in a fashionable attitude, but strains and pinches me so, that every time I move it creaks like my new shoes. Oh, tell Louisa she should see my foot in one of these fine shoes: it is not so big as her own, and I go hobbling along in dreadful pain, although I strive bravely to appear perfectly at my ease in them. Under this tight coat is a little jacket that they call here the *bourbon vest*. Baboon would have been a better name, for it makes a man look like a monkey. Poor Michael falls off daily, and is always sick. The lean meat here does not suit him at all, and they have persuaded him to let his whiskers grow, so as to meet at the tip of his poor peaked chin, and every time I look at him, I am ready to split my sides a laughing.

I went into a shop to-day and bought an image, which I design to send you. It represents a senator whose head is always nodding in sign of consent. The shopman told me that this figure was made to represent one of Bonaparte's senators; but, added he, it answers very well for those of the present day, for these gentlemen always say aye to the powers that be, provided they retain their rank and pay.

I have taken a dancing master. He seems quite pleased with me, and tells me that we Germans have stronger ham-strings than the French for making a perpendicular upon one leg. The facetious rogue wanted to twist my knees round and force my toes out; but I soon let him know the weight of my hand, and do not expect that he will try that part of his business again.

You wish me to write you something about these people.—The French, one and all, are small and lean, and take snuff from morning to night, talk and laugh incessantly without stopping to listen a moment to any one: eat fast and much: dress in silks of all sorts of stripes and colours: bathe their linen in twenty kinds of perfume, and save the cost of all this finery out of their wine, which they have no notion of relishing as we Germans do. When they entertain, they turn their upper servant's room into a dinner parlour, and give you cold crabs and dull knives, or, as frequently happens, no knives at all. The ladders in our hen-houses, are cleaner than their stair cases.

A few days ago I became acquainted with count Nivello, a most agreeable Italian gentleman, who, however, does not speak our language with great purity; yet, I comprehend him very tolerably well.

PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

The following letter will be read with emotions of pleasure and surprize by those who have heretofore mourned—not without strong apparent ground—over what they considered the wretched condition of France, induced by the unprecedented war which she has so long sustained. Nothing can exhibit in a stronger point of view the spirit and resources of that wonderful country.

ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR—A friend of mine, well acquainted with France before the revolution of 1792, and who has lately made a trip to that country from England, writes to me on his relanding in England by letter dated October 7th, 1814. I send you all that he says on France; and your readers may implicitly rely on the accuracy of the account so far as he gives it from his own observation.

Carlisle, Dec. 14, 1814.

T. C.

“I shall proceed to give you some information respecting the improvements I observed in my late trip to Paris, which has been a very pleasant one.

“At Havre I noticed very large piers, a very large wet dock finished, and another just begun, which with the old docks would make Havre equal to Liverpool. I was informed that similar improvements were making in all the ports of the Channel, and I found it to be so at Dieppe. I crossed over to Honfleur; from thence to Caen, to see our friend Mr. R. I travelled along a magnificent road, of which about twenty miles were quite new, being opened about six months ago. The country was delightful; well cultivated; no waste land to be seen. At Caen, the lace manufactory is carried on to considerable extent. I became acquainted there with M. S. a very respectable Protestant clergyman. On remarking to him that I saw very few beggars now, whereas the cities used to be crowded with them, and that the people were in general well clothed, he told me that there was not now one fourth of the number of beggars that there were before the revolution; that the people were better fed, better clothed and better paid for their labour. This he accounted for in a great measure independent of the war, by the division and cultivation of the large domains belonging to the crown, the cler-

gy and the nobility. He rejoiced in the destruction of Bonaparte's power, but acknowledged that he had done great things for the country. I spoke of the conscription: he said the conscription itself, as a war measure was not much complained of; nor did he ever see any such disinclination to the service as was represented in the English prints; while it only amounted to one in fifty of the population, it was not much spoken of as a grievance; but latterly complaints were common, inasmuch as it amounted to one in thirty-five, and married men had been called upon to act as national guards, and were drafted into the line. Last year also the *rent foncière*, or land tax, had been increased one half.

The loss in men from the beginning of the revolution to the present time, was usually calculated at four millions; but it appeared from authentic statistical documents, that the population within the bounds of old France was one eighth greater now than at the commencement of the French revolution. He stated as a fact completely within his own knowledge, that he had baptized and there had been registered as many children within the last two years, as in the preceding ten. There are neither poor laws nor poor rates now in France. There are noble establishments for the really necessitous, but every beggar is taken up and made to work, and paid according to his work. Indeed in Paris, there is scarcely a beggar to be seen, though they now begin cautiously to reappear. In Bonaparte's time there were none. He furnished employment for the people in so many useful undertakings, and provided establishments where the really impotent were supported. Our friend R. informed me, that notwithstanding the amount of the *rent foncière*, the real taxes upon an estate of 400 acres were not the one half of what the proprietor of such an estate would pay in England. He lets his land at the rate of five pounds sterling per acre, owing, no doubt, to the market of Caen. I will send you a list of every description of tax he pays.

From Caen to Paris is a most delightful country, and the roads in excellent order. The French Diligence is not so elegant as the English, but it is in reality much more commodious. I paid thirty-six livres (thirty shillings sterling) for 56 leagues. We had excellent dinners and suppers along the road, of ten and twelve dishes, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl, and a desert with

plenty of wine, for ten livres, or eight shillings and four pence sterling for three persons, including, servants.

"At Paris I was greatly struck with the improvements since my time. Besides the palaces, which are beyond any description I can give of them, many useful works have been completed, and many more begun and are now going on, excepting those which Bonaparte intended to commemorate his own exploits. Fountains, bridges, quays, large and commodious market places, halles (such as the halle au bled or old corn-market) for the sale of wine, corn, cloth, leather, &c.—granaries for the storing of corn, large and commodious slaughter houses out of the city bounds, for within the city they are prohibited—new streets opened, old one's widened—these, with various other improvements, show that nothing escaped the attention of Bonaparte—whatever my opinion of his conduct may be in other respects, his unremitted attention to useful improvements deserves great praise.

"At Rouen, the cotton works are greatly increased, and all the people in full employ. It is found that they can undersell the English. It is calculated that the cotton manufacture alone furnishes employment to more than four hundred thousand people. I was much struck with some of their articles of cotton manufacture, particularly their shawls."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EDINBURGH AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

With two attempts at imitation.

(Concluded from page 65)

Art. II. *Remarks upon Article vii. in No. 31 of the Edinburgh Review. By the author of a "Reply to the Calumnies of Oxford."* 8vo. Oxford, pp. 112.

When will this dung-hill cock have ceased to "scream harsh horror from his discordant throat?" We supposed" (*Here the sheet terminates.*)

Here ends the specimen of Scottish criticism. I would say one word on the grossness of the allusions which appear in some parts of this burlesque. If any one imagine I have done injustice to the fastidious delicacy of the Edinburgh Review, let him only refer to the article of Styles on methodists, to the reply to the Oxford tutor, and indeed to almost every number which was issued before the publication of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and he will there perceive that my caricature, though deeply coloured, is not much distorted.

The Quarterly Review has not quite so marked a character as its celebrated rival. Instituted, as it was, for almost the professed purpose of counteracting the enormous influence which the latter was acquiring in the united kingdoms, the most natural and effectual method was, to adopt the same plan, and assume the same array, which had met with such uparalleled success. Hence we find in it a corresponding selection of topics, similar trains of disquisition, and a strength of thought, that ought to be said not so much to have been *borrowed* from the Edinburgh Review, as it was the result of the progressive improvement of the human intellect, and of a certain masculine way of handling literary and philosophical subjects, which it was the *good fortune* only of the Edinburgh Review first to exhibit to the world. Still the new champions for ancient English establishments and principles, would disdain to be *close* imitators of their antagonists and it was necessary to have some difference in their respective armor, in order to place Trojan and Tyrian in a due light of discrimination. If I am not mistaken, the principal traits of distinction between these two reviews are the following: The Quarterly has more erudition, the Edinburgh, more philosophical investigation;—The passion of the Quarterly is the pride of literature, that of the Edinburgh, the perversity of logic;—The Quarterly rather affects to be popular, the Edinburgh would be thought independent;—the Quarterly frequently exhibits traits of genuine and delicate humour; of that quality the Edinburg is almost entirely destitute, its wit being seldom otherwise than broad and obstreperous. In matters of taste, the Quarterly may boast the greatest polish and delicacy of the faculty itself; but the Edinburgh far exceeds the other in subjecting taste to a most comprehensive

analysis. The former seems to possess the brightest* visions in literature: the latter, the nicest and remotest ken. The other marks of distinction between them I will not enumerate, as they arise rather from the different causes in politics and religion, which each has espoused, than from any intrinsic qualities of the works themselves. It is time to proceed to the individual peculiarities of the Quarterly, which I shall immediately attempt to expose in another mock-review.

The minute and frivolous descriptions to be found in the following article, are intended to burlesque a certain writer in this Review, whom I should suppose to have walked all over England, and looked into every cranny of vulgar and mechanical life. His lucubrations are filled with a kind of useful commonplace knowledge, which would very well fit a kitchen Cyclopædia.† In one number, he carries you into an English man-of-war, and acquaints you with every beam and cable there; he astonishes you with disquisitions on the dry-rot, and teaches you the best mode of jointing timber, till you absolutely forget that you are a literary loungeur, and imagine yourself a hopeful apprentice, poring over *the Ship-carpenter's manual*, in order to be qualified for service in his majesty's docks at Greenwich. In another number, the same omniscient and sociable companion takes you by the hand, and carries you into every hovel from Land's-end to Caithness, stopping occasionally as you proceed, at a methodist love-feast, or listening to old women who sing your litanies and ballads. I will not be positive, though I would not hesitate to express my belief that the Reviewer, who makes all

* By *bright visions in literature*, I mean the quick perception of beauties in other authors, and not the conceptions of genius itself.

† It was this same writer who, in the twentieth number, obliged the world with an article on America, against the malice of which we should feel the deepest indignation, did we not conceive the most utter contempt for its ignorance. And yet, when we think how wilful that ignorance must have been, our indignation returns, though our contempt by no means diminishes. It is somewhat consoling after all, to reflect that the Billingsgate and foulness and falsehood of the lowest of our own prints are *sometimes* outstripped by the courtly oracles of literature and civilization in polished Europe.

this "hawing and humming," in the language of Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, "is only Bob Southey." Thus far for the parade of minutiae, which will be seen in the following article. The next object of imitation is their occasional vain display of erudition. I do not know enough of Chinese, Mr. Oldschool, to checker your pages with the senic-hieroglyphical figures of that language, but have presumed that the Hebrew would be quite as acceptable and unintelligible to your readers. Let any one witness the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, (Nos. 6, and 10,) while turned over at three or four rods distance, and he will understand the reason of my introducing such a profusion of Hebrew in the following critique. As for the rest, I have slightly glanced at their exuberance in Latin quotation, at their bigotted attachment to the church of England—and the sheet abruptly breaks off in one of those peevish attacks on the *Edinburgh Review*, which began with their first number, and have been fretfully persevered in, through every succeeding one, up to that which now lies on my table.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Art. —. *The Locksmith's Vade-Mecum,* or, an Essay on the Construction, Antiquity, and Excellence of the Lock and Key.* By J. J.—*Locksmith to his royal highness the prince of Wales.* London, 4to. pp. 48. Murray.

"Of all animals, man has the most invention. Much, indeed, is ascribed to the fox; much to the monkey; much to many other breathing beings; but it may perhaps be safely asserted, that man justly claims the preeminence over them all, and stands unrivalled and alone in point of intellectual acuteness. He, as Horace says,

—micat inter omnes, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

It is man who ranges through the extensive and variegated fields of science; he unlocks all her secret recesses; he unlocks the hidden treasures of nature; he unlocks the wonderful penetralia of art; he unlocks — but this reminds us of our subject.

* This article is fanciful.

"The lock and key are justly considered as the most complete instance of inventive ingenuity, that many centuries have produced; so simple in the structure, so efficient in the design, and so secure in the operation, that they may without hesitation be pronounced the *chef d'œuvre* of smithery. What inconceivable delicacy and art are employed in their conformation; what exquisite management is requisite in contriving and varying the wards, springs, bolts, &c. and adjusting them to the places where they are to be used, and to the various occasions of using them.

"The author of the work under review, is a man of no common pretensions. Possessed of a strong and original genius, the bias of which turned rather to the intricacies of mechanical arts, than to the refinements of literature, he was early placed as an apprentice to one of the most celebrated gun-smiths of the metropolis. Here he was imbued with an enthusiasm for his profession, which led him to study it scientifically; and the result of his investigations in that interesting department of art, was the well known treatise on gunnery, which obtained the medal of the Royal Society of Smiths, and secured to the author an imperishable name. On the lamented demise of his majesty's late excellent Locksmith, every eye turned, as it were, instinctively on Mr. J. J. All knew and deplored the circumstance of his particular business, and felt the absurdity which would seem to flow from placing a gun-smith in the vacant office of a locksmith. But the feelings of the British people, when left to their spontaneous operation, universally surmount the most established prejudices; and the magnanimity of the British court knew too well how to dispose of its patronage, to pass over such shining merit, for the trifling, and almost nominal difference between the two professions. The consequence was, that Mr. J. J. was appointed to the station for which he was so eminently fitted, and his unremitting assiduities to his new employment, have been the best test of his gratitude towards his royal highness. That the world may know how judicious and unerring is the discernment of a British prince, we felt it our duty to turn the attention of our readers to the merits of a new production from the same hand which executed the Treatise on Gunnery. The subject should be made popular; and we shall be well rewarded for our exertions, if we can throw any light up-

on its obscurest parts, and by supplying the deficiencies occasioned by the very limited education of Mr. J. J. induce throughout this mighty empire, a more general attention to the Lock and Key.

"We were sorry to observe an entire absence of method in this otherwise excellent production. But as it often falls to the lot of reviewers to be obliged to bring order out of confusion, we proceed with no great reluctance to the task of reducing the crude materials before us to an intelligible system. And first, we will begin with the lock.

"From the various structures of locks accommodated to their different intentions, they acquire different names. Those placed on outer-doors are called *stock-locks*;—those on chamber-doors, *spring-locks*;—those on trunks, *trunk-locks*, *padlocks*, &c. Of these, the *spring-lock* is the most considerable, both for the frequency of its use, and the curiousness of its structure. Its principal parts are the main-plate, the cover-plate, and the pin-hole: to the main-plate belong the key-hole, top-hooks, cross-wards, bolt-toe or bolt-nob, draw-back, spring-tumbler, pin of the tumbler, and the staples;—to the cover-plate belong the pin, main-ward, cross-ward, shank, the pot or bread, bow-ward, and bit.—Sometimes is connected with the spring-lock a latch, which is extremely convenient, as it saves the trouble of purchasing two articles at different times, and the expense of putting them on separately. Most generally to these latches are attached *brass handles*, which are liable to no inconvenience, except that the screw which fastens them gets sometimes worn out; in which case the handle comes off, and leaves nothing but a little iron stem, over which the hand has no power;—as is the unfortunate predicament at this moment of the lock on the door which opens into the chamber of the writer of this article.*—But to proceed; most *trunk-locks* are made of iron throughout; some, however, are constitu-

* That the Quarterly Reviewers are fond of indulging the public with their *private* concerns and adventures, may be seen in several parts of their work, particularly in the review of Herrick's Poems, No. 7, art. 2. However, no one regrets to be made acquainted with incidents attached to such high and awful personages; the only question is, as to the *propriety* of their introduction, and whether a "Review" be the legitimate vehicle for *self-biography*?

ted of brass. *Padlocks* partake of the same diversification. Some locks admit of only one turning of the key; others admit of two. Spring-locks are generally connected to the door by means of screws; these we would describe, as well as the screw-driver, most minutely, did not our limits urge us to consider the key.

“Many suppose that the key is of modern date, and that it was entirely unknown to the ancients. But we are of opinion that attentive examination will show this opinion to be fallacious. Not to mention the high probability that Tubal-Cain, that antediluvian instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, used to manufacture this kind of instruments,—a little philology may give us some light on this point. The frequent occurrence of the word כֶּח (*keh*) in the Scriptures, and the probability that keys must have been used in ancient times, at least, if for no other purpose, to secure the door of the ark amidst the horrors and dangers of the flood, induced us to resort to our lexicons. We were there in many instances confirmed in our conjectures. The word כֹּח (*kuch*) signifies *vigour, power, strength, force*. And what vigour, power, strength, force can equal that of a lock and *key*? Again; the word כָּחַח (*ke-eh*) is translated to *restrain*, in i. Sam. 3, 13. Now nothing so effectually restrains lawless violence and skulking robbery as locks and *keys*. Once more; a certain Hebrew lexicographer derives from לָקַח (*le keh, Fr.*) which signifies *to take, to rective, to retain*; &c. the word קֶח (*Queh*) which is undoubtedly correct. But he translates this word *prison*, because it takes and detains men. Now we would ask whether the prison detains men, or the lock and *key* attached to it. For by a single simple operation of the *Queh*, or as it is now corrupted, *key*, the man is restrained from escaping, and a similar operation liberates him, without any regard to the prison walls. The *key*, therefore, being that which detains men, is the proper translation of קֶח. We would infer from all this the great antiquity of the lock and *key*, and the consequent veneration that ought to be paid to it.

“But to those who deny this venerable property to keys, it will be useful to corroborate the above account by citations from profane writers. L. Molinus has given to the world a treatise of *keys, Declavibus veterum*. This work was printed at Upsal. The author derives the Latin name *clavis* from the Greek, κλῆις, *clau-*

do, I shut;—or, perhaps, with less ingenuity and probability, from *clam*, privately.

“The invention of keys is owing to one Theodore of Samos, according to Pliny and Polydore Virgil; but this must be a mistake, the use of keys having been known before the siege of Troy;—and to recur once more to the Bible, how did Lot keep the detestable miscreants of Sodom without his house, unless locks and keys were at that time in use? Molinus is of opinion that keys at first served only for untying certain knots, with which they anciently secured the doors; but the Laconic keys he maintains were nearly similar in use to our own. They consisted of three single teeth, and were made in the figure of an E, of which form there are some still existing in the cabinets of the curious. There was also another key, called *καλαγγρα*, made in the manner of a male-screw; which had its corresponding female in a bolt affixed to the door.

“One word more respecting its antiquity. Is it not probable from the form of the letter K, which so closely resembles a key, and the great similarity of the sounds *ka* and *key*, that the latter was in use when the former was invented. It is certain that Hebrew letters derived their names from the names of sensible objects which they resembled; as *א*, *aleph* a bull's head, *ב* *beth*, a house, *ג*, *gimel*, a camel, &c. &c.; and why not in the Italic K, *ka*, a key?

“Before we dismiss this article, we will close with a reflection or two relative to the subject. Let it be remembered, that it was the British government which patronized the profound author of the Treatise on Locks and Keys; and that it was the British government also which issued a patent lately to another ingenious manufacturer, who contrived a lock on new and simple principles, which we shall take the first opportunity to lay before our readers. In the mean time, let the inhabitants of these islands bear in mind how much they are indebted to a wise and provident ministry for a great portion of the happiness they enjoy. That ministry has condescended to take under its patronage, the Lock and Key; and it is to locks and keys that life owes its security and bliss. Millions of money, by one twist of a key, may be put out of the power of every accident;—may be secured from fire and from thieves. Our safety by night, and often our tranquillity and

enjoyment by day, are owing to this simple instrument. When the door is locked, who but feels secure? who does not hug himself in peace and satisfaction? Yes, the lock and key are indisputably the basis of the happiness of life;

“neque mordaces

Aliter diffugiunt solitudines.”

Under their protection, no vile intruder can break on our peace, and disturb our domestic joys. All we may then fear is *pallida mors*;—death, indeed, as the divine Horace expresses it, *æquò pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres*; he knocks at the door of the cottage or the palace, and enters too, notwithstanding all the locks and keys that man can invent. We say, that man can invent, because the conviction on our own minds, and we presume on the minds of all who have examined the subject with due attention, is that the keys of heaven and hell are entrusted to the church of England, the sole and legitimate successor of the apostles, with Peter at their head. Even death, therefore, is not to be feared, by those who are within the pale of the established church. There is a set of malignant critics in the north, however, whose drops of caustic satire have been liberally shed for the purpose of” ———— (*The sheet closes here, but the catch-word is innovation.*)

I had partly prepared myself, Mr. Oldschool, to defend the legitimacy of several points of burlesque in the foregoing article. But as it would encroach too much on your valuable limits, and seem to be like affixing a title to my own daubing, I have left it to the decision of those who are familiar with the work in question, and who can judge better from the whole spirit of the imitation, than from any individual passages which could be specified. In the mean time, let me not be considered as endeavouring to throw contempt on the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Had not my ideas of their excellence been unutterably exalted, and had I not conceived them to be standing monuments of the astonishing advances which literature and science have made in the present century, they never would have drawn my attention to their faults, nor would the honour of a place in your pages been now solicited by, Mr. Oldschool,

Your sincere friend and admirer,

A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—ON SPURIOUS WORDS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

There appears, in the Port Folio for July, a paper subscribed W. A. in which the author becomes the advocate of certain words, which, in a former number, I had presented at your tribunal as trespassers upon the English language.

I acknowledge that, when I noted those inaccuracies, which occurred to me in the course of casual reading, I did not expect to alarm so formidable an adversary, who appears to have bestowed upon philology "his days and his nights." But, perhaps, the very circumstance of my having interfered with a branch of learning in which he is so deeply studied, has occasioned the acrimony of his reply; for I did not consider, that he who attempts to engage, however slightly, in a work, at which he has neglected to serve a regular apprenticeship, must expect the vengeance of all the trade.

But my indulgent correspondent has courteously allowed me the liberty to vindicate myself, which I will proceed to do, without further premises, unless you, Mr. Oldschool, should refuse me equal indulgence, under the impression, that too many of your valuable pages have been already devoted to this subject.

And first, let me ask my sagacious opponent, what duration of residence, agreeably to the established laws of *naturalization*, is sufficient to convert *aliens* to *natives*? when he shall have discovered this, he may with propriety exclaim *Ευρηκα! Ευρηκα!*

My antagonist calls forth as authority, the giant of literature.—"Single words," says Dr. Johnson, "may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same; but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns."—In the first place, I would inform our censor, that, since the holy tribunal of the inquisition is in this country unauthorized, I do not feel myself compelled to attach implicit faith to all the dogmas of either Johnson or any other person:—and I would add, that this very Dr. Johnson owes more of his reputation, as a correct and elegant writer, to the judicious selection of his words than to their accurate and splendid arrangement—more to the "single stones of the building, than to the order of the columns." Dr. Johnson, or our author

may as well assume, that *points* are unnecessary in the composition of a *line*, as, that a proper selection of *words* is not requisite for the formation of an elegant sentence. But here my argumentative correspondent proceeds, "when a word has been used by two or three good authors, it becomes legitimate." Indeed! "surely it is now my privilege" to hazard a round assertion—when an illegal act has been committed by two or three good men it becomes legal. Who does not immediately perceive the parallel between these assertions? And with arguments similar to these, our ingenious reasoner proceeds to the close of his preliminary observations:—assuming conclusions without premises, and laying down premises from which no conclusion can be drawn.—Such are the following:—That, because "language is in a state of incessant fluctuation, there arise anomalies which no notoriety can correct; and which cannot be reduced to regularity"—yet, instantly acknowledging, that "the grammatical errors of the writers who lived in the reign of queen Anne, have been discovered and avoided by those of a more modern date"—and that "the language" (and language is composed of words) of our day is much more refined than that of Addison's."—"But, *ne quid nimis*."

Our counter-critic now commences "feasting with a rancorous rapture upon the—catalogue." As he does not remember to have met with the term *unsatisfactoriness*, let me first inform him, that he may find it in the Edinburgh Review. I cannot immediately recollect the number, but in the article, "Miss Edgeworth's Tales." The defence which is set up for this word is, that "it expresses an idea which is but indefinitely denoted by its usual synonyme *dissatisfaction*." Why so?—only because this *dissatisfaction* has been perverted to denote a *positive* idea, while it is merely a *negative* term, intended to express only the *absence of satisfaction*. Now, since *unsatisfactoriness* and *dissatisfactoriness* can express no more nor less, I maintain that they are synonymous.—Johnson, Boyle, and W. A. to the contrary notwithstanding.

My correspondent appears to have been before informed, that *Edinburgh* is an improper substitute for *Edinburgh*; and while I have unfortunately failed to add any thing to his information, he has, with a noble generosity, become my gratuitous instructor, teaching me, what I confess I have now learned for the first time,

that *Fildelphy* and *Lunun* are the English names of *Philadelphia* and *London*. But jesting apart, let me ask this writer if he has not, more than once, seen *Edinburgh* written, and heard it pronounced for *Edinborough*; and if he has ever known the others to be written in a serious composition, or pronounced, but by the vulgar, *Fildelphy* and *Lunun*?

The only apology which my correspondent offers for *perfectability* and *excitability* is, that the latter has been used by Dr. Rush, an authority which *he* (and I believe he alone) deems much less exceptionable than Fisher Ames. But admitting it had been used by hundreds less exceptionable, I repeat, that the adoption of a word by any writer or number of writers, does not render it unexceptionable.

I am at a loss to discover upon what ground this writer coincides with my opinion of *inurned* and its opposite *uninurned*; for having adopted the principle, that custom or use, establishes the propriety of words, I know no case to which it will apply with so much justice as to this; custom having invariably given currency to these words, which my opponent consents to discard.

Although the writer does not directly *admit*, yet he is "not prepared to *deny*, *deception* and *deceit* are in the main synonymous." Well—This is *prima facie* evidence, that *conception* and *conceit*, *reception* and *receipt* are so likewise. But "*conception* in its primitive import, signifies gestation"—and might not *conceit* as well have signified gestation? for I believe *conceit* and *receipt* to have been members of the English language long before the admission of *conception*; and *reception*; and, that it was not until the former had been improperly perverted that the latter were tolerated. I still contend, that *conception* was derived originally, if not immediately, from the verb *to conceive*; for although the writer says, that "it comes rather from the Latin term *conceptio*, which latter noun is analogically derived from the supine *conceptum*, coming from the verb *concipio*"—yet this verb *concipio* signifies *to conceive*, and from it *conceptio* and *conception* are acknowledged to be derived. In the quotations which my correspondent has adduced, I can see no reason why *conceit* might not be substituted for its synonyme, if we attach to it the idea which it ought, and, without doubt, was originally intended to convey. If the French have

their *conception*, and the Spanish their *concepcion*, they are intended to signify equally *conception* and *conceit*;—nor can *sententia* or *penseé*, with rigid propriety, be thus rendered. With the Portuguese language I have no acquaintance.

To *reception* and *receipt* the writer applies the same remarks exemplified by similar quotations, and pursues their etymology through the various inflections of several languages. Of course the same answer will apply to these as to the others. I will only add, that the French *reception* and the Spanish *recebimiento* may, with as much propriety be rendered *receipt* as *reception*; and that the word *recibido* which is here rendered *receipt*, is the past participle of the verb *recibir*, signifying received, and that it cannot be otherwise rendered; without the most egregious misconstruction.

Again I am so fortunate as to be in opinion with our linguist with regard to the connexion of the preposition *from* with the adverbs *hence*, *thence*, and *whence*. But, he says, it is not to my sagacity that he is indebted for the discovery; for the error had been noted long before, &c. I acknowledge it:—and only regret that it had not as long before been corrected. For it is not, as the writer suspects, “too deeply rooted in our language to be eradicated;” and although he may “produce examples of it from the writers of the days of James and higher, down to our own”—though “there is scarcely one good writer who has not used it”—yet it is far from being “rendered familiar by the irresistible law of custom.” So far, that I may venture to assert,—there is not a tolerable writer whom it ever escapes, without the most unwarrantable inadvertence to his pen. It is an erroneous remark of Dr. Campbell, that “it has arisen from a servile imitation of the French *d’ou*, *d’ici*, *de là*, &c.” for these words signify not *from whence*, &c. but *from where*, *from here*, *from there*, and are the synonyma of our *whence*, *hence*, and *thence*. I cannot conceal my astonishment, that this writer who appears so eminently versed in various languages, should become so strenuous an advocate for this palpable redundancy, as to qualify the acknowledgment, “that it ought to be banished from the language.” I can readily relieve the “peculiar anxiety” of my correspondent, by informing him that I have “happened to dip into a certain work called the Philosophy of Rhetor-

ic;"—and had *he* done more than *dipped* into the second chapter of the second book he would scarcely have been so acrimonious in censuring my attempt at verbal criticism.

I have no further remarks to make upon the communication of W. A. than to assure him, that whatever appearance of sarcasm it may bear, I have written nothing but with the most perfect good nature;—that far from feeling animosity towards him, I am rather grateful for his endeavour to enlighten me,—that, were I able, I should be unwilling to apply the "*lash* of correction,"—and, that I shall ever hold myself entirely open to conviction.

Washington, Col. July, 1814.

PLAINTIFF.

REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

It is a fact which must be well known to most of the students of Shakspeare, that there have been long afloat in the literary world various hypotheses touching the origin and true interpretation of the play of Hamlet. While some consider that interesting drama as being, what it purports, the image of a murder perpetrated on one of the ancient kings of Denmark, and even assert that the traditions of the north designate, at this day, the very spot where the foul and unnatural deed was consummated, others contend that it is commemorative of the murder of lord Darnley, through the instrumentality of Mary queen of Scots. A third class have regarded the performance as a mere fiction, unsupported even by traditionary authority, and originating entirely in the wonderfully inventive imagination of its author.

For the satisfaction and amusement of such of our readers as may be curious on this subject, we will detail in the present article, the chief arguments that have been urged in favour of the second hypothesis. They are derived from the similarity supposed to exist between the scheme and concomitant circumstances of the reputed murder of Hamlet, and those of the actual murder of the unfortunate Darnley. The former of these enormities is thus disclosed to young Hamlet by the ghost of his murdered father.

"'Tis given out, that, *sleeping in my orchard*"

A *serpent* stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a *forged* process of my death,
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

—— that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
—— won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand and hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, *sleeping,* by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once despatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhousell'd, unanointed unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!—*Act. 1. Sc. 5.*

So much for Hamlet. A striking parallel in the death of Darnley is supposed to be substantiated by the following detail.

* Orchard† for GARDEN, (says Mr. Steevens.) So in Romeo and Juliet:

"The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb."

† From Hort-yard, from the Latin Hortus, a garden.

"Sometime before the death of lord Darnley, he was seized with a very dangerous and violent distemper, which was imagined to be the effect of *poison*;* he however got the better of it. The manner of his death was mysterious: the house in which he lodged was blown up at *night* with gunpowder, and his body was found lying in an adjacent *garden*, untouched by fire, and with no bruise or mark of violence about him."

When Mary was brought prisoner to Edinburgh, after her surrender to the rebels at Carberry-hill, Malvill says, "the common people cried out against her at the windows and stairs. Others again evidenced their malice in setting up a banner or ensign, whereupon the king was painted *lying dead under a tree*," and the young prince upon his knees praying, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord." Tytler's Inquiry, Vol. II. p. 173.

"Revenge this foul and most unnatural murder."—*Hamlet*.

In a letter in the European Magazine for April 1799, on this subject, is a quotation from Dr. Robertson, vol. i. p. 449, which says, on the authority of Crawford, "several suspected persons were seized, captain Blackadder and three† others were condemned and executed; but no discovery of importance was made. If we believe some historians, they were convicted on sufficient evidence. If we give credit to others, their sentence was unjust, and they denied with their latest breath any knowledge of the crime for which they suffered." Is not this, with the name of Black Adder, alluded to in

"Its being given out that a serpent stung him!"

* Dr. Robertson (in his History of Scotland, Vol. i. p. 405.) speaking of the illness of lord Darnley a short time before his death, and that it was imputed to the effects of *poison*; adds in a note, "Buchanan and Knox are positive that the king had been poisoned. They mention the black and *putrid pustules which broke out all over his body*." Buchanan's words are, "blew pustules arose all over his body, with so much pain and torment, that there was little hopes of his life." He says before, "the poison wrought sooner, than those who gave it supposed it would."

† In the dumb show of the play, we have this number mentioned. "The prisoner, with some two or three mutes." And the confederacy of Murray, Morton, and Lethington, were in fact the instigators of Bothwell to the murder.

in the *forged* process of his death, and in

"The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown!"

With respect to the term "*adulterate* beast," in Hamlet, no mention is made of any illicit connexion before marriage. But Bothwell was openly accused of *adultery*.

The contrast of the "natural gifts" of the two kings is pointed, and does not seem consistent with the other circumstances in the play.

"Claudius was younger than Hamlet's father, that unless he was deformed, (and it does not appear that he was) having youth in his favour, the contrast could not be so very great. Old Hamlet had a son thirty years of age at this time, and other passages in the play, lead us to suppose that the king and queen were certainly past the prime of life, not to say old.

"Lord D. was the handsomest young man in the kingdom. Bothwell was twenty years older than Mary, and is represented by the historians of that time as an ugly man"

In the same manner the king's speaking of his having been taken off "in the *blossom* of his sin," seems incompatible with the ideas we have of his age and good qualities, not to say virtues; but it is most truly applicable to lord D. who was murdered in the 21st year of his age.

Bothwell, it may be added, was indicted for "the cruel and horrid murder of the most excellent, most high, and most mighty prince the king, the late most dear spouse of the queen's majesty, our sovereign lady, &c. "*as he was taking his rest, &c.*" and was by him "*killed traitterously and cruelly, wilfully, and by premeditated felony.*"—*State Trials*.

These resemblances will be strengthened by a few other passages from different parts of the play; particularly the directions for the dumb show in the play scene.—Act. III. Sc. 2.

"Enter a king and a queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and reclines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, *seeing him asleep leaves him.*" And again:

"Sleep rock thy brain:

And never come mischance betwixt us twain."

Mr. Tytler, in his Inquiry, Vol. II. p. 80. commenting on Dr. Robertson's account of this transaction says:

"She leads her husband, the destined victim to the house of slaughter; she attends him with the most assiduous care. She was seldom, says our author, from him through the day; she slept several nights in the chamber under his apartment. The very night of his death, she passed several hours with him, she affectionately kissed him at parting, and taking a ring from her finger, she put it on his. And the scene being now prepared, *horresco referens*, she leaves him to his fate; leaves him in the hands of his bloody executioners!"

In a letter on this subject in the European Magazine, for March 1799, the following very remarkable particular is pointed out, a farther allusion to "the very *day of the week* on which the murder was perpetrated, mentioned by Hamlet, though in an indirect manner. And he could not well be more explicit, without fixing it beyond a doubt to Mary's story."

"In Act II. Sc. 2, where Hamlet is with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, occasionally throwing in his wild flights and *insinuations concerning the murder*, his situation in the court, and the business he has in hand towards his "uncle-father and aunt-mother," he sees Polonius, and says he is coming to tell him of the players, and determines to play him off; and that he may not give him a clue to his information, he turns to them in a grave manner and says, "You say right, sir, on *MONDAY morning*, 'twas then indeed." Dr. Robertson, Vol. I. p. 411, says, "on *Sunday* the ninth of February, about eleven at night, the queen left the Kirk of Field, in order to be present at a masque in the palace. At *two next morning* (*MONDAY*) the house in which the king lay was blown up with gunpowder."

"The curse which the player queen invokes upon herself, should she marry again after the death of her first husband, is exactly what befel Mary on that occasion:

"Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!

*To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's sheer in prison be my scope!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a widow, ever I be wife.—Act 3, Sc. 2.*

“ This does not appear to be the usual strain of a poet writing from his own general ideas of what a queen would think to be the worst that could befall her. But of an imagination fixed to one particular object, and describing that. The word *prison* is very remarkable.”

Such are, as far as we recollect, all the material arguments that have any bearing direct or collateral on the subject under consideration. Having laid them before our readers, we leave each one to form his own conclusions, without any wish to forestall his judgment.

PORTER'S JOURNAL.

As the religious views and ceremonies of a people, with the conceptions they entertain of a Supreme Being and a future state, constitute some of the most prominent points in their history, we flatter ourselves that the following account of the religion of the inhabitants of Madison Island, extracted from the Journal of commodore Porter, will not be read without considerable interest.

“ In one of those excursions, I was led to the chief place of religious ceremony of the valley. It is situated high up the valley of the Havvous, and I regret extremely that I had it not in my power to make a correct drawing of it on the spot, as it far exceeds in splendor every thing of the kind described by captain Cook, or represented in the plates which accompany his voyage. In a large and handsome grove formed by bread fruit, cocoa-nut and toa trees, (the tree of which the spears and war clubs are made) and a variety of other trees with which I am not acquainted, situated at the foot of a steep mountain by the side of a rivulet, and on a platform made after the usual

manner, is a deity formed of hard stone, about the common height of a man, but larger proportioned every other way: it is in a squatting posture and is not badly executed; his ears and eyes are large, his mouth wide, his arms and legs short and small, and, on the whole, is such a figure as a person would expect to meet among a people where the art of sculpture is in its infancy. Arranged on each side of him, as well as in the rear and front, are several others, of nearly equal size, formed of the wood of the bread-fruit tree; they are no more perfect in their proportions than the other, and appear to be made on the same model; probably they are copies, and the stone god may serve as the model of perfection for all the sculptures of the island, as their household gods, their ornaments for the handles of their fans, their stilts, and, in fact, every representation of the figure of a man is made on the same plan. To the right and left of those gods are two obelisks, formed very fancifully and neatly of bamboos and the leaves of the palm and cocoa-nut trees interwoven, and the whole handsomely decorated with streamers of white cloth, which give them a picturesque and elegant appearance; the obelisks are about thirty-five feet in height, and about the base of them were hung the heads of hogs and tortoises, as I was informed, as offerings to their gods. On the right of this grove, distant only a few paces, were four splendid war canoes, furnished with their outriggers and decorated with ornaments of human hair, coral shells, &c. with an abundance of white streamers; their heads were placed toward the mountain, and in the stern of each was a figure of a man with a paddle steering, in full dress, ornamented with plumes, earrings made to represent those formed of whales' teeth, and every other ornament of the fashion of the country. One of the canoes was more splendid than the others, and was situated near the grove. I inquired who the dignified personage might be who was seated in her stern, and was informed that this was the priest who had been killed, not long since, by the Happs. The stench here was intolerable from the number of offerings which had been made, but, attracted by curiosity, I went to examine the canoes more minutely, and found the bodies of two of the Types, whom we had killed in a bloated state lying in the bottom of that of the priest, and many other human carcasses, with the flesh still

on them, lying about the canoe. The other canoes, they informed me, belonged to different warriors who had been killed, or died not long since. I asked them why they had placed their effigies in the canoes, and also why they put the bodies of the dead Typees in that of the priest; they told me (as Wilson interpreted) that they were going to Heaven, and that it was impossible to get there without canoes. The canoe of the priest being large, he was unable to manage it himself, nor was it right that he should, he being now a god: they had, therefore, placed in it the bodies of the Happahs and Typees, which had been killed since his death, to paddle him to the place of his destination; but he had not been able yet to start, for the want of a full crew, as it would require ten to paddle her, and as yet they had only procured eight. They told me also that the taboo, laid in consequence of his death, would continue until he had started on his voyage, which he would not be able to do until they had killed two more of their enemies, and by this means complete his crew. I inquired if he took any sea stock with him: they told me he did, and pointing to some red hogs in an enclosure, they informed that they were intended for him, as well as a quantity of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, &c. which would be collected from the trees in the grove. I inquired if he had far to go; they replied, no: and pointing to a small square stone enclosure, informed me that was their heaven, that he was to go there; this place was tabooed, they told me, for every one except their priests.

Gattanewa was present at the time this information was given me by some of the priest's servants or underlings, who had the charge of the place, and resided in houses constructed for them in front of the grove. Some time previous to this I had been tabooed at my request by Gattanewa: this gave me the privilege of visiting and examining all their places of religious worship, and I now took advantage of my right in going into the grove among the gods, accompanied by the attendants on the place. Wilson could not accompany me there, and I was not enabled to make inquiry on many subjects; but observing that they treated all their gods with little respect, frequently catching them by their large ears, drawing my attention to their wide mouths, their flat noses, and large eyes, and pointing out to me,

by signs, all their other deformities. I told Wilson to inform them I thought they treated their gods very disrespectfully—they told me that those were like themselves, mere attendants on their divinity, as they were on the priest; that I had not yet seen their greatest of all gods, that he was in a small house, which they pointed out, situated at the corner of the grove; and on my expressing a desire to see him, after a short consultation among themselves, they brought him out on the branch of the cocoa-nut tree, when I was surprised to find him only a parcel of paper cloth secured to a piece of a spear about four feet long; it in some measure resembled a child in swaddling cloths, and the part intended to represent the head had a number of strips of cloth hanging from it about a foot in length; I could not help laughing at the ridiculous appearance of the god they worshipped, in which they all joined me with a great deal of good humour, some of them dandling and nursing the god, as a child would her doll. They now asked me if I should like to see some of their religious ceremonies, and on my answering in the affirmative, they seated themselves in a ring, and placed the god, with the cocoa-nut branch under him, on the ground: one of them stood in the circle before the god, and as soon as the others began to sing and clap their hands, he fell to dancing with all his might, cutting a number of antic capers, then picking up the god, and whirling it over his shoulders several times, laid it down again, when a pause ensued: they now began another song, when the dancer, with no less violence than before, after whirling the god about, carried it out of the circle and laid it down on the ground: then shifted it from place to place, and afterwards returned it to the cocoa-nut branch within the circle. After a short pause the dancer asked the singers several questions with great earnestness, and on their all answering in the affirmative, he took up the god on the branch and deposited it in the house. I inquired of Wilson the purport of the song; he told me they were singing the praises of their god; but this was all he could tell me. The inquiries of the dancer were whether this was not the greatest of all gods, whether they were not bound to sacrifice their lives to preserve him, and whether, if they should lose him, there would not be an end of their race. They showed me an abundance of plumes and other ornaments

belonging to their divinity, and in front of the house, where he was kept, there was a kind of sedan chair, ornamented with leaves and cloth in the most fanciful manner, which was for the purpose of carrying their god on some ceremony. I endeavoured to ascertain whether they had an idea of a future state, rewards and punishments, and the nature of their heaven. As respects the latter article, they believed it to be an island, somewhere in the sky, abounding with every thing desirable; that those killed in war and carried off by their friends go there, provided they are furnished with a canoe and provisions, but that those who are carried off by the enemy, never reach it unless a sufficient number of the enemy can be obtained to paddle his canoe there, and for this reason they were so anxious to procure a crew for their priest, who was killed and carried off by the Happahs. They have neither rewards nor punishments in this world, and I could not learn that they expected any in the next—their religion, however, is like a play-thing, an amusement to them, and I very much doubt whether they, at any moment, give it a serious thought; their priests and jugglers manage those matters for them; what they tell them they believe, and do not put themselves to the trouble of considering whether it is right or wrong. If the priests tell them they shall have rain within a certain period they believe him, if it does not rain agreeable to his prediction they think no more of it. They deal greatly in charms and incantations; by them they believe they can procure the death of their enemies, and effect the cure of the most dangerous wounds and sickness; the priests are their principal surgeons and physicians; they lose many of their patients; still the people believe them none the less; they are not fond of trouble, and least of all, the trouble of thinking. They are very credulous, and will as readily believe in one religion as another. I have explained to them the nature of the Christian religion, in a manner to suit their ideas; they listened with much attention, appeared pleased with the novelty of it, and agreed that our God must be greater than theirs. Had a catholic priest been with me at the moment, he might have made converts of every individual in the valley. It is difficult to obtain a correct idea of their religion; I do not believe that one native in a thousand can explain the nature of it; the priests themselves appear much at a loss. Tawattaa attached himself to

Mr. Adams, having learnt that he was our priest. Mr. Adams endeavoured to collect from him some notions of his religion, and among other things inquired of him whether, according to their belief, the body was translated to the other world or only the spirit: the priest, after a considerable pause, at length replied, that the flesh and bones went to the earth, but that all within went to the sky: from his manner, however, the question seemed greatly to embarrass him, and it appeared as though a new field was opened to his view.

"I believe, from what I have seen and learnt of these people, that their religion is the same as that of the Society and Sandwich Islands; a religion that not only perplexed captain Cook, but all the learned men who accompanied him to find out, and as may be naturally supposed has greatly perplexed me. Their priests are their oracles; they are considered but little inferior to their Gods; to some they are greatly superior, and after their death they rank with the chief divinity. Besides the gods at the burying place, or morai, for so it is called by them, they have their household gods, as well as small gods, which are hung round their necks, generally made of human bones, and others, which are carved on the handles of their fans, on their stilts, their canes, and more particularly on their war-clubs; but those gods are not held in any estimation, they are sold, exchanged, and given away with the same indifference as any other object, and indeed the most precious relic, the skulls and other bones of their relations, are disposed of with equal indifference.

"When we were at war with the Typees, the Happahs and Tayeehs made a strict search in the houses of the enemy for the skulls of their ancestors, who had been slain in battle (knowing where they were deposited); many were found, and the possessors seemed rejoiced that they had recovered from the enemy so inestimable a relic. Dr. Hoffman seeing a man with three or four skulls slung round his waist, asked him for them, and they were given up immediately, although they had belonged to his father, brother, or some near relation. Next day several appeared at the village with skulls to traffic for harpoons. A very old man came to the village as a representative from one of the tribes,

and wishing to make me a present, and having nothing else to give me, took from his neck a string of bones cut in the form of their gods, and assured me they were the bones of his grandmother.

" In religion these people are mere children; their morais are their baby-houses, and their gods are their dolls. I have seen Gattanewa with all his sons, and many others sitting for hours together clapping their hands and singing before a number of little wooden gods laid out in small houses erected for the occasion, and ornamented with strips of cloth; they were such houses as a child would have made, of about two feet long and eighteen inches high and no less than ten or twelve of them in a cluster like a small village; by the side of this were several canoes, furnished with their paddles, seines, harpoons, and other fishing apparatus, and round the whole a line was drawn to show that the place was tabooed; within this line was Gattanewa and others, like overgrown babies, singing and clapping their hands, sometimes laughing and talking, and appeared to give their ceremony no attention; he asked me if the place was not very fine; and it was on this occasion that he tabooed me, in order to give me an opportunity of approaching the gods and examining them more closely. The whole ceremony of tabooing me consisted in taking a piece of white cloth from the hole through his ear, and tying it around my hat as a band: I wore this badge for several days, and, simple as it was, every one I passed would call out *taboo*, and avoid touching me. I inquired the cause of this ceremony of Gattanewa, and he told me he was going to catch tortoise for the gods, and that he should have to pray to them several days and nights for success, during which time he should be tabooed and dare not enter a house frequented by women.

" White among those people is considered sacred: a white flag is an emblem of peace, and a white flag marks out their tabooed and most sacred places, they have also a method of designating the places which are tabooed by bundles of long sticks about half the size of the wrist, with the bark stripped off and placed on end, these are planted on all the platforms of stones where women are not permitted to approach, and this practice appears more generally adopted than any other—the sticks used on such

occasions are of a very light and white kind of soft wood (used by the natives for producing fire by friction) of the bark of which they made cordage of a handsome and strong quality."

From the state of the arts among a people, no less than from their language, traditions and corporeal resemblances, reasonable conjectures, at least, may be formed respecting their origin. With a view to furnish some ground of speculation on this point, we lay before our readers a plate representing the stilts used by the natives of Madison Island, simply remarking, that the ornamental parts of them resemble not a little the carving of the Egyptians.

"In his description of their stilts, he (Mr. Fluerien) is very minute and accurate, and equally incorrect in his conjectures as to their use; he supposes them intended for the purpose of fording the streams, which he believes are occasioned by the frequent inundations to which he thinks the island is liable: I can assure Mr. Fleurien that they are used only for amusement. Can it be supposed, for a moment, that a nation of people who are amphibious, who are one half of their time in the water, who are in the habit of bathing at almost every stream, who are almost destitute of clothing and perfectly naked from the upper part of the thighs downwards, should fall into so ridiculous an expedient for crossing the insignificant rivulets of an island, whose circumference does not exceed twenty leagues, rivulets which the greater part of the year are nearly dry, and at all times barely afford sufficient water for a ship?

"They are used, as I before observed, solely for amusement; they enter into their gymnastic exercises, they run with them, and endeavour to trip one another. They are curiously wrought, and as Mr. Fleurien wrote his description of those of the island of St. Christiana, with a pair of stilts before him, and as the description answers exactly to those of Nooaheevah (Madison's Island) I take the liberty of using the words of that elegant writer.

'The care they take to build their houses on stone platforms, which raise them to a certain elevation above the ground, has already indicated that their island must be exposed to inundations; and the use which they make of stilts, confirms this opinion.

Stills



W. Strickland, 1910

These stilts, to which the English voyagers appear not to have paid attention, are contrived in a manner which announces that the inundations are not regular, but vary in their height: and want, which is the parent of industry, has suggested to the inhabitants of St. Christiana a method as simple as it is ingenious, by which this help, that is necessary to them for keeping up a communication with each other in the rainy season, may be employed equally as well in the highest waters, as the lowest. For this purpose each stilt is composed of two pieces: the one, of hard wood and of a single piece, may be called the step; the other is a pole of light wood, more or less long according to the stature of the person who is to make use of it. The step is eleven or twelve inches in length, an inch and a half in thickness; and its breadth, which is four inches at the top, is reduced to half an inch at the bottom. The hind part is hollowed out like a gutter or scupper, in order to be applied against the pole, as a check or fish is, in sea terms, applied against a mast; and it is fastened to the pole at the height required by that of the waters, by sennet or lashings of cocoa-nut bass: the upper lashing passes through an oblong hole, pierced in the thickness of the step; and the lower one embraces, with several turns, the thin part, and confines it against the pole. The projecting part, which I should call the clog, and on which the foot is to rest cross wise bends upwards as its branches from the pole: this clog is an inch and a half in thickness; and its shape is nearly that of the prow of a ship, or of a rostrum, or, if the reader please, that of a truncated nautilus. The under part of this sort or shell is slightly striated throughout its whole surface, and the striæ commence from the two sides in order to join in the lower part on the middle, and there form a continued web; its upper surface is almost flat for receiving the foot, and it is in like manner ornamented with striæ of no great depth, which form regular series of salient angles and of re-entering angles. The clog is supported by the bust of a human figure, in the attitude of a Cariatides, wrought in a grotesque manner, which greatly resembles a support of the Egyptian kind; it has below it a second figure of the same kind, but smaller, the head of which is placed below the breasts of the larger one; the hands of the latter are placed flat on the stomach, and its body is terminated by a long

sheath, in order to form the lower and pointed part of the step. The arms, as well as the other parts of the body of the two figures, are angularly striated, like the upper face of the clog. The natives of Santa Christiana make a very dextrous use of their stilts, and would, in a race, dispute the palm with our most experienced herdsmen in stalking with theirs over the heaths of Bordeaux. The pains taken by the former in ornamenting with sculpture, those which they had invented, may prove that they set on them a great value, for this work executed on a very hard wood, with the sort of tools which they employ, must cost them much trouble, and require a very considerable portion of time: besides they are seen amusing themselves in keeping up the habit of walking with stilts; this exercise enters into their games, and constitutes a part of their gymnastics." (*Page 178, vol. i. Marchand's voyage.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEST THE PAINTER.

WHEN Mr. West was painting his "Death of Wolfe," an heroic picture which he treated in so novel a manner that the artist intended to conceal it till its completion, archbishop Drummond, for whom Mr. West had before painted his Agrippina, accidentally came into the room, and was so greatly struck with that boldness of innovation which dressed an heroic action in modern attire, that after some questions and expressions of doubt as to its success, he went for sir Joshua Reynolds, and in less than an hour, they were both in Mr. West's painting room. When sir Joshua came in, he expressed the greatest alarm for Mr. West's reputation, warned him of the hazardous nature of his attempt, and told him the people of England would never be reconciled to heroes in coats and waistcoats. However, Mr. West said that he would send for the archbishop and sir Joshua when the picture was completed, and if they condemned it then, it should go into his closet; but that he had determined to venture on a picture that would speak to the meanest intellects, in order to

show some illiberal critics, who had before accused him of plagiarism from old basso relievos, that he could paint from himself. When the picture was completed, Mr. West brought his friends to view it, according to his engagement; sir Joshua stood silent before it about a quarter of an hour, and then very liberally told Mr. West that the picture would not only succeed, but open a new æra in painting.

Garrick offered to lie for Wolfe, but West refused his offer, upon the conviction that if the general were painted from the actor, the figure would inevitably be Garrick, and not Wolfe.

Mr. West has always expressed himself thankful that his studies in painting were unknown and unregarded as they were, for by that means he went to them without any of those prejudices which schools impart. When he went to Italy, so far was he from relishing the style of painting which then obtained in that country, that he saw and ridiculed its absurdities at once. At that time nothing was painted there but Madonas and children, with perhaps two or three Cupids in the air; and in England, no characters in the heroic picture were represented in any thing else than Roman or Gothic armour. Even sir Joshua Reynolds, till after Mr. West's time, never painted a portrait but in a fancy dress. All this was altered by West's death of Wolfe; and it was for this style of painting and not for his *Regulus* (the first picture Mr. West painted for the king,) or his *Agrippina*, that France gave him that sumptuous entertainment upon admitting him a member of the National Institute.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE most profound and polished writers in the English language tell us that the stage ought to be a school of agreeable morality. If this be really true, it naturally follows that those plays are the best which afford us the most pleasing instruction, and that it is a most gross absurdity to imagine that a strict adherence to the severity of critical discipline, or a slavish imitation of the ancients, will at all contribute to the perfection of a play, or help to constitute the excellence of dramatic literature.

Aristotle, whose rules respecting the unities of time and place, and dramatic composition have been the stays in which the French critics would lace up Genius into unnatural stiffness and distortion, drew those rules from the tragedies of the great Greek dramatists, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, &c. and instead of being the inventor, was only the retailer of the old fashions of his country: nor did he hope that they would enable a poet to form a tragedy, he only meant them to prevent poets more bold than judicious from running wild into absurdities.—Great works from which he collected his precepts, had been written in the æra of the Grecian greatness, when the muses and the arts neither effeminately delicate nor audaciously bold, assumed their highest character. But the living manners had degenerated; and he, and after him Quintilian strove, but strove in vain, to restore by doctrine, the excellence that had been inspired by sentiments and fashioned by manners.

The idea of applying the same rules to all ages and all countries, is as absurd as that of a panacea in medicine, a catholicon, such as advertising quacks have frequently offered for the cure of all and every sort of distempers that afflict the human frame, in all ages, climates, and constitutions.

The first thing for an author to consider, who means to exhibit his productions with advantage on the stage, is the genius of the people before whom they are to be represented. Different countries have their different manners, and on this simple account, it is utterly impossible ever to establish an universal criterion for dramatic excellence in writing. The long winded cold declamations, which suit, or at least did once suit the taste of a French audience, would make an Englishman or an American yawn, while on the other hand, that force of fable, that strength of plot and variety of business which is necessary to entertain an English or American theatre of spectators, would be deemed quite *exotique*, barbarous and pantomimical in France. And, because, according to the notions of their antique critics, a play must not, like the world which it is supposed to be intended to represent, move our tears in one scene, and our laughter in another, *tragi-comedies*, at all times so delightful to the English, would be deemed *unnatural* by the over-refining criticism of Paris.

It is indeed vastly whimsical and ridiculous to hear modern critics recommending to our taste and adoption the rules laid down more than two thousand years ago in Greece, as if the Greeks alone were judges of nature, when the most pedantic of the sticklers for the Greek theatre are compelled to acknowledge that the best tragedy of Sophocles would be banished with scorn from an English stage; not because it would want the fire of exalted genius, or the spirit of animated poetry, but because it would want that redundancy of business, that complication of incident which alone can keep an English or American audience from manifesting disapprobation. The same may be said of the tragedies of Corneille or Racine, though not of Voltaire whose vivid genius perceived the defects of the others, and suggested a more interesting plan.—A fine poem may be a very bad play, and a very good play may be a very bad poem. The *Cato* of Mr. Addison is an example to prove the former. The poetry of it is fine, the versification polished—the sentiments elevated—the characters strongly marked—the manners consistent—and the conduct of it critically correct—and yet with all these excellencies, it languishes most deplorably in exhibition. All our veneration for the author, and for the subject, all our respect for the poetry, scarcely suffices to keep down our tedium and disgust, and we should be astonished at its having ever been endured, were we not informed of the political circumstances attending its original appearance, which by an extraordinary coincidence, rendered it a favourite at once with the whigs and with the tories, and, but for which, it never would have reached a third representation.

But supposing that the various celebrated tragic writers of antiquity which the French have chosen for their model, and their critics censure the English writers for not imitating, abounded as much in incident as they are notoriously deficient in that necessary article, do those who so confidently recommend them as models remember one circumstance which must have rendered them extremely disagreeable to any refined modern taste—and indeed (with due reverence for the illustrious authors be it spoken) ridiculous also. I allude to the choruses which destroy every vestige of probability.

Why then should the Greek plays be held up as models for imitation?—Why should the rules derived from them be urged upon other nations as the laws for regulating their dramas? or, why should their imitators be held up to English dramatists as models of perfection? and why are even the works of Shakspeare put in disadvantageous comparison with the works of those who imitate them?—Are we to imitate what we know will be disapproved, or to copy absurdities because Corneille and Racine did so out of compliment to Sophocles and Eschylus, and obedience to the authority of Aristotle. Whatever the affectation of criticism may pretend to admire and endeavour to enforce or persuade, our own stage is established on more rational principles than any of them. It is not governed by antiquated laws of composition, but on plain principles of sound common sense. Whatever is greatly repugnant to nature, is condemned with us at once, and though we do tolerate scenes in some favourite pieces which are palpably extravagant, as in some of Shakspeare's, it is only because the beauties and excellences so far exceed the imperfections, that the latter lose their effect on the whole, and seem at the worst but as venial blemishes.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

To our clasical readers, we hope that the following attempt to clothe in English hexameter, something of the spirit and sentiment if not the exact sense, of the Pollio of Virgil, will not be unacceptable. It may possibly, moreover, serve as an inducement to some of our scholars to furnish us, in a similar or better style, with translations or imitations of other portions of the same inimitable writer. We shall only subjoin, that the lively and sublime anticipations of the poet on the birth of his hero are not altogether dissimilar to those in which the American people indulge at present on the restoration of peace. We hope, therefore, that the offering will be acceptable to all.

ECLOGA. IV.

To loftier themes, Sicilian maids, aspire,
And sweep, with bolder hand, the vocal wire!

Nor gaudy groves, whose summits pierce the sky,
Nor lowly shrubbage charms each curious eye,
If Sylvan strains our pipe must still prolong,
Let Sylvan strains partake of Epic song.

Of years Cumean lo! the dawns rise!
A blush celestial paints the bright'ning skies!
From pregnant time a splendid epoch springs,
While glories heaven-born wave their gilded wings.
The holy virgin visits earth again,
Again the bliss of Saturn's golden reign.
A godlike infant waking smiles in birth,
Descending Cherubs bear the babe to earth.

Display, Lucina chaste, thy gracious power,
O! shine propitious on his natal hour!
His natal hour beneath whose hallowed sway,
The steely age shall melt like wax away,
Bright hours and years their glittering plumes expand,
And pleasures waft through all the joyous land.
O! shine propitious on his natal hour!
Thy own Apollo reigns in princely power.

While thou in consul's sacred robes art clad,
And civic glories wreath thy radiant head,
These months, great Pollio, shall begin to roll,
Truth, Justice, Virtue, beam from *pole* to *pole*.
Of ancient fraud whatever traits remain,
Shall all be cancell'd in thy spotless reign.

A fire celestial in his breast shall blaze,
His hallowed feet shall tread in heavenly ways,
He shall with gods in mighty council join,
With heroes mixt, and share in rights divine.
Virtue's bright flame which from the father shone.
Shall beam with purer splendour from the son,
Beneath whose reign shall broil and discord cease,
And warring nations join in leagues of peace.

For thee, sweet babe, shall spicy plants arise,
And flowers spontaneous spread their splendid dyes,

Gay groves and bowers adorn each verdant hill,
And pansied borders grace each pebly rill:
The year's best gifts in gay confusion spring,
And fragrance float on every zephyr's wing.
The joyous goats, without or force or guide,
Shall homeward bear, profuse, the milky tide,
Full herds through verdant meads securely pour,
Nor trembling hear the ruthless lion's roar.
Soft flowers shall round thy peaceful cradle bloom
And through thy chamber breathe divine perfume,
The serpent in the brake shall writhe in death,
Each noxious herb lie blasted on the heath,
Assyria's choicest plants shall bloom around,
And Flora's richest chaplets deck the ground!

But when thou shalt in youth's soft beauties shine,
And learn the glories of thy sire divine,
Through his'try's page pursue the hero's fame,
And feel the heat of virtue's holy flame,
Uncultur'd fields shall teem with golden grain,
And ears spontaneous load the fertile plain;
The grape, rich in the purple tints of morn,
Shall cling full clustering on the rugged thorn,
From knotted oaks nectareous streamlets flow,
And sweets ambrosial drop from every bough.

Yet stamps of ling'ring fraud shall still remain,
Still shall the vessel brave the stormy main,
Proud cities still be girt with works of war,
And still shall earth demand the steely share:
Another Tiphys, in another clime,
Shall court the gale, and ride the floods sublime;
Another Argo bear a chosen band,
And other wars encrimson all the land;
Another hero breathe Achilles' fire,
Another Troy in treacherous flames expire.

When riper blood thy swelling breast shall warm,
And firmer vigour nerve thy manly arm,

The sailor bold no more shall tempt the deep,
Nor vessels canvass-wing'd old ocean sweep,
To bear to distant climes the barter'd store,
Or thence return rich in resplendent ore,
For every plant in every clime shall rise,
Rear'd by a fertile soil and genial skies.

No harrow rude shall rend the patient ground,
No hook the leaves nor clasping tendrils wound,
The joyous swain shall from his plow unbind
The sturdy steers, and leave his task behind.
No tufted fleece, prepared for pageant show,
With alien tints of art shall longer glow;
The ram himself, beneath a chemic sky,
Shall range the valleys clothed in purple dye,
Through mystic change a golden covering wear,
In colour varying with the varying year;
Spontaneous crimson shall the flocks adorn,
Bright as the virgin blush of early morn.

The Fates concordant in the high decree,
Thus to their spindles hymn'd in sacred glee:
"Rise in thy course; O! matchless era! roll
Thy sacred round and print thy steps in gold!
Descend, bright babe, whom heavenly honours wait,
Great son of Jove! assert thy regal state,
Let nature start from fettering vices free,
Exult and sound a joyous jubilee!"

For lo! self-balanced in th'ecliptic road,
Our plannet reels beneath the guilty load,
The earth, the ocean, and the heaven profound,
The promised God invoke with suppliant sound.
With port sublime behold the promised God!
The vallies rise, declining mountains nod,
Effulgent glories dance on every plain,
And nature bounds through all her various train!

O may enough of life's deciduous flame,
Warm my rapt breast and circle through my frame!

To sing thy godlike deeds in epic rhyme,
 And roll them deathless down the tide of time!
 Nor Orpheus should transcend my lofty lays,
 Nor godlike Linus wear the victor's bays,
 Though *that*, the sweet Calliope inspire,
 And *this* Apollo warm with all his fire!
 Should Pan divine, flush'd with ambition's flame,
 Attempt, in Epic song, the mount of fame,
 Arcadia's self to me should judge the bays,
 The well earn'd tribute of triumphant lays.

Begin, sweet babe, thy mother's smiles to know,
 The meed of all her cares and griefs bestow;
 For ten drear months she bore afflictive trains,
 Gestation's pangs and fierce parturient pains!
 Begin, sweet babe, for should thy parents show
 No smile serene, but knit the angry brow,
 No god will grace thee at his heavenly feast,
 Nor bridal goddess clasp thee to her breast!

C.

THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.

A SONG—*Air Pizarro.*

In chorus now join, while my hobby I sing,
 'Tis the deeds of our tars that have made the world ring,
 For is it not true, where their flag is unfurl'd,
 Its stars have beam'd glory to dazzle the world?

First Dacra, who thought he the Yankies would scare,
 Proudly wrote on his sail "*I'm the fam'd Guerriere,*"
 Says Hull, are you there? so together they put'd,
 In forty-five minutes the Guerriere was *Hull'd*.

Next Jones in the *Wasp*, with long sting in her tail,
 Cried "luff up my boys, 'tis an enemy's sail!"
 Soon he came along side—when the short work was done,
 He gave them a *Frolic* as sure as a gun.

Then the dauntless Decatur, that warrior of might,
The mad Macedonian* encounter'd in fight,
When he who had blubbered for worlds to subdue,
Soon found a *new world* that his bus'ness could do.

See the firm Constitution, our Washington's pride,
With Bainbridge at helm, in true majesty ride,
Pour a stream from her side, like Vesuvius' red lava,
That quite overwhelm'd the whole island of Java.

Now Burrows the valliant, of bold Enterprize,
His skill with a true English Boxer he tries:
Though he'd ne'er learn'd the art from Mendozas or Cribbs
He pounded so hard that he broke all her ribs.

Then a *Peacock* was strutting about in his pride,
When a *Hornet* like light'ning stuck close in his side,
And stung him so sore that from battle he turn'd,
Noble Lawrence that Peacock in ocean inurn'd.

From its ashes a Phoenix old Neptune soon rear'd,
And though called a *Peacock* a new bird appeared,
Who, quick to his own and brave Warrington's fame,
Made prize of a *Hawk*† with a Frenchified name.

And now we've a Wasp of such wonderful force,
As Blakely can tell, e'en to stop rivers' course,
Since the *Avon* no longer can glide to the sea,
And she siezed on a Reindeer and made him her prey.

Wing'd *Hermes*‡ the light finger'd god of the Greeks,
Siez'd the trident of Neptune, in one of his freaks,
A land lubber at Mobile his godhead defies,
And blew Mr. Mercury back to his skies.

And now should I sing of the fight of Champlain,
And with Erie's bold heroes ennoble my strain,

* "From Macedonia's madman to the Swede" The Macedonian I take to be intended for Alexander the great.

† L'Epervier i.e. sparrow hawk.

‡ The Hermes, captain Percy, was blown up near fort Bowyer, in the Mobile, last autumn.

But though they the British fleets soundly did drub,
Yet the tale of a lake's like the Tale of a Tub.

From Britons I'd take not the praise that's their due,
For bravely they fight, aye and skilfully too;
But Greek meeting Greek, comes the hard tug of war,
Though Yankies soon prove the best Grecians by far.

Though Valour her temple has form'd in the breast
Of each native tar, yet the pride of his crest
Is the fair star of Mercy that shines ever bright,
To cheer the lorn captive subdued in the fight.

But hold, should I sing ev'ry hero of fight,
My song would prevent you from drinking all night;
Then fill ev'ry glass to the true sons of Mars,
The heroes of ocean, Columbia's brave tars.

December 1814.

QUEVEDO.

PEACE.

Participating in the vivid emotions of joy, which, like a sudden emanation from the fruitions of heaven, penetrated of late, the hearts of the whole American people, we congratulate, with sensations of indescribable delight, our readers and the public on the restoration of PEACE—PEACE, the bounteous patroness and benignant foster-mother of all that improves and adorns society, or that adds to the comforts and blessings of man—of arts and industry, agriculture and commerce, science and literature, friendship and benevolence, morality and religion—PEACE, that nurtures the virtues of the heart, and sheds the dews of a vigorous juvenescence on all the sympathies and charities of the soul—without which man would be a monster, the civil compact a murderous confederacy, and the earth itself an extended slaughter-house. On the happy restoration of this *maximum Dei donum terris*, this greatest and choicest of sublunary blessings, we reiterate our congratulations to the American people.

At this most auspicious and cheering conjuncture, while gladness beams from every countenance, and rapture breaks from every lip, let not the **GREAT SOURCE** of our happiness and joy be neglected or forgotten. Most palpably is the finger of Heaven manifested in our sudden and unexpected deliverance from the evils of war. While we are loud in our rejoicings, therefore, for what we have received, let the incense of gratitude silently ascend to **HIM, THE OMNIPOTENT GIVER**, who in former and trying times, so often and signally interposed in behalf of our fathers, and still condescends to be the **GOD OF OUR COUNTRY**.

To attempt, on the present occasion, to paint in detail the felicities of peace were vain and superfluous. They appear in the language, the gestures, and the anticipations of every one. They irresistibly address themselves to the heart and the understanding of the humblest among us, and are already felt and realized with a force and sensibility that surpass description. We could not, moreover, present them in sufficient relief without contrasting them individually with the miseries of war; a task in which we are forbidden to engage by considerations that cannot be resisted. We would not, by awakening past and painful recollections, be instrumental in checking or circumscribing, for a moment, the general burst of present joy. If ever there were a period in our annals as a people, when sobriety of feeling might be held reprehensible and a delirium of gladness be recommended as a duty, that period is the present. If, according to the poet, it be allowable to rave on the return of a long absent friend, much more pardonable is such an act of exuberant joy on the restoration of **PEACE** to a suffering people. At such a time, extravagance becomes moderation, fiction itself falls short of reality, and precision of language grows cold and imbecile. We repeat, that to have been raised on a sudden from the gloomiest of prospects and the extreme of suffering, to the enjoyments and anticipations which we now experience, bespeaks the interposition of a special providence, and calls aloud on us for national gratitude.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Although the war in which we were lately engaged has happily terminated in the blessings of peace, we feel persuaded

that the names of the heroes who fought our battles, and of the places where we acquired a character in arms, will be long intermingled with their choicest recollections by the American people. It is therefore that we have resolved to continue, at least for a time, the "Military and Naval Register," of the Port Folio. To enable us to render that article the more perfect and interesting, we solicit the favour of gentlemen of the army and navy, or any others who may be competent to the task, to furnish us with correct drawings of such places as have been distinguished during the war by celebrated naval or military achievements. These sketches will be the more valuable if accompanied by remarks descriptive of the events which entitle them to notice.

Provided we can be supplied with suitable materials—and of such materials we know there is an abundance—there will be no difficulty in rendering the "Military and Naval Register" acceptable to the American people, as long as the exalted name they have acquired in arms shall continue to be dear to them.

The article in reply to "Papers on the Irish Language" we are obliged to reserve for our April number.

The communication on the character and writings of Ausonius is also postponed for the want of room.

"Reflections of a Recluse" by Sedley, too late for the present number of the Port Folio, shall appear hereafter.

We thank our correspondent W. D. of West Chester, Penn. for his paper on Vegetable Life. It shall find an early place in our Journal; and such is the opinion we have formed of the pen and powers of the author, that we venture to assure him his communications will be always acceptable.

From our correspondents in general, particularly those whom "Apollo fires," our anticipations are high on the present occasion. As the sun to the exulting hills of the north, after the torpors of a polar night—the snows dissolve—the waters are liberated, the earth is unfettered, vegetation is awakened, and life and love and joy and melody are every where triumphant—Such will

be the influence of the return of peace on the literary mind of our country in general. *Inter arma silent musæ; arma deposita musæ canunt.* The clang of the armour of Mars having ceased, the lute of Pan and the harp of Apollo may resume their notes: and we flatter ourselves that their first effort, with some of our correspondents, will be on an ode in celebration of the return of peace. Such an ode, in conception and style, spirit and sentiment worthy of its theme, would be peculiarly applicable and in the highest degree acceptable at the present conjuncture. From some of the "lingerers in the haunts of the muses" competent to the task—and many such we are confident may be found—we earnestly solicit this grateful offering to the public wishes, and we think we may add, the public expectation. If the songsters of the forest hail the morning on the dissolution of night, and the "serene of heaven" on the disappearance of the storm, ought not man much rather to salute with gratulations the day star of peace, rising to dissipate the tempest of war? We again hope that some of those to whom we are already under obligations, will add to their weight by furnishing us with a **PEACE ODE** for the April number of the Port Folio.

To correct an error in the biography of captain Elliott, we are desired to state, that that gallant officer was born, not in 1780 but in 1790; whence it appears that instead of the thirty-fifth he is only in the twenty-fifth year of his age. We hope that long before he shall have attained to the former period of life, he will have been further instrumental in adding to his country's glory and his own.



MAJOR GENERAL HARRISON.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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APRIL, 1815.

No. IV.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY
HARRISON.

WHETHER he who, by the mere force of his own native talents and personal exertions, has emerged from obscurity and humble birth to honours, wealth, and distinction—or he who, born to all the advantages of opulence and splendid descent, performs actions which tend rather to augment, than to impair his family stock of honour, possesses the higher claim to praise, is a question upon which the opinions of mankind are likely to be forever divided. If we look for authorities upon which to decide, to the corps of biographers, we shall find them alternately adopting and rejecting either side, as it appears to be more or less favourable to the particular subject upon which they are at the time employed, and with a pliability of taste and a spirit of accommodation, which do equal credit to their ingenuity and good nature, no less animated and eloquent in setting off to advantage the superior merits of the hero or the sage, who has sprung into distinction from the humble truckle-bed of poor, but honest parents, than

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earnest to emblazon the escutcheons of those who were born under canopies of state, and swaddled in purple and fine linen.

To the discriminating moral eye, however, a broad distinction between the two is at once perceptible, and is the more worthy of observation, because it tends to throw additional lustre upon one, without diminishing or drawing off a ray of glory from the other. He who, by an honest and judicious application of strong natural endowments, undismayed intrepidity, and unbending fortitude, has risen superior to the depressions of an early adverse fortune, and surmounted the manifold obstacles with which poverty obstructs the avenues to fame and wealth, has the merit of doing what it seldom falls to the lot of individuals to effect, and which none but men of extraordinary genius can accomplish: but the sons of rank and opulence, are also, by the very conditions of their birth, exposed to difficulties, and beset by obstructions, which though of a very different kind, are no less hard to be surmounted. At the call of a generous ambition, or the solicitation of a virtuous desire to be useful in one's generation, to break from the bewitching embraces of luxury, accommodation and ease, and spring into the cold and rugged arms of hardship, danger, and privation, is an act of heroism which, though it should not evince more genius or animal valour, certainly displays a more refined sentimental courage, and is a stronger proof of an exalted sense of honour, and of lively moral excellence, than any exertions, however splendid or successful, made under the impulse of a stern necessity, and with a conviction on the part of him who makes them, that any change they can effect, may render his situation better, but cannot, by possibility make it worse than it was before.

To the value of splendid and useful achievements the adventitious circumstances of opulence and birth can add nothing, nor can they detract from them. The military glory of a Wellesley can receive no augmentation from his ancient and illustrious pedigree; but as a moral agent, his character derives infinite lustre from his having, by his own early choice, torn himself from the "thrice driven bed of down" in which he had been nurtured and betaken himself to "the steel and flinty couch of war," when he might have lived at home in ease and sloth, and in, what vulgar souls call, dignity.

To the catalogue of those who have distinguished themselves by an early victory over sloth, sensuality and ease, and by a magnanimous oblation of life and personal services at the shrine of patriotism and military glory, it becomes our pleasing task to add the conqueror of Tippacanoë and the hero of the Thames.

Major general William Henry Harrison is descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of gentlemen in Virginia. Through the earliest records of the colonies, the name of Harrison may be traced in the highest order of office; but our particular information respecting it goes no farther back than the great grandfather of our present subject, who, though he died young, filled the chair of the house delegates of that province. His son too, the grandfather of our William Henry, was a man of considerable wealth, and of vast influence in the colonies; and at his death left several sons, of whom some held considerable rank afterwards, not only in the legislative assembly of the state, but in the provincial army during the Revolutionary war. Benjamin the eldest of those and the father of our hero, rendered himself particularly conspicuous by his prompt adoption of the cause of the colonies in defiance of the suggestions of self-interest, which, at that period, would have dictated an adherence to the cause of the mother country. His possessions in the country were large, his personal influence was extensive and commanding, and the consideration in which he was held by the royal government was of a nature to secure to him every advantage he could reasonably hope to derive from the favour of the crown. Insensible, however, to every personal solicitation, he, on the first breaking out of the revolutionary troubles, without hesitation or delay, formed the generous resolution to cling to the cause of his country—in defence of her rights and independence, to put his property, his life, and all his hopes on the hazard of the die, nay, if it should be necessary, to lay them all down as a sacrifice in the struggle—and in a word, to rise or fall with the fortunes of America. Zeal so very disinterested naturally inspired the people with confidence in his fidelity, while of his talents he had already given such ample proofs, as evinced his qualifications for offices of the highest trust; he was therefore elected by his countrymen to represent the state of Virginia in the continental congress dur-

ing the successive sessions of 1774, 1775, and 1776—and in the year 1777, declining a re-election to congress, was chosen speaker of the lower branch of the state legislature, in which office he continued to act till the year 1782, when he was appointed governor of Virginia in the room of governor Nelson, who had resigned. In all these dignified stations his conduct was so decided and beneficial to the country, and he on every occasion evinced so much spirit, patriotic zeal and wisdom, that, with each successive gradation of office, he rose in the esteem, affection and confidence of his fellow citizens, till at length he reached the high form graced with the Washingtons the Henrys, the Randolphs, and the other illustrious men who formed that splendid constellation of worthies, which will immortalize the new world.

In the unwearied discharge of these most important duties we find him employed during the whole of the Revolutionary war. Looking to the journals of congress we see them filled with repeated testimonials of the implicit trust reposed in his talents and fidelity by that august body. There, he appears as one of the three members nominated to proceed to Washington's camp in the year 1775, in order to persuade the army to extend their term of service—again, one of the committee appointed to determine whether New-York should be burned or defended: after that, chairman of that celebrated committee styled “the Board of War,”—and lastly, chairman of the no less dignified than memorable assembly in which that momentous subject, the declaration of Independence, was debated.

Thus honoured and deserving of honour, lived the father of general Harrison to the year 1791, when at the age of sixty-five he was gathered to his forefathers, leaving behind him three sons, the youngest of whom, is the gentleman of whose exploits we are now to speak, and who was born at the family seat in Virginia* on the ninth of February 1773.

Though the property of Mr. Benjamin Harrison was large, it was not sufficient to place every branch of a numerous offspring in a state of opulent independence suitable to their wonted standing

* Called Berkly, it lies on the banks of James's river, twenty-five miles below Richmond.

and according to the customs of the society in which they lived. In his own talents, had they been exclusively devoted to the improvement of his fortune, he had a perennial spring of wealth; but those were so entirely bestowed upon public concerns, and his time was so engrossed by the official duties which he had to perform at a distance from home, that his private affairs were neglected by him, and of course impaired. Office, which in all other times and countries has tended to enrich the possessor, brought nothing but glory to our patriots of that day, and Mr. Harrison, while he was asserting his country's independence, was consuming his family's patrimony. Not that he was addicted to any of those wasteful sports, much less to any of those degrading vices, on which splendid fortunes are too often lavished away in that state. His establishment at Berkly is represented as a model of elegant comfort, and liberal but correct hospitality—in which, however, plain good sense presided and banished that thoughtless prodigality and extravagance which makes many of the Virginians “traded and taxed of other nations,” and indeed, “soils their addition,” yet, owing to the causes already mentioned his fortune began to fall to waste, and this suggested to him the expediency of giving his sons such an education as would qualify them for lucrative as well as honourable pursuits in life.

William Henry, who entered upon his education after his elder brothers had finished theirs and been settled in business, was at an early age placed at a grammar-school, from which in due time he was sent to Hamden-college, where he remained till he completed his fourteenth year, when he was moved to an academy in Southampton county. There he remained till he entered his seventeenth year; at which time, being pronounced by the principal well qualified to commence the study of physic, for which he was destined by his father, he was placed for a short period under the tuition of doctor Leiper, a practising physician of respectable standing in Richmond, and in the Spring of 1791, was sent to Philadelphia to finish his medical studies.

It was while he was on his journey to Philadelphia that his father died, and this event determined him to abandon altogether a profession which he had consented to enter upon, merely to gratify that gentleman. The reception he met from all the emi-

nent professors of that day,—Rush, Shippen, Wistar, &c. particularly from the first of these, on account of the services rendered by his father during the progress of the revolution, was insufficient to shake his purpose. But what profession to choose in lieu of the medical was the question which demanded the most prompt decision, as his brother had given him to understand by letter, that the *personal* property left by his father fell short of what would be necessary to the successful prosecution of his original scheme of life.

The connexions of this gentlemen, however, were respectable: the family influence was great. Besides president Washington's having a warm interest in his welfare—he was related to attorney-general Randolph, to colonel Bassett, and to Mrs. Washington; and Mr. Randolph, on being appointed secretary of state, offered him a situation in his office. General Henry Lee, of Virginia, however, having about the same time proposed to him to take a commission in the army, he without hesitation agreed to accept it, as infinitely more congenial with his taste and active disposition than any other situation that he could hope to acquire: yet justly apprehensive that his choice would not meet the approbation of his connexions, he settled it that general Lee should solicit the commission at the war office without communicating the matter to either of his friends, Mr. Randolph or Mr. Morris; but the president happening to mention the affair to Mr. Morris, the latter immediately required our young gentleman's attendance at his house; upon which our young soldier suspecting that the object of the summons was to dissuade him from going into the army, flew to the war office, received his commission in the first regiment of U. S. infantry, thence hastening to judge Wilson took the necessary oaths before him, and then proceeded with those documents in his pocket to the house of his patron and friend, who expressed his entire disapprobation of the step he had taken, but said that he would no longer oppose it; and added, "You are going to a fine country, where, if you should leave the army, you may establish yourself to advantage." The regiment in which he was commissioned was then employed on the western waters, under general St. Clair; and from subsequent events it would seem as if Mr. Morris had spoken in the spirit no less of the prophet than the

fringed; for that very country soon after became the scene of his fame, and the high-road to his fortune and honour.

After spending in Philadelphia a few weeks, during which he was employed in the recruiting service, he proceeded to join his regiment, and arrived at fort Washington in the north-western territory, a few days after the defeat of general St. Clair's army by the Indians. His arrival is yet remembered by several persons at Cincinnati, who, when he became a man of consequence and popularity in that country, took pleasure in describing his person. The ensign might have been forgotten, but the governor and the major general buoyed up all the minute circumstances which would have sunk with the poor subaltern officer to the bottom of oblivion. Accordingly, we are told that ensign Harrison, when he joined his corps was a stripling of nineteen years of age; tall, thin, paucile in his person, and to all appearance but wretchedly qualified for the hardships to which a soldiery is liable in the wilderness.—Yet with such a frame, softened by all the comfort and delicacy in which the wealthy families of the southern states rear up their children, was our military novice at once exposed to the most trying circumstances.

The broken remains of general St. Clair's army were every day arriving at the fort, naked, broken down and dispirited. The period of service of the militia had expired: the detachment of the second regiment of regulars that was in the action under St. Clair, was entirely cut up, and thus the task of maintaining the line of posts that had been erected, of establishing new ones, and of affording convoys for provisions, devolved upon an inconsiderable body composed of between three and four hundred of the first regiment, and the miserable fragments of general St. Clair's shattered army. The situation of our young soldier was now such as might well have discouraged the stoutest heart, and disposed him to listen to the admonitions of his friends in Philadelphia—nay, so formidable was the prospect before him that a friend whom he met by accident at the fort, after giving him a lively picture of the excessive hardships to which he must necessarily be exposed, with a frame and constitution so wholly unequal to it, exhorted him to resign his commission and return home again, assuring him that even though he should be able to sustain those hardships, it was

scarcely possible he should resist the seductive habits of intemperance which at that time prevailed in the army. All these remonstrances were unavailing. Taking counsel partly from his own private inclinations, and partly from a nice sensibility to shame, which suggested, in exaggerated colours, the impropriety of retreating from his purpose at such a crisis, and perhaps a little too from the apprehension of being ridiculed by his former associates, he determined to persevere, and was soon after appointed to the command of a detachment of twenty men ordered to escort a number of pack-horses to fort Hamilton; a duty which, though it was attended with singular difficulties, distresses and privations, and with all the hardships incident to Indian warfare, such as lying out unsheltered and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, to rain and snow and wind by night as well as by day, he accomplished to such perfect satisfaction that he received the public thanks of general St. Clair for his conduct.

Soon afterwards general St. Clair set out for Philadelphia, and early in January, 1792, general Wilkinson being appointed colonel of the second regiment, took the command of the army. Of this event general Harrison always speaks with pleasure, as making a very interesting era in his life. To the goodness of general Wilkinson he never omits a fair opportunity of bearing testimony, or of declaring that, besides a multitude of acts of kindness he owes the preservation of his temperate habits to the indefatigable tenderness and friendly admonition of the general, who not only gave him the best advice, but upon one occasion prevented him from being sent to a distant post, in conformity to his regular tour of duty, lest he should acquire from the example of his commanding officer of that post a habit of dissipation. It was by these means Harrison became so strongly impressed with the difficulty of avoiding habits of intemperance that he formed a resolution never to drink more than was necessary to allay thirst, to which he has ever since scrupulously adhered.

The successive defeats of Harmar and St. Clair pointed out to government the necessity of adopting a more effectual mode of repressing the Indians, or in other words, of calling into action against them a larger force and a more cautious system of operations. Negotiations for peace, therefore, were set on foot, in order,

if possible, to bring the savages to reason, at the same time that an act of congress was passed for raising a considerable army: and in order to provide against that error which had occasioned the two past defeats, viz: the want of discipline in the troops, the whole of the year 1792 and the winter and spring of 1793 were employed in raising men, and instructing them in military discipline. The new troops were stationed under general Wayne, at first, a few miles below Pittsburg, and then, descending the Ohio, were encamped upon its banks below Cincinnati, where Harrison joined them, in June, 1793, and was appointed second aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, having been in the preceding year raised to a lieutenancy in the first regiment.

In September, it being understood that the negotiations with the Indians had failed of effect and were broken off, the army, consisting of four thousand five hundred effective regulars, including some troops of dragoons, and of an auxiliary force of two thousand mounted militia under the command of general Scott, marched to Greenville; but an early setting in of the frost rendering it advisable to put the troops into winter-quarters, huts were built, and a system of discipline, calculated for the kind of warfare in which they were to be employed, was diligently put in practice. Here young Harrison devoted himself to the study and practice of his profession with such success, that he obtained the confidence of his commander and the attachment of his associates.

It was not, however, till the latter end of June, 1794, that general Wayne was enabled to march from Greenville, the enemy retreating before him as he advanced. He took and destroyed the town of the Indians, and advanced upon the British fort lately built at the foot of the Rapids of the Miami river. The Indians had collected in that neighbourhood, and on the 20th of August opposed the march of the American army, who soon routed them, and driving them to within a short distance of the British fort, encamped in full view of it. In this battle Harrison's conduct received the warmest applause from general Wayne. He had been appointed by the general to assist in forming the left wing of the regular troops; a task of extreme difficulty, owing to the thickness of the woods in which they were posted, and he accomplished it with great skill and effect.

Thus completely vanquished and humiliated, the Indians sued for peace; in the winter an armistice was granted to them, and in the August following a treaty terminated all their differences, and, with those, the war.

In the autumn of 1795, Mr. Harrison, now a captain, was married to the youngest daughter of John Cheeves Symmes, Esq. one of the judges of the north-western territory; and on the departure of general Wayne for the Atlantic states, was continued by him in his post of aid-de-camp, and left in the command of fort Washington. In the former of these offices he remained till the death of general Wayne, which happened in the course of the following year.

In 1797 captain Harrison finding the country reposed in peace, left the army, and was in a few weeks afterwards appointed secretary of the north-western territory in the room of W. Sarjeant, Esq. who was raised to the office of governor of the Mississippi territory. In the year 1799 he was sent as a delegate to congress from the north-western territory, and had an active share in bringing through congress the law for changing the defective system that had been in use for the sale of public lands, and in introducing the plan now in operation. He was in fact the person who originated that measure, the happy effects of which upon the treasury of the United States are now acknowledged by every one: for it has been ascertained, that the immense growth of population which enabled that territory in a short time after to become one of the states, and at this time not one of the smallest, arose altogether from that plan.

When the Indiana territory was formed out of a part of the north-western, Mr. Harrison was appointed, by Mr. Adams, the first governor of it; and in the year 1801 removed to the capital of it (Vincennes) with his family. At the expiration of the three years for which he had been appointed, he was again nominated to that office by Mr. Jefferson, and continued to retain it under Mr. Madison till he was called to the command of the north-western army after the fall of Detroit.

During his administration he directed his attention to the disciplining of the militia, and exerted himself in endeavouring to civilize and better the condition of the Indian tribes that fell under

his superintendence. In his letters to governor Scott of Kentucky, which have been published, and in his speeches to the Indiana legislature, he strenuously recommended the system of the old republics, under which military instruction was commenced at school. In consequence of that recommendation the United States gave a section of each township of Indiana for the use of schools, and an entire township near Vincennes towards the establishment of a college, for the express purpose of military institution.

Of his anxiety to secure the Indians from inquietude and the aggressions of the whites, to promote their civilization, and to induce them to raise domestic animals as a substitute for the wild game which was rapidly decreasing, his speeches and messages to the legislature of Indiana bear abundant testimony; while the many advantageous treaties he made with them prove his popularity with that singular race of beings.—But a still stronger proof is this:—A few of the party attached to the prophet gave out that the tribes who signed the treaty at fort Wayne in 1809, were overawed by a large force into that measure, contrary to their inclinations. This was a foul aspersion; for the truth has been established beyond controversy, that at the time of negotiating there were no more than thirty soldiers along with governor Harrison, while the Indians amounted to more than eighteen hundred—and he was entirely in their power, having slept at a house half a mile from the fort surrounded by multitudes of Indians.

The civil administration of general Harrison as governor of the territory, though not attended with such splendid circumstances as his military achievements, do him no less credit. A minute detail of his conduct in that high office would be out of its place in such an article as this, and could not be very interesting to the reader. For the present purpose it is sufficient to state that his management of the territory obtained the universal applause of the people, and the unqualified approbation of the general government. One event of it, however, merits particular description, as well on account of its important effects upon the public concerns, as of its serving to illustrate the character of general Harrison—we mean the expedition on the Wabash, in the autumn of 1811, which ended in the victory of Tippacanoe.

A confederation of Indians, under the command of a Shawanese imposter of considerable talents and great ambition, who passed for a prophet, and by that means acquired vast influence and a powerful ascendancy over the savages, had for some time excited the vigilance of the Indiana government, and at length proceeded to such an alarming extent as to render it necessary either to bring them to terms of definite accommodation by amicable treaty, or to reduce them by force of arms. Accordingly, governor Harrison collected an army to go against them; and in order to avoid if possible having recourse to the sword, and to take advantage of the alternative of negotiation, if the prophet and his people should feel disposed to an amicable adjustment, he headed the army himself. As he approached the prophet's town, he found it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, not only to avoid an ambuscade which the treachery of the enemy would have provided for his reception, but to procure an interview with them in order to learn their object, and open a negotiation with their chiefs. The conduct of the Indians, as he advanced, not only justified but increased his suspicions, and suggested to him the expediency of keeping his men drawn up in constant order of battle, and even of making them sleep ready dressed and accoutred, to prevent their being taken by surprise. During the whole of his last day's march, parties of the savages were seen continually lurking in his way and hovering about the thickets on either side; but every effort to speak with them was found ineffectual.—When our army came near the prophet's town, an American captain, with a flag and an interpreter, was despatched to request a conference; but the Indians appearing on both his flanks, striving to cut him off, the captain was recalled, and the governor, finding every attempt to bring the savages to a parley answered with contempt and insolence, resolved to encamp for the night, and in the morning to take some effectual means of opening a conference. At length a person who was said to be of high estimation with the prophet, came forward, expressed surprise at our troops having advanced so rapidly, and added that his chief was given to understand, by the persons who had been sent to him a few days before, that the governor would not advance to the prophet's town until he had received an answer to his demands—that this answer had been

despatched by a chief who accompanied back the governor's messengers, but who had unfortunately missed the army by taking the road on the other side of the river. The governor answered, that he had no intention of attacking them until he should discover their intentions—that he would encamp on the Wabash that night, and on the next morning would have an interview with the prophet. In the meantime he assured the man that no hostilities should be committed on the part of his army. The chief seemed much pleased, and promised that the conditions should be faithfully reciprocated.

That night the governor encamped his army in line of battle, and ordered the troops, even when it was their time to lie down to sleep, to keep their accoutrements on, so that they might on the slightest alarm, be ready for action without a moment's delay. They were regularly called up an hour before day, and kept under arms until it was quite light. In the morning the governor arose himself at a little after four o'clock, and the signal for calling out the men would have been given in two minutes, when an attack was commenced by the savages upon the left flank of his camp. Only one gun (says the governor in his letter to the secretary at war) was fired by the centinels, or the guard in that direction who made no resistance, but abandoned their officer, and fled into the camps so that the first notice which the troops had of their danger was from the yells of the savages within a short distance of the line, but even under those circumstances the men were not wanting to themselves or to the occasion. Such of them as were awake or easily awakened, seized their arms and took their stations—others who were more tardy had to contend with the enemy in the doors of their tents.

Under all those disadvantages the men all took their stations, and governor Harrison mounting his horse rode to the place where the attack was commenced, and made such a disposition of his forces as soon compelled the savages to repent of their treachery; they were driven before our infantry, at the point of the bayonet, and the dragoons pursued and forced them into a marsh where they could not be followed. In fine, they were routed in all quarters, and completely dispersed by the valour and discipline of our citizens, and the very able dispositions of his forces made by the governor.

The conduct of governor Harrison had before this event rendered him extremely popular in all the country that lies upon the banks of the western waters.—And his prompt and decisive measures against the Indians, which, by breaking up what was supposed to be a formidable conspiracy against the peace and security of the inhabitants of the Indiana Territory, endeared him still more to their hearts. The breaking out of the war with Great Britain, soon after enabled him to reap fresh laurels, and not only to raise himself still higher in their estimation, but to extend his popularity to all other parts of the union.

The capture of general Hull and his army, and the surrender of the Michigan Territory, which happened in August 1812, instead of depressing, gave a new spring to the spirit of the American people, and stimulated to more vigorous exertions, the executive government, who exasperated at the baseness of that transaction, and impatient of the stain which it threatened to fix on the national character, formed a determination to have immediate recourse to measures for retaking that territory and wiping off that disgrace from their arms. Accordingly, without foreseeing the many obstacles which stood in the way of their purpose, and of course without providing means to surmount them, the cabinet issued orders to general Harrison, urging him to advance as far as Detroit, and if possible to reduce Malden, during the fall of the year or in the ensuing winter. The desires of government were seconded by the voice of the people at large—particularly of those on the western waters, whose ardent, hasty, and ungovernable patriotism rendered them intolerant of delay; and the general, anxious to comply with the orders of the one, and to gratify the wishes of the other, collecting all the forces he could, hurried on to the frontier, hastened from post to post, put every thing in motion, and after encountering and overcoming a multitude of difficulties, made with incessant labour, such preparations as afforded the most reasonable assurance of success. A movement, however, made prematurely and contrary to his orders, by general Winchester upon the river Raisin, and the consequent defeat and capture of that officer and his army, entirely defeated the projects of Harrison, and frustrated the objects of the campaign for

that season. Finding it impossible, and indeed convinced that, though it were possible, it would be improper to transport back again to a post of safety in the interior, the provisions and munitions of war which had been brought forward with so much labour and exertion, and averse to have them destroyed or abandoned to the enemy, the general deemed it expedient to form a post of deposit for them and for the artillery, additional stores, provisions, and munitions of war, yet to be forwarded in preparation for the next campaign. It became necessary also to cover the frontiers from the marauding incursions of the savages in the spring, and seemed an object of the very first importance to secure the navigation of the river Miami, down which the great part of the supplies would be brought. For all these purposes general Harrison selected a fort on the Miami river at the foot of the rapids, to which out of respect to his friend, the governor of Ohio, he gave the name of *Fort Meigs*. Here he had all his stores deposited by the end of the winter, when the British officer who commanded in that quarter, getting intelligence of the situation of the fort and of its contents, resolved to make an attempt to take it, imagining that if he could accomplish their capture, the loss of the artillery, military stores, and provisions, would effectually embarrass, if not entirely prevent the operations of our armies for the following campaign.

General Proctor had been ordered to reinforce the British army on the Niagara, but the contiguity of fort Meigs to Niagara and Detroit, overawed him, and there is little doubt that the establishment of fort Meigs postponed the fate of Niagara. Not daring to leave it in his neighbourhood, Proctor resolved to reduce it. General Harrison, on receiving information to that effect, hastened from Cincinnati, where he then was, with all the forces he could collect, and on the twenty-second of April arrived at fort Meigs, with three hundred men, which, with those already there, made the whole of his force not more than fifteen hundred men; one third of whom during the siege were on the sick reports. This force was not a third part of what ought to have been assigned to the defence of such an important station. The secretary at war was early enough apprised of it; but neglected to authorize general Harrison, in time, to expedite a sufficient number of troops. Har-

rison however threw up new batteries; the officers as well as soldiers worked in the ditches; on the 27th the enemy appeared; on the 28th the fort was completely invested—and on the first of May the enemy opened his battery and continued firing till the fifth. The general's quarters were in the centre, and in decidedly the most exposed part of the fort. During the siege several shot passed through his marquee, several of his domestics were wounded, and captain McCulloch, while sitting by the general's fire, had the back part of his skull carried away. During the whole time general Harrison's fare was the same as that of the common soldiers—in no night during the siege did he sleep more than an hour, and indeed, he in general, when in the neighbourhood of an enemy, never slept on an average more than four hours out of the four and twenty.

The defence of fort Meigs may be fairly considered as one of the most brilliant and extraordinary events which distinguish the late war. Exclusive of the vast disproportion of the armies, general Harrison had, at the commencement of the siege, only six hundred shot of all sizes: for the war department thinking a siege unlikely, had made no better preparation. However, the general put the best face he could upon the matter, and kept his want of ammunition a profound secret—pretending that he would not harass his troops by unnecessary firing.

It happened that for the purpose of defending the frontier, general Harrison had made a requisition on the government of Kentucky for fifteen hundred militia. Those he hoped would have arrived in time for his purpose; but only a part of a battalion under the command of major Johnson joined him before the investment of the fort: the residue descended the St. Mary's and the Au Glazé as convoys to large supplies on their way to the lake. An express sent to general Clay to hasten forward those troops, found him at fort Winchester, with his brigade reduced by detachments and sickness to about eleven hundred effective men. To attempt to throw himself into the fort in the face of an army of more than three times his number seemed hazardous, if not rash; yet gen. Clay resolved to attempt it on the night of the fourth of May, of which he sent notice to general Harrison, stating that he would make the effort sometime between three o'clock of the morning and day-light.

Hedid not however arrive till nine o'clock the succeeding morning, owing to heavy rains and darkness, and to his pilots having refused to enter the Rapids, which are eighteen miles long. Meantime general Harrison considering that a fair occasion was afforded him, of playing off a surprise upon the enemy, despatched captain Hamilton to general Clay with an order to land six or eight hundred of his men on the north side of the river above the enemy's batteries, and marching down under cover of the woods, to storm them, spike the canons, blow up the batteries, and retreat to the boats if practicable, and if not to file off under the foot of the hill, where they would be protected by the artillery of the fort. This order might, and ought to have been executed, and in fact, so far as carrying the batteries and spiking the canon, was executed without the loss of a single man; but colonel Dudley, who commanded the detachment, refused to let the magazine be blown up, and suffered himself to be amused by a few Indians, and drawn off into the bush and swamp, while the enemy brought a force of double his number from the camp, and compelled all but about a hundred and forty to surrender, after an obstinate resistance. In the meantime general Harrison ordered three sorties from the fort; in one of which, two batteries opened by the enemy on the south of the river were carried, the cannon were dismounted, and forty-two men and two British officers were taken. These losses and discomfitures had the effect of convincing the British general (Proctor) of his inability to carry on the seige to any prosperous issue, and suggested to him the necessity of making a precipitate retreat; which he accordingly effected on the 9th of May.

The next great military achievement of general Harrison was that of the 5th of the following October, on the river Thames, in Upper Canada—whither he had followed the British army under gen. Proctor, who, as our army advanced, had retreated before it, abandoning fort Malden and Detroit, after having destroyed all the public buildings in both places. On the second of that month, having obtained information of the force of the British, the general left Sandwich with about three thousand five hundred men in pursuit of Proctor, who was posted and said to be fortifying himself on the right bank of the river, at a distance from Sandwich of fifty-six miles, where, however, it would seem as if he did not ex-

pect to be followed, as he neglected to take the precaution of breaking up the bridges until the night of the day that our army left Sandwich. On the first night of their march general Harrison with his troops reached one of four streams which crossed their route, and which, being rendered unfordable by their depth and muddiness for a considerable distance up the country, had been necessarily furnished with bridges. Of these bridges the first had been left entire. At the second, a British lieutenant of dragoons and eleven privates, sent by Proctor for the purpose of destroying it, were made prisoners during the process; and from them general Harrison learned that the third bridge was broken up, and that the enemy had no certain information of the advance of the American army.

The general also found the second bridge, however, but imperfectly destroyed, and with little difficulty repairing it, marched on up the banks of the Thames and encamped at a place called Drake's farm. In the meantime the baggage of the army was brought up in boats, protected by three gun-boats, furnished by commodore Perry for that purpose as well as to cover the passage of the army over the Thames, or the mouths of its tributary streams. The banks being low and clear and the river deep, those vessels were well calculated for such service: but when, approaching nearer to the enemy, the river changed its character by the stream becoming narrower, and the banks high and woody, general Harrison determined to leave the boats under a guard behind him, and to trust to the bravery of his troops for effecting the passage of the river. At the third unfordable stream the bridge had been taken away, and several hundreds of the Indians disputed the passage and commenced a heavy fire from the opposite bank of the creek as well as from that of the river, upon the advanced guard. A few shot from two six pounders, however, soon dispersed the savages, and served to cover our men while throwing over another bridge. As our army approached them, the enemy set fire to their vessels and stores, filled with ordnance and other valuable property to an immense amount, and left them in flames as they retreated. However, our army took a number of muskets, two twenty-four pounders with their carriages, and a quantity of balls and shells of various sizes, together with two gun-boats and several batteauxs loaded with provisions and ammunition.

Finding it necessary to pass a rapid on the Thames at a place called Arnold's Mills, which was found too deep for the infantry, the general resolved to make use of two or three boats and some Indian canoes he had taken on the spot, and with the assistance of these and by obliging each horseman to take a man of the infantry behind him, he had the whole of his army crossed over by twelve o'clock. He was now within twelve miles of the enemy, and when, advancing forward eight of those, he received information that the hostile detachment headed by general Proctor had arrived the day before at the Moravian towns, four miles higher up the river, he immediately directed the advance of Johnson's regiment to hasten their march forward for the purpose of procuring intelligence. In a short time the officer returned with the information that his progress had been stopped by the enemy, who were formed across his line of march. One of the enemy's waggoners also being taken prisoner gave the general very material information.

A more able disposition could not be made under such circumstances than was now made by general Harrison. His conduct on this day is distinguished by a masterly device of his own, purely original, and such as none but a bold and inventive genius, peculiarly formed for the military profession could have hit upon, or would have hazarded. Convinced that the thickness of the woods and swampiness of the ground would render it impossible to act on horseback against the Indians on the flanks, he determined to refuse them, and at once to break the British lines by a charge of the mounted infantry: for, knowing that the American back-woods-men ride better than any other people in thick woods, and that in galloping through them a musket or rifle is no impediment whatever to their speed, he reasonably anticipated what actually took place, viz: that the enemy unprepared for and surprised by such a shock, would be unable to resist it. Conformably to this resolution he directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of fifty yards from the road, in order that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the enemy's artillery, and with its left upon a swamp that ran parallel to the road, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire. The rest of the army being disposed with consummate ability, the whole moved

forward, general Harrison being placed in the front line of infantry to direct the movements of the horsemen, and give them necessary support. After having moved forward but a short distance the latter received the fire of the British line and were ordered to charge.—The horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire. Another volley was given by the enemy, and our column at length getting into motion, broke through the hostile ranks with irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over. The British officers seeing no hopes of reducing their ranks to order, and finding that our mounted men wheeled upon them and poured in another destructive fire, immediately surrendered, after a short engagement, in which only three of our troops were wounded. On the left, however, the contest was more severe between the Indians and colonel Johnson's corps; and on the right the Indians made an impression on Desha's division; but the gallant and venerable governor of Kentucky (Shelby) coming to its support with a regiment, the savages were routed with a considerable loss, many being killed in their retreat. Six pieces of brass artillery were taken on this day, three of them being the trophies of our revolutionary war, once captured at Saratoga and York, and lately surrendered to the British by General Hull. While the number of small arms taken by us, and supposed to be destroyed by the enemy themselves, amounted to above five thousand.—As to general Proctor, he escaped by the fleetness of his horses, escorted by forty dragoons and a number of mounted Indians.

The army of the British in that quarter being thus annihilated by the skill and valour of general Harrison, he returned to Detroit to await the further orders of his country. This was the last of his military achievements, and we wish that it may remain so, because we hope that during the lives of those now in existence, the peace with which we are at last blessed, will not be interrupted. But should unfortunately the reverse be the case—should the American people, be again driven to the necessity of throwing open the gates of the temple of Janus, while yet the vigour of manhood remains to general Harrison, unimpaired by infirmity or age, we have no doubt that he will be, as he has hitherto been, among the first, and most distinguished of the heroes and defenders of this republic.

We will conclude this sketch with an extract taken by permission from a letter of an officer of high rank, who served with general Harrison, and was his associate in many a hair's-breadth 'scape.

It was general Harrison's constant practice to address his troops, personally, believing it to be more effectual than the common mode of general orders.—He never omitted an opportunity of setting his troops the example of cheerfully submitting to those numerous and severe privations, incident to the carrying on of military operations, in an almost tractless desert, and in the most inclement seasons.

During the campaign on the Wabash, the troops were put upon a half a pound of bread per day. This quantity only was allowed to the officers of every rank, and rigidly conformed to in the general's own family. The allowance for dinner was uniformly divided between the company, and not an atom more was permitted. In the severe winter campaign of 1812-13, he slept under a thinner tent than any other person, whether officer or soldier; and it was the general observation of the officers, that his accommodations might generally be known, by their being the worst in the army. Upon the expedition up the Thames all his baggage was contained in a valise, while his bedding consisted of a single blanket, fastened over his saddle, and even this he gave to colonel Evans a British officer who was wounded.—His subsistence was exactly that of a common soldier.

On the night, after the action upon the Thames, thirty-five British officers supped with him upon fresh beef roasted before the fire, without either salt or bread, and without ardent spirits of any kind.—Whether upon the march, or in the camp, the whole army was regularly under arms at day break. Upon no occasion did he fail to be out himself, however severe the weather, and was generally the first officer on horseback of the whole army. Indeed, he made it a point on every occasion, to set an example of fortitude and patience to his men, and to share with them every hardship, difficulty and danger.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WAVERLY, OR 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE. A NOVEL, ATTRIBUTED
TO WALTER SCOTT.

As the following article is about to undergo the ordeal of public scrutiny, we feel no disposition to attempt to forestal the opinion of our readers by any expression of the sentiments—which we ourselves entertain respecting its merits. It will be naturally, however, inferred, that had we not thought favourably of it, we would not have admitted it to a place in our journal. Nor are we unwilling that such should be the general belief: for we cannot be persuaded, that the bestowing of our approbation on such writing, will be ever deemed discreditable to our judgment or taste.

There is one point, however, on which, if we mistake not, our correspondent has ventured to the furthest extent of existing testimony: perhaps the limit has been somewhat overstept. We allude to the assignment of *Waverly* to the pen of Walter Scott. We are far from asserting, that in some infelicitous moment—for, both physically and morally, all men have such moments—Mr. Scott did not write this novel; but we are still more reluctant to believe that he did. We shall only observe, that if he be the author, he is subject to unusual inequalities in writing: for it will not, we think, be denied, that *Waverly* is in no ordinary degree inferior to his other compositions.

We strongly suspect that the original assignment of this work to so able and popular a writer, is a mere “trick in trade,” a disingenuous stratagem devised to render it “a good article,” and to procure purchasers. That such unworthy deceptions are practised, sometimes not unsuccessfully, is a fact too notorious to be doubted; and we have met with but few instances where our suspicions were more broadly awake than in the present.

Our reasons for hesitating to attribute to the pen of Mr. Scott, the novel we are considering, are in brief, as follows, viz.

1. We cannot recognize in it, either the force and manliness of his style, or his peculiar felicity in the delineation of character.
2. Had he been the author, we can perceive no cause why he should have

withheld from the work the weight and influence of his name: whereas to a contrary line of conduct, his inducements would have been strong. Such conduct could not have failed to add greatly to the popularity of the work, and consequently to the profits of his bookseller and himself, considerations which we do not believe would have presented themselves to him without their effect. 3. From the lowly manner in which this novel was first announced by its publisher in England, we feel persuaded that Mr. Scott was not *there*, where the opportunities of knowing the true state of the case were better than ours, considered as its author. To this view of the subject we might subjoin, as a very prominent fact, that the whole style and manner of "*'Tis Sixty Years Since*," are juvenile, crude and incorrect, compared to the acknowledged productions of Mr. Scott. To read "*for the gratification of amusement*," "*to give and receive reciprocally*," (confining the words to an individual, instead of two or more persons acting towards each other) to be uncertain "*whether he will or no*," and to furnish "*a rational reason*," with innumerable other similar inaccuracies contained in these volumes—such palpable improprieties of expression, however willing we might be to excuse them in an inexperienced writer, would be altogether unpardonable in the veteran author of *Marmion*, *Rokeby* and the *Lady of the Lake*.

An attempt to raise the reputation of a work by spuriously ascribing it to a distinguished writer, is a most dishonest stragem, which merits the frowns and reprobation of the public. Without making ourselves at all responsible for the fact, we repeat, that if Walter Scott be the author of *Waverly*, his pen in writing it has been untrue to itself.

ED.

MR. OLDSHOOL,

OF those fashionable articles of modern manufacture, yclep'd *Reviews*, there are three kinds in demand. The first, which is vended chiefly by those wholesale dealers, the north Britons, has the name of some author, indeed, at the head of the piece, but nothing more, for both warp and woof are exclusively their own. To drop our homespun metaphor, the productions of this class of critics may be called any thing more properly than reviews. The next

sort are from those who justify their sentence of acquittal or condemnation, by evidence extracted from the work itself, and thus judge the writer out of his own mouth; and the last by those who relying on the notoriety of their subject, content themselves with a general discussion of its merits without selecting any particular specimens. Of these varieties the second appears, on the whole, the most equitable; and, especially where a work is but little known, may be instrumental by means of its extracts in attracting toward it the attention it deserves. But when public curiosity has already anticipated the recommendation of the reviewer, this method is no longer obligatory, and may become officious. This is emphatically true in the instance before us, since a novel attributed to Mr. Scott must have already been in the hands of every one; and will exonerate us from the imputation of disrespect in omitting to exhaust time and patience in quoting what every one previously knows—a labour as superfluous as the form of introduction after the parties have become familiar.

It is one of the many incongruities of our nature, which we leave to be accounted for by the analysis of the metaphysician, that the very scenes which most agonise us, whether on the stage or in the closet, are those over which we hang with the highest ecstacy of interest and delight, like the terrible fascination ascribed to the serpent which fastens, while it convulses its object. Of such a nature were the scenes exhibited at the memorable era to which these pages refer; and if they might be relied on as an impartial and accurate copy of those times, they would be an acceptable acquisition to the moral antiquarian. But of this accuracy, the only qualified witnesses—the surviving lovers and actors in those days, must necessarily be few, and those few fast passing away; so that, after all, this period, eventful and interesting as it is, must submit to be judged like all others, not from the dubious narrative of the novelist, but from the less exceptionable, though less attractive records of temporary journals, letters and memoirs. Wherever these authorities are in unison with a work of fiction it may with confidence be received; and the reader of the volumes under consideration will be gratified with several such coincidences. The col. G—, for example of our author, will readily be recognized as a faithful copy of a famous original, that col.

Gardner, of religious memory, who fell in battle against the rebels, and whose remarkable conversion from the most sceptical levity, to the utmost austerity of faith and practice, has found an "honest chronicler," in Dr. Doddridge. The same may be said of the duke of Cumberland's character, at least those features of it that are presented to us, have a likeness to the life, and would answer with some additional touches for William the third. That of prince Charles Edward, however, is the most conspicuous for its historical conformity. His intrepidity, his elegance, his enthusiasm—in a word, his chivalry—that rare combination of dignity with delicacy, the hardy heroism of the Scottish chieftain, with the courteous refinement of the French chevalier—these were the traits of that illustrious, though ill-fated adventurer, and these are carefully preserved. That irresistible influence of his personal deportment, particularly, in winning to his cause even the most unwilling, which is here illustrated in the interview with "Waverly," will recall to the mind of the reader the real interview, with its similar effect, as detailed by Mr. Campbell in a note to those lines in which the poet has discharged the debt of gratitude to the patriot, and immortalized the memory of Cameron, of Lochiel. The baron of Bradwardine reminds us of a similar mixture of bravery and pedantry, to be found, if we mistake not, in the chief of the De Lancasters, in Cumberland's novel under that name; and for the sketches from lower life—the faithful foster-brother, and the cunning page—we cannot give our author higher praise than that of successfully imitating what he proposed as his model, the delineations of Miss Edgworth, that peerless portrayer of Irish characteristics. But his Scotts are evidently his *chef d'œuvres*. His English personages are by no means equally fortunate, and perhaps, one of the least interesting individuals of the work, is he who gives it a name. The Fergus and Flora, the Highland colonel and his sister, are, after all, the principal characters who command a passionate and continued interest, and, as was said of Shakspeare's queen Katherine, "the genius of the piece comes in and goes out with them." We feel under high obligation to the author for the space he has allotted, and the force he has ascribed to the holy, undivided, undying affection, which distinguished this unfortunate pair; so different from the ordinary

run of romances, where no attachment is admitted but *la belle passion*, which is continually recurred to as the one thing needful, and the sacred ties which nature formed for us, are wholly superceded by those we form for ourselves. Our author seems indeed, to have had a strange sort of jealousy, lest the former of these should engross too much of our regard, and is perpetually obtruding disparaging insinuations—that the purity of his public feeling was alloyed by the intermixture of worldly motives (as whose is not?) and appears actuated by a prophetic boding, that this rebel highlander would usurp that allegiance from the redoubtable hero of the work which was his high and sole prerogative. And here we must beg leave to enter our serious protest against a certain levity of manner which costs the author constant effort to preserve, and which is, not unfrequently, overstrained and out of place. We notice this with more surprise, as it is contrary to his own convictions of propriety as expressed in regard to Flora; whose pensiveness of mind he naturally refers to her habitual expectation of political events; “not to be accomplished without blood shed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity.” Yet in relating these same events is he reckless of outraging our feelings by an assumed giddiness of style (if we may so term it) difficult to describe, and impossible to participate; of which a remarkable instance is afforded by a sudden transition in which none of his readers will care to follow him, from the bloody scaffold of the gallant Fergus to the vulgar balderdash of a highland hostess. Obnoxious to the same criticism is the heartlessness with which here, as in “Rokeby,” the lovers set about the merry-making of their own wedding, so speedily after the loss of their friends. Few men, we believe, even without any pretension to the vaunted sensibility of Waverly, could have indulged in selfish speculations, or pursued their plans of personal felicity while the life and fortunes of a friend who might have been a brother, and of another, “than brother nearer,” remained in such awful uncertainty. In real life such conduct would not escape animadversion, and the writer whose vocation is to paint the “living manners as they rise,” should be cautious not to violate the decorums of those manners.

On the cruel policy to which the chief of M'Ivor was the victim, our author bestows some deserved reprehension; but it "was the reasoning of those times," we are told, "adopted even by brave and humane men toward a vanquished enemy;" and he apparently congratulates himself that we shall never again hear the sentiments, or witness the scenes that were then general in Britain. We are sorry to see so little ground for such gratulations: since we have a distinct recollection of similar "scenes," and similar "sentiments" toward more than one of the British dependencies, which were prevalent in that country, not quite "sixty years since." In the mysterious appointments of providence the last of the Stuarts, it is true, have failed from the face of the earth, and expiated their mistakes by their misfortunes. But the sanguinary penal code that slaughtered their adherents, still remains in all its ancient rigour; unmitigated unless by the royal prerogative of mercy, which has been but sparingly exercised in cases of high treason. It is, indeed, melancholy to reflect that even Great Britain which has so long enjoyed the lights of christianity and the comforts of civilization, should furnish in some instances, so humiliating a check to our theories of progressive improvement; that of the lot of Kilmarnock and Balmerino in 1746, should be that of Emmett and Fitzgerald in 1798, and the fate of Wallace in the reign of Edward I. had been that of Washington under George III, had the fortune of the war been reversed and the conqueror become a captive. We disclaim any special animosity toward England, and respect what is really respectable in that nation, as much as any one; but as one impression only has generally circulated, it may not be without use to have the reverse of the medal exhibited occasionally; and the rather, as it comes, not from the suspicious source of a jacobin journalist, or member of the opposition, but genuine, from the hands of a court bard and devoted ministerialist.

The work is dedicated in some sentences of extreme modesty to the late Henry Mackenzie, esq. in whose praises we cordially acquiesce, though we marvel much at his being hailed by the appellation of "the Scottish Addison"—frankly confessing we know of scarce any two writers of equal eminence who are more dissimilar. Mr. Addison's writings are celebrated chiefly for

their ease and elegance, and the character, like that of the man himself, is refined but calm. Mr. M'Kenzie, on the contrary, is tender and glowing; and his *forte* is decidedly in the pathetic. The influence Mr. Addison exerted on society was through the medium of the taste and imagination, rather than of the feelings, with which he prudently forbore to intermeddle; and hence his manner, though correct and regular, is, in order to be appropriate,

"Correctly cold, and regularly low."

The reverse is the case with Mr. M'Kenzie whose animated pathos is such as often to elude expression, and is indicated only by the frequent breaks in his sentences; indeed we know no writer (except Sterne, whom he most resembles in all but in delicacy) that abounds more in those pauses, "where more is meant than meets the ear." It is no reproach to Mr. Addison that he has not attained the sublime or impassioned, for he never attempted it, and there can be no disgrace from not reaching a mark, at which one has not aimed. If it be true also that he could not have produced a "Julie de Roubigne," or a "Man of Feeling," still less could the other have been capable to produce that revolution in composition which Mr. Addison had the honour of effecting. The peculiarities incidental to the style of Mr. M'Kenzie are obviously such, as in the hands of the unskilful, might be easily perverted to excess, and liable to caricature. It is, therefore, unfit for general use, and better suited to form one of the varieties of style, at a period when taste has acquired a fastidiousness that desires something new, than for an earlier era, when it needed only a safe and simple model. In justice, then to the respective claims of both these writers, to whom literature and morals have a debt of gratitude 'still owing, still to owe,' we dismiss them with the award of king Lear,

"The coronet part between you!"

In the assaignment of "Waverly" to Mr. Scott, we are on the whole, disposed to concur, and think there is much internal evidence, in some of the poetry especially, to countenance this opinion. Those who object that they find an occasional tedious-

ness in many parts of these volumes, which they never experienced from the verses of Mr. Scott, only afford another proof of the witchery of numbers in beguiling the attention to passages which would fatigue it if in prose. The scenery is certainly that which the Muse of this gentleman most delights to sketch, and there is the same minute description of the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of highland warfare.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFUTATION OF OPINIONS CONTAINED IN TWO PAPERS ON THE
IRISH LANGUAGE, PRESERVED IN THE PORT FOLIO FOR OCTOBER
AND NOVEMBER, 1814.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE recently perused the "Papers on the Irish Language" signed T. C. in your numbers for October and November, and with all possible respect for your ingenious correspondent, whose love of learning I do not permit myself to doubt, I shall allow myself some remarks on their contents. Being a country farmer, I am more conversant with esculents than with Hebrew and Irish roots, with plain phrases than rhetorical periods; but whatever my moderate attainments may enable me to say on this subject, no offence will be meant thereby. I expect to meet with much candid indulgence from the superior acquirements of your correspondent, and beg to assure him, if this paper be fortunate enough to attract his attention, that I shall endeavour to find authorities for what I may advance, and refer to them where it is necessary. I shall not *presume to decide authoritatively* upon perhaps the most important of all human speculations, in any case where that decision may stand in oppugnancy to the deliberate opinions of the numerous learned and pious men, who have in various periods deserved the admiration of the Christian world. The opinions of general Vallancey on the supposed affinity of the ancient Irish to the Phenician or Punic language, have long been known; they are supported with much ingenuity, and his great diligence in the

collection of facts and other matters connected with the languages of Celtic origin, has received much commendation. The general outline of his theory is, that Ireland was peopled with Scots or Scythians from Spain, eight or ten centuries before Christ; which Scythians had originally emigrated from the Euxine and Caspian, and had received their letters from the Phenicians: that the Carthaginians also colonized Ireland about six hundred years B. C. These facts he thinks derive confirmation from the strong affinity of the Hiberno-celtic, with the fragments of the Punic language still extant, and accordingly the learned general has favoured the literary world with a collation of ancient Irish to the supposed fragment of the Punic tongue, in the comedy of Penulus of the Latin author Plautus. These opinions are thought to be more popular in Ireland than elsewhere: the true sons of Milesius are proud of the general's acumen and science, and regard his speculations as valuable addenda to their very *ancient and authentic* history. Toland, Parsons, O'Halloran, Keating, O'Conner, O'Flaherty, are the genuine Irish historians. It is related by some, or all of them, that Tenius Tarsaidh, great-grand-son to Japhet, kept school in the plains of Shinaar, one hundred and fifty years after the deluge, and there invented the Hebrew, Irish, and Greek letters. Keating more accurately lands the giant Partholanus, who was cousin german to Japhet, on the coast of Munster, the 14th day of May, anno mundi, 1978. This gentleman giant, cousin as aforesaid to Japhet, was rendered very unhappy by the gay propensities of his wife, whose favourite dog he killed in a jealous rage: the historian observes that Mrs. Partholanus was the first Irish lady who ever committed a faux pas. The earliest authentic notice which the Irish possess of their high antiquity, is supposed to be contained in a book called *Liebhuir Dromnasnachta*, or book with the white cover, which relates that Ireland was originally peopled by the three daughters of Cain, grand-daughters to the first pair of course, and that the eldest of these ladies, Miss Bamba, gave her name to the island.

To the favourable reception which these and a thousand equally wild relations have obtained amongst the warm-hearted sons of Erin, we perhaps owe the quixotic attempt of Vallancey, who, shutting up their vernacular in his etymological crucible, turns

Erin ma vournin Erin go bragh into Punic, and your correspondent T. C. a little more zealous, sublimates it into "exactly the same with the ancient Carthaginian." With the Hyberno-Celtic or ancient Irish at his command, general Vallancey has produced a great variety of words, resembling strongly the text in Plautus, and has given an English translation, which his admirers declare ought to be received as the true sense of the supposed Punic passage. I do nothing doubt sir, but that an ingenious person equally competent to the task, might produce words out of the Tartaric, Icelandic, Finnic, and Welsh, or either of them, as much resembling the passages in Plautus, as the collation of general Vallancey; and the translation of such a medley would be equally entitled to consideration as the true sense of the passage; and yet I am prepared to acknowledge and to demonstrate, if required, that the Hyberno-Celtic is cognate with the ancient Carthaginian; but this is a different position from one which asserts the Irish to be descendants of Carthaginians, and their language to be "exactly the same with the ancient Carthaginian."

That kind of etymology which instructs and persuades is a noble study; the pursuit lies through the polished paths of classic literature, to the sacred sources of the Holy Scriptures, and terminates in the solution of every fearful doubt, and the confirmation of every vital hope: of such a study the labour and reward journey hand-in-hand together. Considered in any other point of view, etymology is an unsatisfying toil, ending in the frivolous word or custom which excites it. The introductory remarks of your correspondent, T. C. upon the insufficiency of ordinary etymology are sensibly expressed, but I apprehend in these very papers on the Irish language, the position he has endeavoured to maintain is not happily accordant with them, for really all that general Vallancey has done is to present a medley of Irish words, and give a translation: but where are we to be referred to learn, whether this translation accords with the meaning of the Punic passages in Plautus. Again, if it were in proof that the passages as in Mocinegus or the other editions, were the genuine Punic words put into the mouths of the actors by Plautus, there would still remain nothing but a similarity of words to depend on. A very learned Dutchman, Goropius Becanus, author of *Indo Scy-*

thica, made himself ridiculous enough by a similar credulity. It being related in Herodotus* that Psammeticus, king of Egypt, curious about the antiquity of his nation, had two children brought up without hearing a word spoken—when two years old they simultaneously cried out “beccos,” which signified “bread” in the Phrygian. Becanus from this concludes the High Dutch to be the mother language; for “becker” signifies a “baker.” But to return to the passages in Plautus; they have long ago been brought to the clearest light, and to the entire satisfaction of the learned, by the labours of Petit, Thornton, and more especially of that illustrious orientalist, Bochart, who has left the most imperishable monuments of his great learning and sagacity; the result of whose labours has confirmed all sound scholars in the only opinion accordant with Holy writ, that the Phenician was a mere dialect of the Hebrew. In the eyes of a Hebraist, there is something uncommonly adventurous in an attempt to shake this opinion. The version of the principal passage into Hebrew by Bochart is at once learned and of the simplest structure, nor is any violence offered to the Punic text. Let those unskilled in Hebrew contrast the two translations of Bochart and Vallancey, as presented by T. C. in page 481, &c. of the November number of *The Port Folio*, with Plautus in their hands, and pronounce whether the simple address of Hanno, according to Bochart, or the paraphrastic translation of Vallancey, consist most with the style of Plautus, and the design of the drama. I am persuaded that those competent to understand these matters, will (with the exception of T. C.) not think it necessary for me to give all those reasons which the subject affords in support of what I have advanced; but desirous of satisfying him also, and particularly of offering a very important subject to him, in another view than that in which he appears to have conceived it, I shall require further indulgence for what I have to add.

The address of Hanno, according to the edition of Möcinegus is as follows:

- 1 Nythalonim ualonuth sí corathissima comsyth
- 2 Chine lac chunyth mumys tyal mythibarii imischi
- 3 Lipho canet hyth bynuthii ail aedin binuthii
- 4 Byrnarob syllo homalonim uhy misyrthobo

* Book ii. chap. i. Enterpe.

- 5 Bythlym mothym noctothii velechanti dasmachon
 6 Yasidele brin thyfel yth chylys chonthem liphul
 7 Uth bynim ysdibar thynno cuth nu Agarastocles
 8 Ythe maneth iby chirsae ly coth sith naso
 9 Bynni id chil luhik gubullin lasibit thym
 10 Bodyalt herayn nyn nays lym monchot kusim.
- 11 Exanolim uolanus succuratim mistim attecuni ease
 12 Concubitus a bello cutin beant lalacant chona enuses
 13 Huice silic panesse athiomascon alem induberte felono buthume
 14 Celtum comuchro huni at enim auoso uber hant byach aristodem
 15 Ette se aneche nasectelia Elicos alemus dubertu mi comps uestpi
 16 Aodeanec liqtor bodes ~~nasam~~ linnimacoolus.

Of which the lines marked from one to ten Bochart has represented in Hebrew characters, and rendered thus:

Rogodeoset deas qui hanc regionem-tuentur
 Ut consilia mea compleantur; prosperum sit ex ducta eorum meum negotium
 Ad liberationem filii mei manu predonia, et filiarum mearum,
 Dii per spiritum multum qui estis in ipsis et per providentiam suam
 Ante obitum diversari apud me solebat Antidamarchus
 Vir mihi familiaris; sed is eorum extibus junctus est, quorum ha bitatio est
 in caliginé;
 Filium ejus constans fama est ibi fixisse sedem Agarastoclem.
 Sigillum hospitii mei est tabula sculpta, cujus sculptura est deus meus, id
 fecerit:

Indicavit mihi testis eum habitare in his finibus
 Venit aliquis per portam hanc, ecce eune: rogabo, num quid noverit nomen.

And the lines marked from eleven to sixteen he has not translated, being of opinion that from the similitude of the first words in the first line, and from the proper names Antidamarchus, and Agarastocles occurring at the proper intervals, they were a repetition of the first passage in a Lybian dialect. This conjecture is well supported by the learned Samuel Petit, who undertook this passage, and put it into Hebrew, as thus:

Et alonine valonoth seccarati misti attic umasse
 Coneo bitii miabel lo cuti nibe anir lo laccu tchind anus is
 Hoi cesi lec po nasse Athidamas con al Emun diber tefelon ob uthume
 Cel-tum Com uera lu enu et oni mku osi ubar banthy ach Aristoclem
 Atassena china-sot el iaeli cosa lemun diber termi Cai upsu aspeti
 Bod canec liqtor be dhai asam linnim Coles.

which he renders

Deos Deasque veneror qui hanc urbem colunt
 Ut quod de mea re huc veni, rite venerim
 Measque ut gnatus, et mæi fratris filium
 Reperire me sinitis, dñi vostram fidem!
 Qua mihi surreptæ sunt, et fratris filium
 Sed hic mihi antehoc hospes Antidamas fuit
 Eum fecisse aiunt, sibi quod faciundum fuit
 Ejus filium hic prædicant esse Agarastoclem
 Deum hospitem ac tesserum mecum fero:
 In hisce habitare monstratu est regionibus
 Hos percontabor, qui huc egrediuntur foras.

And being the exact spirit of the version of Bochart, although in a different form of the Punic, and not Lybian as Bochart surmised.

I might rest my argument here upon the felicitous illustration afforded by these eminent scholars; but it is not unworthy of observation, that the proper name Antidasmarchon, which appears in the fifth line, is made Athidmascon in the thirteenth, and in the fourteenth Aristoclem is put for Agarastocles, being manifest abbreviations; and I think it may be confidently presumed, that Plautus intended either of these passages to be recited at the pleasure of the actor.

General Vallancey, faithful to his purpose of making Irish of the whole continuous passage, has conceived the repetition contained in the lines eleven to sixteen to be new matter, and translated it accordingly. (Vide Port Folio, page 483.) Of the proper name Athidamascon in the fifth line, he makes the following Irish, "an ti daisic mac Coinne," and translates it "to recover my daughters:" in the thirteenth line the same process not being quite so convenient, he turns Athidmascon into "Athi dum, as con," which, in conjunction with other words, he renders "neglect of the cause before thee, would be pains," &c. If it were necessary a great deal might be said also of the kind of Irish employed by him in claiming this relationship with the Punic, and the manner in which he has got it up for the purposes of apparent resemblance with the passages in Plautus: the whole of his process contains nothing of the unadorned and persuasive manner in which Bochart and Petit have illustrated these passages. There are in the Penn-

lus other Punic expressions which have been as happily rendered by them: there is no Hebrew scholar so simple as not to recognize in the Punic salutation "Avo Donni" the Hebrew, *אדוני אדוני* avo adonai, save you masters.

The instances which T. C. adduces to strengthen the hypothesis of Vallancey, do not appear to me conclusive. The word "canaithe" which, in the Irish, means a merchant, and which is brought forward as synonymous with "Canaanite," is from "Cean-naigham" to buy, the immediate etymon of which is "Ceanan" a hundred from *קנה* kana, to buy, acquire, whence also the Latin centum, and our Saxon hundred. The Bearla Feni, or Feni dialect, may not possibly mean "Punic." "Bearla Fene," means "Lawyers Irish." "Finne" means "witness, testimony." "Fine" a nation or tribe, and "Finn-gheinte" (mark this) is literally "Finnish people or Norwegians." Now this very term may have originated from the Fins or Norwegians: the idea of Scandinavian colonies in Ireland as well as Scotland has long ago been familiar.

Notwithstanding all the objections which I oppose to the hypothesis of your correspondent T. C. I do not mean to say that I utterly disbelieve that Ireland was ever visited by the Carthaginians, or received colonies from Spain; wild as the Irish traditions are, yet there are moments when I have thought some of them imposing, and there are certain terms in the Irish language, not so easily accounted for as the words of other languages of Celtic origin. But the important fact well established and known to antiquarians and philologists, that amidst the boasted antiquity of the Irish people, and their pertinacious adherence to a Phœnician origin, there should be no monument, no inscription, no coin, no manuscript or other visible thing in existence to support their pretensions, is too striking an anomaly in the history of a people to be received; for it is well known that the people from whom they claim to derive their descent, were singularly skilled in all these arts. It is true that monuments of stone, with devices and inscriptions also, are not wanting in Ireland; but they have been pronounced by the most skilful antiquarins* to be of an age subsequent to the set-

* "Ware's Antiquities." "Innes, Essay on Popul. Antiq. &c." "Macpherson, Introduction to History of Britain," and "Aistle's Origin and Progress, &c."

tlement of the Romans in Britain, from which people both British and Irish received the use of letters for the first time. As to coins previous to that era, none have been produced, although their existence has been much insisted upon: and in relation to manuscripts, we have the testimony of the keeper of the records, Mr. Astle, a most accomplished MS. antiquarian, "the oldest Irish MSS. we have discovered is the Psalter of Cashel, written in the latter end of the tenth century;" vide orig. and prog. page 120. Indeed it is sufficient to add, that of late these theories have been in a great measure abandoned. Having, I think, placed a few difficulties in the way of your correspondent's position, "that the modern Irish language is *exactly* the same with the ancient Carthaginian," I shall proceed to remark on some more of his opinions, which, though apparently lurking in the back ground of his argument, have a certain air of confidence, whereby they appear more like principals than accessories in the great hypothesis, to which I am afraid the "Papers on the Irish Language" in fact, act a subordinate part.

"The following facts I consider so well established in ancient history, as to need no citation of authorities in their support."

"That the Phenicians, Tyrians, Sidonians, Canaanites, Samaritans, Edomites, Anakim (Anakims) (Fin-nac in Hebrew, sons of Anac) Philistines or Palæstines, who occupied the sea-coast from above Tsidon, or Sidon southward, nearly to Egypt, were colonies of the same people, originally the *Indo-Scythæ*; or perhaps Chaldeans." Vide Port Folio, page 410.

That the Jews, after various attempts on Canaan, were not able to obtain possession of certain parts; that they could not drive out the inhabitants, and on this account, mingling with the Canaanites, the two languages became necessarily amalgamated, and the Hebrew, previous to Eadras, have been Phenician, with occasional variations only, hence it is that a Punic passage may so nearly approach to Hebrew.

"I am inclined to think this mother tongue (of the Phenician, Syrian, Hebrew and Chaldaic,) was the Syrian." Vide, page 411.

"From the activity, &c. of the Phenicians, I should ascribe their origin to the Scythæ, although the Scythian language would give place to the Assyrian by degrees. But all this part of history is as yet too obscure for any thing but conjecture."

"And whether the Hindu is not the mother of all of them." Vide, page 412.

"As to the two columns (*Columnæ tingilanzæ*), which he (Selden) mentions afterwards, as recording the flight of the Canaanites or Philistines, from the *predatory incursions* of Joshua the son of Nun, they certainly are of far less authority, even than the contested Arundelian marbles. Seldon had more learning than judgment. He supposes after Procopius, this inscription of which we have nothing but a Greek translation, to have been written in Hebrew. Now that the most civilized people then known in the world, a manufacturing, commercial, and colonizing nation to a very high degree, who had for centuries probably been settled along that coast of the Mediterranean, and whose language was extensively known and used, should suddenly, without cause or reason, adopt the motley Egypto-Chaldaic language, of a *set of ignorant and half starved free-booters* (as they must have considered the Jews,) who, having escaped from slavery in Egypt, made desperate incursions upon the back lands of the Phenician colonists, is altogether *absurd and incredible*. The fact is, that the Hebrew, like the Phenician, is a dialect of the Chaldee," &c. &c. Vide Port Folio, page 416.

From the preceding extracts it appears that your correspondent T. C. considers the opinions entertained therein as *facts*, and facts so well established as to require no citation of authorities. Hence the Phenicians, Samaritans, Edomites, &c. were descended originally from the Indo Scythæ, or perhaps the Chaldeans, but probably the Syrians, that is, provided the Hindu is not the mother of the whole of them.

Hence another fact, that the Hebrew tongue, like the Phenician, is a dialect of the Chaldee, (saving the foregoing cases) but that the Hebrew, during the sojourning of Abraham and his descendants in Canaan and subsequent to the Exodus, became changed into Phenician with occasional variations only. Hence the miraculous passage of the Jordan after the Exodus, was in *fact* nothing but predatory incursions of Joshua at the head of a set of ignorant and half-starved free-booters, speaking a motley Egypto-Chaldaic tongue (as the Phenicians were obliged to believe,) and any other view of the matter is absurd and incredible: and finally, by way of

strengthening these facts, and enabling us to repose with the utmost confidence upon them; in the place of authorities, we are informed "that all this part of history is as yet too obscure for any thing but conjecture." Seriously, I feel constrained to arrest my pen to consider the design of your correspondent, in bringing forward opinions so vague upon such an occasion. I may not presume he thinks the Bible no authority, because he occasionally quotes it to support his own views:—does he then deserve the sarcasm he has so lightly thrown at the memory of the great and learned Selden? Sensible of the disadvantages at which this highly important subject must be, from the moderate attainments which Providence has enabled me to bring to its consideration, I shall, notwithstanding, endeavour to restore it to that equilibrium from which, in this instance, it has been unnecessarily disturbed. And it may be as well here to premise, that instead of that part of history (sacred) which relates to the first nations, their descent and languages, being involved in utter obscurity, we are possessed of authorities venerable and persuasive:—authorities which preclude doubt as soon as consulted in a proper state of mind and before which the opinions now arraigned, fall to the ground.

The sound parts of ancient profane history, unite with sacred history to bring these matters into the clearest day, and in such numerous instances that I may not on this occasion give even a brief notice of them: but to a heart and mind rightly disposed the unadorned and persuasive narrations of the Bible is sufficient. In the names of the descendants of the sons of the great patriarch, Noah, we have the truest indications of the origin of nations, ancient and modern.* In Genesis, ix. 22, is related the offence for which part of the posterity of Ham, the younger son of Noah, was cursed, under the prophetic name of Canaan, signifying merchant, from the root כָּנָן kana, to buy, acquire. In chap. x. 15, we read, "and Canaan begat Sidon his first born, and Heth," and verse 19, "and the border of the Canaanites was from Sidon, as thou comest to Gerar, unto Gaza," &c. &c.

The name, situation, ancient language, and the attributes of the Phenicians, plainly prove them to be descended from the Canaanites: hence the Septuagint, in speaking of the Canaanites, or

* Vide Genesis, chap. 10.

Canaan, promiscuously use the term Phenician, or Canaanite, as in Exodus vi. 15, where for the Hebrew term Canaanite the Septuagint* has Φοινίκης, and Genesis xvi. 10, where the same word is Χαναανίδος: the mother of Shaul being in one verse called Phenician, and in the other Canaanite. Again, Exodus xvi. 35, where the Hebrew term כנען Chanaan is made φοινίκης, and Joshua v. 12, where the same כנען Chanaan is rendered φοινίκων. Again, in verse the first, chap. v. where מלכי דבנעני Malche Hacnaani, kings of the Canaanites, is in the Septuagint rendered βασιλεις της φοινίκης, kings of Phenicia.† Bochart quotes Eupolemus and other Greek writers, to prove that the Greeks knew the Phenicians to be Canaanites, and that they were by them designated as ΟΗΝΑΙ and ΟΗΝΑ, and adds, “Nemo enim est qui non videat nomen ΟΗΝΑ nature esse ex decurtato ΟΗΑΝΑΑΝ.”

That the Phenicians and Canaanites were one people, and that Canaan was a name prophetically given to the son of Ham, the youngest son of Noah, being a matter clearly disposed of, I proceed to mention that the Chaldeans, whose proper name (Χαλδαῖον being a Greek term) is כשדים Chasdim, are the descendants of כשד, Chesed, the son of Nahor, the brother of Abraham. The Hebrews are descended, Genesis x. 21, from Shem, the second son of Noah, who was also the father of Ashur, who built the first Nineveh about 1900 B. C. From this statement it is manifest, that the language which was spoken on earth, by the sons of Noah after the flood, was the same, and necessarily that of their descendants: accordingly, we find the Holy Scripture in Genesis ii. 1, declare the earth was of one language, and of one speech; and the inhabitants thereof congregated together, who, for their subsequent presumption, were dispersed, and their language so confounded, as to prevent their understanding each other distinctly. That the confusion did not extend further may be presumed, first, from the present great affinity of the Chaldee to the Hebrew, and secondly, in that at the period of the emigration of Abram from Ur of the Chaldees, and during his sojourning in Canaan and Egypt, his intercourse with the Egyptians and Canaanites does not appear to have been embarrassed by those difficulties which arise from a strange language. It may then I think be safely assumed, that

* Vide Lambertus Bos. Septuagint, Edit. Franq. 1709. † Phaleg. Lib. 4. cap. 34.

the universal people of the earth in those days, whether Scythians, Assyrians, Hebrews, Canaanites, or Egyptians, being all sprung from one family, did understand each other's language, as the Danes and Swedes, Spaniards and Portuguese, English and Scotch, of our days. And this opinion is manifestly confirmed and immovably established by an examination of the Chaldee chapters of the Bible: and here it may be briefly observed, that the two languages are so much alike as to approach almost to identity. The monosyllabic roots of the Hebrew are generally amplified in Chaldee, by the addition of a letter or more, prefixed as **ר** a hand, is in Chaldee **רמא**. Postfixed as **נא** people, in Chaldee **נאמא**; also, letters of the same organ are interchanged occasionally: the Hebrew **ש** is almost invariably made **ח** in the Chaldee, as **חור** for **שור**, a bull. Indeed, to sum it up in the words of that illustrious commentator, Vitringa,* "Sanè Chaldæam aut Syriacum Linguam etiam nunc experimur omnium minimè ab Hebræâ linguâ differre, ita ut dialectus potius et variata Elocutio, quam ab Hebræâ diversa, habenda sit." For we now truly find that the Chaldee or Syriac tongue, of all languages *differs least* from the Hebrew, so that it may be considered as a dialect and pronunciation rather *varied* than differing from the Hebrew.

In regard to a question which has been agitated, viz: whether the Phenicians were not the inventors of letters, I shall briefly remark, that no allusion is made in the Holy Scriptures to such an invention, of that or any other people. The first notice of writing in the Bible is contained in Exodus xvii. 14; others are to be found in chap. xxiv. 4, chap. xxxiv. 18; but in chap. xxiv. 12, and xxxii. verse 15, 16, is to be found the *important record*. "And the Lord said unto Moses, come and I will give thee a law and commandments which *I have written*."

"And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of testimony in his hand; the tables written on both their sides, on the one side and the other they were written: and the tables the work of God, and the writing the writing of God, graven on the tables."

For human reason to array itself against the solemn evidence of this passage, would be a presumption I have no inclination to

* Obser. Sacr. lib. i. cap. 5.

be guilty of; and with this manifestation laid open before us, and in the absence of all other authority, nothing but fatuity itself can suppose the Phenicians to have invented the art of writing previous to this awful dispensation of the law.

But let us examine, for a moment, some of the testimony contained in ancient history, and see how far it comes in aid of the authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures themselves, and how it generally may be brought to bear upon this subject. It is generally understood and acknowledged, that the Greeks founded their philosophy and religion upon the information acquired by their celebrated philosophers during their travels in Egypt and Phenicia: indeed this fact is admitted in the writings of their greatest men, Thales, Plato, and Pythagoras: and if it were not so, no analogy could be more strict than the one constantly prevailing there betwixt Grecian philosophy and Jewish dogmas. Hence Pythagoras himself is called by Hermippus, his biographer, "the imitator of the Jewish dogmas." Numenius, a follower of Pythagoras, also says, "what is Plato but Moses Atticizing?" Clemens Alexandrinus calls him "the Hebrew philosopher." Numerous instances of these coincidences may be found in the works of these philosophers, or by consulting that curious and learned production "Gale's Court of the Gentiles." It may be permitted me briefly to mention, that the "divine ideas" delivered in the Parmenides of Plato, respecting the *ἡ πᾶσι*, the one and many, or trinity, is in his Philebus acknowledged to be a tradition of the ancients; in his Republic he speaks of a Phenician fable, respecting the creation of all men from the earth. In his Philebus again he says, "that the knowledge of one infinite being, was communicated to man from the gods, by a certain Prometheus with a bright fire." In his Cratylus he says, "that the Greeks received letters from the Gods through certain barbarians, more ancient than themselves." *ὅτι παρὰ βαρβάρων τιῶν*, &c. &c. Plato in Cratylus. vol. 1. page 425. Finally, in his Timæus, treating of the body of the universe, the visible part, he comes to speak of the soul; and concludes, "that when the world was created, and the Father of the universe had beheld his workmanship, he was delighted therein." Now the passage in Genesis i. 31, literally translated is, "and then saw the Elohim the whole which he had made, and behold very good."

These traditions were undoubtedly received by those philosophers, during their travels in Egypt and Phenicia, holding great communion with the Jews who abounded in those parts, and of whom Plato repeatedly speaks under the name of Phenicians, Egyptians, Syrians, Chaldeans, and barbarians, which latter epithet is commonly given to them by the Greeks, to avoid the odium appertaining to every thing Jewish. It may be attributed also to the reproachful recollections of their former name, that the sons of Anak, driven by Joshua to the western parts of Canaan, called themselves בני אנוך, Beni onak, or sons of Anak, which the Ionians, who constantly change β into π and ϕ , being all letters of the same organ, rendered by dropping the ν , $\phi\sigma\sigma\alpha\kappa$, and thence $\phi\sigma\sigma\alpha\kappa-\phi\sigma\sigma\alpha\kappa$ Phenicia; and hence Carthage was called $\chi\alpha\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon$, Hadre-onak, or city of Anak, from "hadre," to enclose, encompass. That the Greeks could have received their doctrines from these people is not to be supposed, for they had been given up so long to the most gross idolatry, as necessarily to have lost sight of the worship and traditions which formed the basis of the Jewish institutions; but neither did the remembrance of these absolutely perish, for the Phenician historian, Sanconiathon, the fragments of whose work are still preserved, in Præpar. Evang. lib. 10. chap. iii. from the Greek translation of Philo-Byblius, of Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, say, "that in the beginning of things, there was a spirit of dark air, which Philo-Byblius calls $\chi\alpha\sigma\iota\varsigma$ $\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon$, the origin of which words Bochart in Can. lib. ii. cap. 2. deduces from the Phenician $\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon\tau\epsilon$, cheuth oereb, evening darkness; which in sense and etymology is literally copied from Genesis i. 2, "and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God diligently moved upon the face of the waters." The fragments further state, that "from the conversion of the spirit with the chaos, there emerged *met*, (literally *mud*,) or corrupt watery mixture, and that of this *met* or mud proceeded the whole seed of the creation or generation of the universe." Now that this idea was taken from Genesis i. 9, I nothing doubt; for the literal translation from the Hebrew text is, "and then said the Elohim, 'the waters shall tend to one place, and then shall appear the dry:'" making no mention of the word earth or aretz, but simply describing the result of a separation betwixt liquid and dry matter. And it is upon this general idea

that all the Grecian and Latin philosophers, who treat of the creation, found their opinion. Orpheus, who is one of the most ancient Greek poets, long before Homer and Hesiod, and of whom many particulars may be collected from Eusebius and Steuchus Eugubinus, says in his Argonaut, "that in the beginning was the chaos or confused matter, that out of this *αἰανος*, (light or heavenly substance,) was first segregated: that afterwards it changed natures, and the most beautiful forms were produced out of that rude principle: that out of this man was created, and a rational soul infused into him by God." This account follows as exactly as a tradition could the account or order of the creation by Moses. Genesis i. verse 2, 3, &c. Ovid's account also is but an imitation.

"Ante mare et terras et (quod tegit omnia) Cælum

Unus erat toto naturæ Vultus in orbe,

Quem dixere chaos, rudis, indigestaque moles."

Metamorp lib. 1. Fab. 1.

Sanconiathon begins his history with Protogonus and (the first man,) Æon, (life:) from them descended immediately Genus, (Cain,) and Gened: that Genus worshipped the sun (Cain's sacrifice was refused!) and ends his genealogies with Taüt, the son of Misor (Mizraim,) the son of Hamyn (Ham,) the son of Agroverus (Noah.) He says that the first men were made of the colpia of the mind or spirit, which Bochart Can. lib. ii. cap. 3, explains thus: כּוֹלְפִּיָּא, col-pi-ia, the voice of God's mouth, by whose inspiration and word man was made. Genesis ii. 7, "And breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul" In addition to these testimonies and matters of induction, may be added the following passage from Eusebius Præpar. Evang. lib. ix. cap. 26. Εἰπολεμὸς δὲ τοῖς Μωσῶνι φησι, &c. which rendered is, "that Eupolemus particularly asserts letters to have been delivered to the Jews by Moses—that the Phenicians received them from the Jews, and the Greeks from the Phenicians." And Josephus, in lib. i. c. Appion. says, Eupolemus wrote with more accuracy of Jewish affairs, than most heathen authors.

It is asserted by your correspondent that the Jews were *not* able to drive out the Canaanites, that they *could not* obtain possession, &c. and in terms calculated to inspire a belief that those very Jews, were a set of ignorant freebooters, making predatory incur-

sions on the back lands of the Phenicians, who are described as the most civilized people then known in the world; and hence occasion is taken to represent as altogether absurd and incredible, that Procopius should have seen the inscription recording the flight of the Philistines, and alluded to by Selden. To this it may be answered first from Exodus 23. vs. 28, 29, 30, "I will not drive them out (the Canaanite and Hittite) in one year from before thee, by little and little I will drive them out from before thee, until thou be increased and inherit the land." This and similar passages which might be adduced, giving additional reasons for the partial expulsion of the Canaanites, from the word of God himself, are a sufficient refutation of the inability of Joshua and his people, and I presume will be so accepted; as the Bible has been quoted to prove that inability, and as to the epithets with which it has been the pleasure of your correspondent to stigmatize the Hebrews, I can only answer, by referring again to the Bible, where those very Hebrews appear as the people of Israel, the chosen people of God, in the act of consummating the divine promises and decrees under the guidance continual and miraculous of the omnipotent Lord God himself: a people not the contempt of the Phenicians, but their *terror*: a people before whom as the Bible emphatically expresses it, "their hearts did melt," Joshua 2. 11. also chap. 5, "and it came to pass when all the kings of the Canaanites which were by the sea, heard that the Lord had dried up the waters of the Jordan, from before the children of Israel, until we were passed over, that their hearts melted, *neither was their spirit in them any more, because of the children of Israel.*"

And hence it will not appear so absurd and incredible that Procopius should have seen an inscription in Africa near Tangiers,

"ἡμεῖς ἐσμεν οἱ φυγόντες ἀπὸ προσώπου Ἰησοῦ τοῦ
λαῖστου υἱοῦ Νάβη.

"We are those who fled from before the face of Joshua the robber the son of Nave. (Nun)"

Which receives some confirmation from Eusebius in Chron. p. 11. who says they fled from the face of the sons of Israel, and settled Tripolim in Africa.

Having, I think shown, although in a manner comparatively imperfect compared to what the subject is susceptible of "*that these parts of history are not too obscure for any thing but conjecture*, and that profane and sacred history unite to discountenance all attacks whether *covert* or *open* upon the holy scriptures; it remains only for me to say, that the papers on the Irish language, of your correspondent, of whose learning and ingenuity I have no doubt, would not have excited any animadversions from me, had they not as I thought contained avowals inconsistent with the revealed word of God, and with the most authentic history:—avowals so dangerous in their nature, and so fearlessly delivered, it became my duty to expose and confute, to the best of my feeble abilities, and I take my leave of the subject with a passage from sir Walter Raleigh's history, book 1. chap. 8. sect. 3.

"Leaving, therefore, the fabulous to their fables, and all men else to their fancies, who have cast nations into countries afar off, I know not how; I will follow herein the relation of Moses and the prophets; to which truth there is joined both nature, reason, policy, and necessity; and to the rest neither probability nor possibility."

G. W. F.

Dunstable, December, 1814.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COPY OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Carlisle, 15th Sept. 1814.

DEAR SIR,

I reply to your queries, as to the branches of science expedient to be taught in a university.

The great difficulties in the outset, are, at what age and with what qualifications should a young man enter a university? How long should he continue in such an institution before he be permitted to take a degree?

As to the first question—I would state it as a position which to my mind is supported by proofs so numerous and decisive as

to admit of no controversy, that a young man turned out into the world with an intimate knowledge of the Latin, Greek and French languages, a readiness at Latin composition, and with a competent knowledge also of mathematics, algebra and fluxions, is better qualified both for active life, and literary pursuits, and will have attained more facility in acquiring other branches of knowledge, than by any other possible mode of education in use at the present day.

For proof of this, I can safely refer to the men of eminence whom I have personally known, and that without an exception. Among the persons of this description known to yourself, I am aware, that there may be half a dozen partial exceptions: can you count more? But review the prominent characters of the last two centuries, and the proof from induction is complete.

In England, the question has been agitated within a few years: my friend Dr. Barrow, in his treatise on education, has ably defended the old system: Dr. Rennell, dean of Winchester, took the side that Dr. Rush took here; he was opposed by Dr. Vincent of Westminster and by Dr. Ireland. I believe the opinion of the literary world there is settled on the subject. In this country, from the general want of a good classical education among us, the question can hardly be appreciated; and there is a general want also of literary stimulus; owing to the very superficial acquirements with which a young man leaves college, under the idea of having received a finished education: yet the innovators upon the old plan of school instruction do not seem to gain ground even here. I am glad of this: among many bad omens, it appears to me to augur well.

In England the dissenters have for these twenty years taken the opposite side of the question; and, in their seminaries, deprived the learned languages of much of the time usually devoted to them, which they have given to the sciences. Doubtless there were many of these sectarists who were an ornament to their country; but they have been persons educated *in the old school*. Our friend Priestley was of middle age, before he turned his attention to scientific pursuits.

Within these half dozen years, the literary young men of England, as I hear, affect a kind of encyclopedic knowledge, just

as the Martinets in the new fashion of school tactics, would have a boy run the gauntlet of the sciences, and stop for a moment at each member of the circle. To me, this seems the way to turn out sciolists, and to blunt the edge of curiosity, by forcing upon youth a mere *smattering* of knowledge, which they will be apt hereafter to consider as sufficient for all the purposes of life, because it will enable them to chatter upon a variety of subjects, of which they know but little, save the names. Indeed, the chances are, that a man who knows a little of every thing, knows nothing profoundly.

Our boys and girls here are educated much upon the same general plan: the boys are turned into the world as accomplished men, before they have acquired enough of language, or of science, to make it pleasant from its having become easy: the harshness of compulsion has not passed away; the acerbity of school discipline yet remains; and what has been thus half learned is never again applied to. So, we teach our girls music and drawing and French: we make them quit their studies while the acquiring of such accomplishments is still painful; and the instant they become wives, these tasks, as they are considered, are most gladly laid aside, never to be resumed.

With these notions, I would never confer a degree on a young man leaving the university, until he could (*inter alia*) read with perfect facility, Horace Juvenal and Tacitus; Demosthenes and Sophocles: unless he could on the spot convert a page of English into Latin, and then into French; faultless as to the grammar: and unless he could give evidence of competent knowledge in Euclid; in conic sections; in algebra as far as cubic, quadratic and biquadratic equations, and the equations of curves; in spherical trigonometry; and at least some progress in fluxionary calculus. Let any one read Cumberland's life, and he will find that this is not so much as is exacted for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge: and since some late discussions, the exercises both at Oxford and Cambridge, are more strict than they used to be in my time. They are not now satisfied, as in my day at Oxford, with doing *generals*, doing *juraments* and reading *Wall Lectures*: a portion of classical learning that in this country would be considered as profound, is now exacted from the candidate for

a mere bachelor's degree. Five and thirty years ago I passed well enough by construing a page in Horace, another in Demosthenes, and another in the easy Greek of Euripides, together with a few answers in Euclid, in logic, and some other trifling branch of education. This will not do there now. Why ought it to do here? But here, we turn out boys as accomplished men, before they are half out of their boyhood; and they go into the world knowing nothing well, with an unconquerable conviction that they know all that is to be known upon every subject of useful or polite knowledge. In most of our seminaries they are taught elocution too! that is, the art of talking without understanding; as if all accomplishment depended upon well-turned periods alone. This is a national evil. Is it not sickening to hear men get up in our legislatures and talk for hours, not to say days, upon a new question, with as much self complacency as if they had studied and comprehended it, *ab imo*?—I am well aware of all the common place objections to Latin and Greek—to the uselessness of wasting so many years on words, to the exclusion of things—on dead languages, thrown aside in common life—to the neglect of scientific knowledge—to the immorality of the classic pages, as well as the absurdities of ancient mythology. I know too, on the other hand, the common places about these authors' being models of style and of taste, which they are not in any thing like the degree pretended—about the knowledge of ancient history and ancient manners they furnish; which I acknowledge may be well attained in the present day from compilations—about the facilities they afford to the accurate knowledge of modern languages, which is well founded—about the propriety of employing early youth in the learning of words before they can be made to comprehend things; which is true also, and which Madame de Stael has well urged—about the key the dead languages afford to much knowledge locked up in modern as well as ancient authors; which is also undeniable—about the necessity of a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek to understand the allusions and quotations in works of taste, in every known modern language; which also cannot be gainsaid—about the necessity of Greek and Latin to understand the very terms used in chemistry, in natural history, in medicine, anatomy and other sciences; which also no man of science will deny—about the necessity of Greek and Latin to understand not merely the

proofs, but many of the doctrines of christianity at first hand; which I presume the clergy will for the most part admit. All this and much more I have read and considered on the subject: but I am not ultimately governed by these considerations. I am decided by what I have known and seen. All the great men in my time, who have contributed to sway the destinies of nations—all the eminent men of literature and of science, whom I have known, personally or by character, have been educated as I have suggested. North, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Wyndham, Sheridan, Tootle, &c. &c.

I insist upon French as necessary to be made a familiar acquisition, because French science, and French literature, is at the head of European science and literature. I know the English and the anglo-Americans do not like to acknowledge this: but they cannot deny it. In astronomy, in mathematics, and in natural history, the French authors undoubtedly take the lead. What Englishman competes with La Place, La Lande, Carnot, La Grange, Cuvier, La Marck, &c. In chemistry and in general literature, they are on a par with the English, at least in their publications: and though chemical and mechanical knowledge are not so universally diffused among the manufacturers of France as in England, yet the prejudices of the old regime do not now stand in the way of this diffusion among the French. To a man of literature and to a scientific man, therefore, and to a well educated man generally, a familiar acquaintance with the French language is indispensable. German would be very useful, and Italian very pleasant, but they do not bear so immediately on our literary wants as the French.

In such a university, then, as you propose, I would rigidly prohibit the entrance of every youth, who had not entered his sixteenth year—who could not translate, parse, and scan Virgil and Ovid, Homer and Zenophon—who was not a proficient in all the rules of arithmetic, and in the mensuration of superficies and solids of every description. If the university is to be converted into a grammar school, there is an end of its utility as a university: if necessary, connect a grammar school with it. Exclusively confined to the higher branches of knowledge, its trustees ought *rigidly* to exact from those who enter, a proficiency in common school education,

as a previous and *indispensable* requisite. In conformity with common opinion and with modern notions of utility in education, I would consent that the professors of the university should teach, 1st, The classics not usually recited in schools. Before a youth enters the university, I take for granted he has read Justin, Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, Cæsar's Commentaries, Cicero de Officiis, Cicero's Orations, as prose writers among the Latin prose authors: Ovid's Metamorphoses, Virgil's Eneid, and Horace among the Latin poets; the Greek Testament, the Tabula Cebetis, the Encheiridion of Epictetus, some dialogues of Lucian, Zenophon's Cyropedia, and Homer among the Greek poets. I take for granted also, that he has attended very little to Latin prose or verse composition, without frequent exercise in which, I aver no man can read with ease and pleasure, or accurately comprehend the authors in the Latin language.—Hence at the university, the classical tutor will have to teach Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius—Horace again, parts of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Juvenal and Persius; and I think Lucan and Lucretius; and if time allow, Statius: the opinions of Lucretius may be remarked upon in reading him; or he might be read with the Anti-Lucretius of Cardinal Polignac. In Greek, Zenophon's Anabasis, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, with the poetæ minores, or some of them.

This course should be attended with lectures and frequent examinations on ancient laws, manners and customs: and on the principles of taste in verse and prose composition; including examples and illustrations, both of faults and beauties, from classic authors. Blair's Lectures, and Irvine's Elements of Composition, should be made use of at this stage, with the antiquities of Potter and Du Bos, Adams and the travels of Anacharsis.

During this course, the student should read ancient history at his leisure hours, and be examined thereon. Plutarch's Lives, Rollin (though an old woman who retails gravely the *fabulæ aniles, et quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historiâ*;) Gillie's and Mitford's Greece, Hooke's Roman History, and Gibbon's decline and fall of the Roman empire. I know the objections which some rigid characters would be inclined to make to this author: but he is indispensable for a knowledge of the transactions of the periods

he describes. Nor can I believe that it is enough to operate the downfall of christianity, to pen a few sneers on the conduct of the more violent among the early proselytes: or that we need start at every ill-founded and trifling objection, as the objections of Gibbon are generally considered. Nor do I deem it the aspen character of christianity, to tremble at every breath of opposition? Is it not easy, moreover, in conversing upon this author, to show, where the case really is so, that the statements are made on prejudiced and inimical authority, and that they do not bear upon the proofs internal or external, on which the truth and excellency of christianity rest? The evidence of christianity by Hartley, Priestley, Watson and Paley, will furnish the best counterpoise to the sarcasms of Gibbon, which our language affords.—This classical course, should be accompanied with two Latin prose, and two Latin verse compositions every week, for the first year: during which period, assiduous attention should also be given to the French language. Beside this, nothing more ought to enter into the first year's studies, but logic, metaphysics, Euclid's elements, and trigonometry. The course of logic and metaphysics, the classical tutor should be competent to—Duncombe, Watts, or Condillac for logic: but in metaphysics, the Ontology in Latin of Hutcheson, and Belsham, and Stewart on the human mind: not either the one or the other, but in point of fairness both Stewart and Belsham are indispensable. By attending recitations four hours a day all this may be well accomplished: except the classical course which, should occupy three days a week for the first year, and at least two during each succeeding year: as to the classics indeed, my rule should be *nulla dies sine pagina*. 2. During the second year, classics, with Latin and French composition; conic sections, spherical trigonometry, algebra, fluxions, geography. 3. During the third year, classics, with Latin and French composition twice a week. Mathematics twice a week. The rest to be occupied by those branches of natural or mechanical philosophy, whose demonstrations chiefly depend on mathematical science, rather than ocular demonstration. Such as the principles of the composition and resolution of forces: the general laws of mechanical power on the plan of Carnot's papers. The exhibition and demonstration of the usual mechanical powers, the wedge, the lever,

the screw, &c. and their applications in common life. Hydraulics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics and the elements of astronomy. 4th year. Chemistry, electricity, galvanism, magnetism, mineralogy (never omitting two lectures weekly, in classics and composition.) Lectures on the theory of general politics, political economy and statistics.

Such is the course I would adopt. The general practice of every European university, so far as I know, is, to exact a four years' course of study preparatory to a degree. I am sure less will not suffice, if you wish for a good course. If parents will not let their sons *sacrifice*, as they may call it, so much time, they must give up, what in Europe would be called a good education. If the circumstances of the country will not bear a good course of study, the plan must be renounced. What I propose is not quite so much as is required in France, Germany, and England: for if I have added a branch or two, I have struck off others taught there.

Such an institution as I recommend, will turn out men of the world, and ought to be exclusively under the control of men of the world as trustees.

For the above purposes, you would want a classical, a mathematical, and a chemical tutor, or professor, with assistants if necessary. There should also be teachers of French, of drawing, of dancing, of the manual exercise, of the broad sword exercise, and of fencing with the small sword. Perhaps the classical tutor might undertake the lectures on history, politics, political economy, and statistics: but it would not be easy to find a gentleman so qualified. The mathematical professor ought to teach also, natural philosophy and geography.

I have said nothing about the evidences of christianity as a branch of study: nor of a course of lectures on the law of nature and nations: nor any thing on anatomy or general physiology. I think it best to let the several professions adopt their own course of study. When the general plan has been pursued to its end, the student will be qualified for any future plan of literary life.

Nor have I mentioned a course of modern history and belles lettres reading. But to young men who will seek for books of this description, it would be worth while to recommend that they

should not be perused in an accidental and desultory manner, by which half the pleasure as well as half the profit of such a course will be lost. Even reading for amusement should be entered on with a plan; for by system it may be converted into a course of instruction as well as pleasure.

Such a course should comprehend, as history, the elements of modern history by Millot: then the authors on English history, Hume, Henry, Smollet, and Bisset's continuation of Hume; *Memoirs of James II.* and of the period of the revolution of 1688 by Dalrymple; and Bellsham's *house of Brunswick*; Robertson's *Scotland*.

As to other nations; for France read the memoirs of Philip de Comines, a book extremely interesting from its naiveté: Sully's memoirs, memoirs of De Retz; Voltaire's age of Louis XIV. and XV. Justamond's life of Louis XV. The impartial history of the French revolution from the new Annual Register in two volumes, octavo, and Stephens's memoirs of the French war. For Spanish history, Robertson's *America*, his *Charles V.* Watson's *Philip II.* Clavigero's history of Mexico. For the history of literature, Roscoe's *Leo X.* House of Medicis, Godwin's life of Chaucer, Mrs. Dobson's life of Petrarch, and Berington's *Abelard*. Voltaire's *Charles XII.* Anquetil has published an excellent series of French historical books, *Esprit de la Ligne*, *Esprit de la Fronde*, *Histoire des Croisades*, *Louis XII.* *Sa Cour et le Requet*, *Intrigues du Cabinet*. The history of our own country may be read in Ramsay, Gordon, and Marshall. A commencement of oriental history may be made by Richardson's very curious dissertation prefixed to his Persian dictionary, but published separately: and Dow's *Hindostan*. Raynal's history of the Indies can hardly be depended on. Voluminous as this course seems, with industry, a young man may get through it by the time he is two and twenty, without any thing that can be called labour. The British poets should be read in the order wherein they are commented on, in that very pretty book, Dr. Aikin's *Letters to a young lady on a course of English poetry*; which, with Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, will give some just ideas of criticism upon the works of the British Poets. Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Massinger must be read as the classic dramatists of the old school. The other plays may be perused in any of the collections, such as

Bell's British Theatre, or Mrs. Inchbald's collection. The next class of indispensable reading which should succeed the poets, is the miscellaneous periodical papers of the British writers, which for the gradual changes in dress, amusements, manners, customs, and fashionable literature, as well as of style, should be read in the order of their dates of publication. First the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*; then the *Adventurer*, the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*, the *Babler*, the *Citizen of the World*, the *Mirror*, the *Lounger*, the *Observer*, and *Winter's Evenings*; about fifty volumes in all. The novel writers may be perused in Mrs. Barbauld's collection, and include also, all the works of Mrs. D'Arblay, (Miss Burney) Mrs. West, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, and Miss Edgeworth. Rabelais, Cervantes, and Le Sage's *Gil Blas* and *Diable Boiteux* may be added; nor should Sterne be omitted, but with Dr. Ferriar's commentary.

Thus have I delineated what I believe is the usual course of reading of a man of good education in England, excepting the French poets, dramatists, and novelists.

To a young man who reads French, Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, as tragic writers, and Moliere as the first of French comic authors will occur of course. J. B. Rousseau, Boileau, Voltaire, Fontaine, De Lisle, among the men, with Madame and Mademoiselle Deshouillers, and the exquisitely tender pieces of that extraordinary woman Marguerette Elionore Clotilde among the female writers will not be forgotten: some plays of Diderot, Destouches, D'Avaure, La Fare, and Gui Joli are worth reading.

Among the French novelists I know of few to recommend; I should not say much in favour of Diderot, Crebillon, Louvet, or P. Le Brun; but Rousseau's *Eloisa* and *Emilius*, and his *Letters from the Mountains* are the finest specimens of ardent language extant, ancient or modern; nor should the pretty tales of Voltaire which are not *Roman*, nor the tales of Florian which are, be omitted, if they fall in the way of perusal.

If a young man's days are well employed at school and at the university till the age of twenty or twenty-one; and his leisure hours employed on such a course as this afterwards, he may have read with sufficient attention every book I have mentioned by the time he is five-and-twenty: a period quite early enough in my opi-

nion for a young man to begin the world for himself. Indeed what is there in the preceding course, that a young man of literary education is not *expected* to be acquainted with in England? and why not here? You and I will not see the day when it is so, but I shall be glad to contribute my efforts to hasten it.

With my best respects, and good wishes, adieu, T. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS ON J. R. W.'S REPLY TO T. C. ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE been much amused by the perusal of the reply of your correspondent J. R. W. to T. C.'s highly interesting essay on vegetable life. The severity of his style, the freedom which he uses with the opinions of others, and the confidence with which he broaches his own, will no doubt call forth a display of the splendid abilities of the author of the essay, and subject Mr. J. R. W. to a portion of that caustic animadversion for which his opponent is so celebrated.

At a period when two such redoubtable champions are probably about to engage in a tilting match, it would argue the part of a very uncourteous knight, for a third person to enter the lists, and offer to break a lance with one of the parties; and, indeed, might expose such a combatant to the risk of being transfixed for his temerity! I disclaim any such lofty pretension. But as a faithful page in the retinue of truth, I feel disposed to exercise the privilege of despatching an arrow at the vassals of error, whenever I shall detect them trespassing in the fields of science.

Mr. J. R. W. attempts, in the first place, to enlist the prejudices of his readers on his own side of the question; by affecting that slang about "*modern philosophy*," which characterizes certain literary gentlemen of the present day. It is not difficult to perceive the motives of all this *sant* respecting "ancient doctrines," and "modern philosophy"—neither will a *really* philosophic mind suffer itself to be warped by such disingenuous prac-

tices. Questions in natural science will be discussed, as they certainly ought to be, conformably to the evidence afforded by accurate research; unfettered and uninfluenced by those pitiful sarcasms which are wont to be thrown out against free inquiry, under the nick-name of "modern philosophy."—J. R. W. next observes, rather sneeringly, that "we are also recommended to a course of physiological study in order to prepare us for the study of metaphysics;" I should be glad to know what *better* course we could adopt, preparatory to an investigation of metaphysical subjects? Do the truths developed by "a course of physiological study," savor too much of "modern philosophy?" Or does that gentleman mean to inculcate the opinion, that the laws which govern the mental organs have no connexion with, or are in nowise illustrative of, the functions of those organs? He may accomplish *his* purposes with some readers, by his burlesque parade of "vibratiuncles," and "chordules,"—but neither that specimen of his pleasantry, nor his favourite bug-bear of "modern philosophy," will prevent men, who are intimately acquainted with that science, from believing that physiology is the only sure foundation of all metaphysical knowledge. Every physiologist, I am satisfied, will sanction this assertion; and no others are competent to decide. The circumstance of men undertaking to construct systems of metaphysics, without possessing a due knowledge of physiology, has been the source of more obscurity, confusion, and absurdity in that science, than any other cause whatever.

I shall pass over many of the loose points of doctrine contained in the reply of J. R. W. because they would extend my remarks beyond the limits prescribed to them: and I am the more disposed to do so from a belief that T. C. will himself take up the subject, in a manner vastly more able and comprehensive than I am competent to do—J. R. W. observes (p. 21.) "If it be proved (what never can be proved) that all the phenomena of what has been called mind, proceed from the operations of a mere material machine, there will then be a cessation of all thought when the animal or material machine is dismounted at death. There is then an end to the doctrine of a future state, at least until the animal machine is reformed." As the gentleman seems to know so well what can, and "what never can be proved," I should like

to see the proof of his assertion, that the cessation of the functions of our thinking organs overturns the doctrine of a future state. Does a future state of existence depend upon the continuance of those limited, erroneous, and grovelling cogitations which constitute the *minds* of so many thousands of human beings? Is the confirmed idiot, who cannot, in strictness, be said to think at all—is he destined to the fate of “the beasts that perish,” because there is no “thought” to secure his existence in a future state? Is the shattered wreck of a once elegant mind to be the only remnant of its unfortunate possessor, in the world that is to come? Is J. R. W. yet to be informed that “what has been called mind,” is so dependent on the “operations of a mere material machine,” that it may be annihilated and renewed at pleasure, by interfering with those “operations?” Every surgeon, who has witnessed injuries of the organs of thought, could have told him as much; and could also have informed him of the intimate connexion between “physiological study” and “metaphysics.” Does that gentleman deny a future state of existence to the new born babe that dies without having possessed a single thought? We know that children often do expire immediately after their birth; and, to use the words of J. R. W. it “never can be proved” that they possessed any mind.

There have been some philosophers of “modern” times (of course “modern philosophers”) whose piety and religious sentiments were, *possibly*, as estimable and correct as those of the most dogmatical supporters of “ancient doctrines,” who were, nevertheless, of opinion, that the “phenomena of what has been called mind,” were not only dependent on the “operations of the material machine,” but that the mind itself was distinct from that immortal, imperishable emanation from the Deity, which is destined to survive the wreck of organized matter. As it “never can be proved,” that they were incorrect in this opinion, *perhaps* the exercise of a little charitable decorum, on the part of those who think differently, might be of no disadvantage.

Speaking on the subject of vegetable irritability, J. R. W. observes, “if plants possess irritability similar to that of animals, and if they possess any it must be similar, why have we no instances of vegetable inflammation?” A suspicion seems shortly after to have flashed on his mind that there *might* possibly, be some-

thing like inflammation in diseased, or wounded vegetables; but in order to make such a doctrine appear frivolous, he says "I should not be astonished, after the question is stated, if some brisk fancy would hit upon some vegetable phenomenon to which he would affix the name of inflammation, and proceed to trace numerous analogies." This is, to be sure, a notable mode of endeavouring to preclude an answer to his question above stated; but "modern philosophy," is not to be bantered out of an opinion by such a shallow device. We do not, it is true, observe the same heat, tumefaction, and arterial throbbing, as occurs in the soft parts of some animals, when this vegetable irritability is excited into inflammatory action; but I do, nevertheless, believe that this attribute of living matter is as nearly similar, in all its phenomena, as the different structure and composition of the two organized bodies will admit;—and that the vessels of living vegetables are at all times liable to be stimulated into inordinate and diseased action. Parts differently organized will possess different degrees of irritability, in the same animal; and some animals possess it in a greater degree than others—nay, there are vegetables endowed with a larger portion of this quality than many organized creatures which unquestionably belong to the animal kingdom. The proofs of these assertions are not now to be sought for: they are familiar to every naturalist. The "brisk fancies" of the vegetable physiologists had "hit" upon this doctrine, and the phenomena which confirm it, long before J. R. W. had dreamt of precluding the idea by anticipated ridicule. It would seem as if some who undertake to draw the line of demarcation between animals and vegetables, had no idea of the manner in which those two kingdoms are really blended together. Because they can distinguish a bullock from an oak tree, and lay down unerring rules for the distinction, they, without further inquiry, proceed to publish their dogmas with all the confidence which naturally results from such a mode of philosophizing:—But if they would descend in the scale of animation with their researches, they would find that the points of discrimination, where the two kingdoms meet, are so doubtful and obscure, that they have baffled the most ingenious and patient investigators.

W. D.

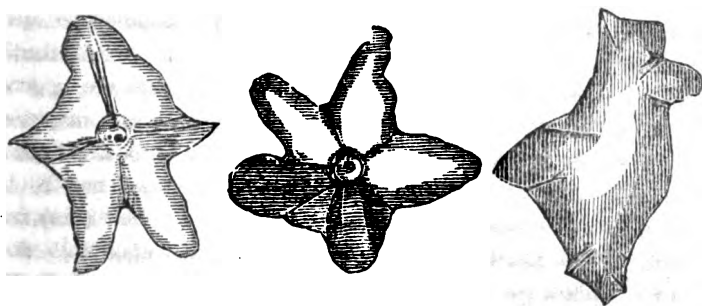
West-Chester, Penn. February 10th, 1815.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following article was put into our possession by the fortune of war. It was among the letters found on board of a British vessel captured by one of our privateers. The address is too much defaced to be legible. We think it is to sir Joseph Banks. Inasmuch, however, as it contains nothing but what is perfectly suited, and perhaps also intended, for the public eye, and as it is in itself both curious and interesting, we should hold ourselves inexcusable were we to neglect giving it that currency of which it is worthy.

ED.

COPIES OF THREE DRAWINGS OF MASSES OF ICE WHICH FELL IN THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER, ON WEDNESDAY THE 13th OF APRIL 1814, FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE TIME BY CHARLES WOODLEY, ESQR.



Basseterre, St. Kitts 1st. June 1814.

SIR

I took the liberty of sending you by the Princess Mary, Packet, upon her return to England, a short account of the fall of hail and masses of ice in this island upon the 13th of April last. Though such occurrences in warm climates are far from being unprecedented, yet, as they have been extremely rare in this island (only one similar event being in remembrance among the inhabitants) I conceived some brief detail of so unusual a phenomenon might not be uninteresting. As however the chance of war may intercept my letter on its passage, I have deemed it advisable to trouble you with a brief repetition of my former account.

Previous to the thirteenth there had been a long succession of dry, and for the most part excessively warm weather, which was productive of considerable distress in all the neighbouring islands, and blasted almost entirely their hopes of a crop. On the morning of the thirteenth however the clouds gathered from all quarters, and the hopes of the thirsty planters, especially in the island of Nevis, where I happened to be on that day, revived with the approaching prospect of an abundance of the long prayed for rain.

At length about nine o'clock, the thunder (a phenomenon rare at so early a period of the year) began to roll in every direction, and a slight shower of rain fell in Nevis; after which the storm divided itself into two branches, of which one proceeded to the south west, while the other, skirting the northern shores of Nevis, approached the island of St. Kitts by the salt-pond hills, and poured down a deluge of rain: immediately before eleven o'clock, a cloud more intensely black than any of the rest was seen to approach from the south east, and shortly after several excessively loud claps of thunder were heard, the atmosphere was darkened, and a great degree of coldness was felt; soon after which the attention was arrested by the rattling of hail upon the roofs of the houses—The stones which first fell were of no extraordinary dimensions; but after a short continuance masses of a much greater magnitude began to descend; and I have been informed upon respectable authority, that some pieces were gathered of the bigness of a man's clinched fist, while others were said to have measured seven inches in length and two in breadth. Of these, however, I only speak from report; though Mr. Charles Woodley (copies of whose tracings of three of the fragments I have prefixed to this letter) assured me that he observed many larger masses, than those which he traced, falling at an early period of the storm; and he expressed his regret that it had not occurred to him at that time to make any drawings. This fall of hail continued about fifteen minutes, and was very partial, being chiefly confined to the more elevated parts of the island, adjoining the ridge of mountains which divides it in a direction nearly east and west. The nearest place to the town of Basseterre at which I can learn that this phenomenon appeared, was an estate belonging to sir James Earl, called O'Gee's, and situated a little more than two miles north

of the town at the foot of a ridge of low hills denominated, in some old deeds, the Canadian hills, and forming the northern boundary of the rich and beautiful vale of Basseterre, one of the most productive in the West-Indies, or perhaps in the world.

Of the alarm produced by this occurrence among the ignorant negroes, little acquainted with such phenomena, I need not speak, as you can readily imagine the consternation excited by the fall of what they at first imagined were pieces of glass. One of them, more curious than his fellows, collected several of the larger fragments, and proud of his novel acquisition, which he carefully wrapped up in his handkerchief, hastened to show them to his master, who was at some distance; when lo! after telling his tale, replete, as might be expected, with the marvellous, upon opening his handkerchief to produce the evidences of his veracity, the fragments were not to be found, and the handkerchief exhibited nothing but a small remnant of dirty water—which circumstance he very naturally ascribed to the malignant influence of some spiteful Jumbee.

A similar fall of hail is traditionally reported to have taken place some years since, and to have been noticed at the time by several officers of the garrison at Brimstone hill—yet, however probable the fact, I cannot but regard the tradition as somewhat apocryphal.

I have now to apologise for trespassing so long upon your time with this tedious detail, and have the honour to remain,

Sir, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

MEMOIRS AND CAMPAIGNS OF CHARLES JOHN, PRINCE ROYAL OF SWEDEN.—BY JOHN PHILLIPART, ESQ.

THIS work, which can scarcely, we think, fail to be sought after and read, owes its chief interest to the narrative it contains of the life and achievements, and the portraiture it exhibits of the talents and virtues of one of the most distinguished personages of the age. Of all the characters whom the late wars in Europe

have contributed to render eminent and great, Bernadotte alone has had the fortune to rise *by his own merit* from a musket to a sceptre. Between him and Bonaparte there is this memorable distinction; the latter commenced his military career as a commissioned officer, whereas the former began as a private in the ranks. Bonaparte, moreover, ascended the throne by forcible usurpation, Bernadotte is prince royal by deliberate choice: the one holds his rank and is likely to hold it, by the ties of love, admiration, and esteem, the other acquired and held his by the terror of his arms. The heir apparent to the throne of Sweden has past through a long and resplendent galaxy of military achievement, unstained by private crime or by the blood of others unnecessarily shed; of the track along which the late emperor of France has moved, let the faithful page of history speak.

But, without drawing any further contrast with a view to the elevation of Charles John at the expense of Napoleon, an expedient which his character does not need, we shall simply lay before our readers a few anecdotes respecting him, referring them for fuller information to the "MEMOIRS OF HIS CAMPAIGNS." ED.

"The Royal Marines, the corps to which Bernadotte belonged at the time, were stationed at Marseilles in 1789, a period when the revolutionary springs, which afterwards agitated the whole French empire, were in their birth. The inhabitants of Marseilles were, generally, men of jacobinical principles, and they had succeeded in inciting the soldiers in the town to rise against their officers. When this object was accomplished, the mob determined on the murder of the marquess D'Ambert, colonel of the Royal Marines, and they instantly proceeded to his hotel for the purpose of carrying their determination into effect.

"Bernadotte, who had been absent at the commencement of the disturbance, fortunately arrived at the marquess's hotel when the infuriated mob were advancing in the greatest tumult, to execute their design. He immediately went forward to address them, and notwithstanding the frenzied state in which they had approached the marquess's hotel, the cool and determined manner of Bernadotte arrested, in an instant, their design. But when, however, it was perceived that his object was to impress them with the in-

humanity and injustice of their wishes, many of the most violent cried out to him, that his addresses were unavailing; that he must concur in their determination to murder the marquess, and that they had nominated him, Bernadotte, colonel of the Royal Marines, in his place.

“Although the soldiers of Bernadotte’s corps had mingled with the mob, and the men composing the other corps at that time in Marseilles, Bernadotte readily perceived that the former coincided in the address he had made, and having therefore drawn together a number of them, sufficient to protect the marquess’s abode, he immediately exclaimed to the rioters in the most energetic manner:—“Marseilles, as you assure me that I possess your confidence, I will prove to you that I deserve it. I then absolutely declare, that I will not allow you to dishonour yourselves by a most base assassination. If the colonel is guilty, the law will render justice: citizens and soldiers are not executioners: I request you then to retire, as before you will obtain the head of the colonel, you must deprive me and the brave men who surround me of ours.” This manly appeal had the desired effect; the mob quickly dispersed, and Bernadotte received the grateful thanks of his colonel and all the officers belonging to the corps.”

In the battle of Wurtzburg, fought by general Jourdan the commander-in-chief, contrary to the advice and remonstrance of Bernadotte, the French army sustained a sanguinary and inglorious defeat. Jourdan being summoned before the directory to answer for his movements on that occasion, requested of general Bernadotte a certificate of his good conduct. The reply of the latter was equally honest, candid, and severe:

“I can only give you,” said he, “an attestation of imbecility; every body knows you are an honest man, a brave soldier, and a good citizen; but it is for the public interest that the government should be well convinced that you are incapable of successfully commanding in chief, even four men and a corporal.”

The following anecdote manifests in the crown prince a degree of personal intrepidity and daring resolution that was never surpassed. In the year 1797 he commanded at Milan a division of fifteen thousand men. On account of the large amount of ar-

rearages due to them, they became mutinous, and peremptorily refused to march. The general attempted at first to recal them to their duty by persuasion and promises. Finding his efforts unsuccessful, and perceiving that the whole were governed by the opinion of a few, he immediately altered his tone, and addressing his troops with the greatest firmness, said—

“Soldiers,

“If you refuse obedience to my command, I am authorised by the military code, to kill every man who refuses to march against the enemy, and either you shall have the ignominy of having assassinated your general, who has been so long a father to you, or I will run my sabre through the body of every mutineer.”

“After this address the general marched to the right of the 90th regiment, and pointing his sword to the breast of the first grenadier, he ordered him to wheel to the right, unless he preferred to be run through the body. The soldier obeyed, and the whole army followed in regular order.”

Bernadotte's magnanimity in the case of the duke D'Enghien is highly honourable to him.

“In 1799 the duke came secretly to Paris: Bonaparte was then in Egypt, the government was without force, and the Bourbon party hoped to regain its power. The duke D'Enghien confided in general Bernadotte, through a common friend, his being at Paris, and offered him the post of constable of France, if he would restore the Bourbons. “I cannot serve their cause,” replied he, “but as the descendant of a hero, and as a man who has placed confidence in me, no harm shall happen to him: let the duke depart instantly, for his secret may in three days be no longer mine.” The duke D'Enghien departed without molestation, and retired to the territory of Baden.”

The character of the prince royal is thus portrayed by Madame La Baronne de Stael Holstein:—

“It is, perhaps, your least praise, that even among brave men, you are distinguished by courage and intrepidity; qualities which in you are tempered by a goodness still more sublime. The blood of the warrior, the tears of the poor, even the appre-

hensions of the public are the objects of your watchful humanity; you fear but to witness the sufferings of your fellow creatures: An exalted station has not effaced from your heart its tenderness or sympathy.

“ It has been said by a Frenchman, that your royal highness unites the chivalry of republicanism with that of royalty, and it is indeed impossible to imagine a degree of generosity not congenial to your character. In the relations of society you are far from imposing restraint by an unnecessary reserve; and it is, perhaps, not too much to affirm, that you could win the suffrages of a whole nation, one after the other, if every individual, of which it was composed, had the privilege of conversing with you for a quarter of an hour. Yet to this graceful affability you add that masculine energy which extorts confidence from all superior minds.

“ The Swedes, once so celebrated for their gallant achievements, inheriting the noble qualities of their ancestors, hail you as the presage of returning glory. By you, sir, their rights are respected, no less from principle than from inclination. Under circumstances of peculiar delicacy, you have repeatedly shown that you were as zealous to guard the bulwarks of the constitution, as other princes have been anxious to infringe them. Accustomed to find in these duties no invidious restriction, but a safeguard and support, you have uniformly shown such a deference for the king’s wisdom and experience, as throws a new lustre on the power committed to your trust. Pursue, sir, the career which presents so glorious a prospect to your view, and you shall teach the world what it has hitherto been slow to learn, that real intellectual greatness includes moral excellence, and that the hero who is truly magnanimous, far from despising the human race, believes he is superior to other men, only because he is able to sacrifice his interests for their welfare.”

We shall close these extracts with copies of two short letters from the crown prince, which bespeak at once the soundness of his head and the benevolence of his heart. The first is to the widow of a gallant but unfortunate officer, who fell in the battle of Leipzig, the other to his own son, the young prince Oscár, the future heir to the Swedish crown.

" Madam,

" The king my sovereign has deigned to authorise me to confer the cross of his military order of the sword, not alone on the Swedish officers, but on those of the allied troops who distinguished themselves in fighting for the common cause.

" The manner in which your husband has conducted himself during the campaign, has well merited this reward of the brave.

" He died in the field of honour; and the plains of Leipzig, the last witnesses of his courage and of his intrepidity, saw him perish before I could confer on him this order of knighthood.

" I conform myself, madam, to the customs of the English nation, of which Sweden is the faithful ally; and I transmit to you the decoration of the order of which your husband has rendered himself so worthy. May it be in your hands a consolatory remembrance of his loss, as it is a testimony of his valour, and of the personal esteem with which he had inspired me. I pray God, madam, to bless and to keep you in his holy protection."

" CHARLES JOHN."

" *At my head-quarters at Kiel, 6th January, 1814.*"

" My dear Oscar,

" The people of Lubeck assisted Gustavus the first in restoring liberty to his country. I have just paid this debt of the Swedes—Lubeck is free. I had the happiness of gaining possession of the city without bloodshed. This advantage is dearer to me than a victory in a pitched battle, even though it might not cost me many men. How happy are we, my dear son, when we can prevent the shedding of tears!—How sound and quiet is our sleep. If all men could be convinced of this truth, there would be no more conquerors, and nations would be governed only by just kings. I set off, to-morrow, for Oldeslohe, and the day after, whither events may call me. I do every thing to make them conducive to the good cause and the benefit of my country. The only recompense I desire, is, that it may second you, my dear child, in every thing you will one day undertake for its prosperity and welfare.

Your affectionate father,

CHARLES JOHN."

" *Lubeck, Dec. 7, 1813.*"

American Dialogues of the Dead, and Dialogues of the American Dead.

IN a late number of the Port Folio we had occasion to notice the "AMERICAN DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, AND DIALOGUES OF THE AMERICAN DEAD" without indulging in any conjectures respecting its author. This pamphlet is now generally attributed—we believe not incorrectly—to the pen of the provost of the University of Pennsylvania. As we know the tree by its fruit, so are we inclined to judge of the fruit from the qualities of the tree. It is a law of nature that, like cause and effect, they are marked by a certain mutual resemblance of powers and properties which it is not easy to mistake. According to this rule, it is scarcely necessary to say, that those who are acquainted with the resources of the author will expect to find in the dialogues we are considering no ordinary degree of excellence. Nor are we inclined to think that, on a perusal of the work, they will feel themselves disappointed. In addition to what was said, on a former occasion, we shall only observe, that the justness of remark connected with the masculine and commanding eloquence exhibited in various parts of this performance would be creditable to the pen of any writer. But without attempting to practise on their opinions, we deem it fair to give our readers an opportunity to judge for themselves. We accordingly extract from the dialogue between William Tell and General Washington that portion of the conversation in which the hero of the Alps expresses his admiration of the virtues and achievements of the great American, and recounts the honours conferred on him by his country.

ED.

"If the efforts, I say, which were made by me in the deliverance of Switzerland, so suddenly commenced, so short in their continuance, and so speedily terminated, have raised me so high in your estimation, what honours did not you merit from the American nation for your fatigues, anxieties, watchings, and incessant toils, while at the head of its armies during a long, perilous, and bloody war: and for your subsequent useful exertions in obtaining for it by the weight of your unbounded influence, and bequeathing it with your latest breath, that invaluable inheritance, a wise and admirable constitution of government? Your greatest praise was

that unshaken fortitude with which you bore up under the severest reverses of fortune, and pertinaciously adhered to the cause of your country, amidst those overwhelming difficulties and disasters, which would have appalled the mind and subdued the resolutions of almost all other men. All circumstances considered, I regard your successful achievement of American independence, as the sublimest effort of military skill and prowess that was ever witnessed. And after you had thus by your arms become the saviour of your country, what consummate talents and address did you display as a statesman, what exalted virtues as a man! Nor were the honours and rewards with which you were crowned incommensurate with your talents, your services and your virtues. The brightest fictions of fancy and romance have been realized in your life. When your toils and dangers were ended with the war, and you were elected by the unsolicited votes of a free and grateful people their supreme magistrate, the splendor of royal dignity or imperial rank would have faded before the lustre of your glory. At every step you were followed by the acclamations of the people, and every movement you made through your native land, was more illustrious than a Roman triumph. The poets of your infant country, in no vulgar strains, have already sung of your heroic achievements, orators adorned their discourses with your name and exploits, and the historic muse drawn from the events of your life some of her richest and most invaluable materials. If the death of Germanicus filled with gloom the whole Roman empire, the news of your decease vibrated in deep-toned horror through every fibre in the hearts of your fellow-citizens. Your glory, however, was not extinguished in the grave, but, rekindling from your ashes, only burns now with a higher and more steady lustre. Your name is embalmed in the memory of your countrymen. The first words which children are taught to lip is that of the Father of their Country; the painter and the statuary have exhausted all the resources of their arts in exhibiting your form and features; and your image, like a household god, meets the eye at every splendid dwelling as well as every log-house throughout your country. The shades of Titus and Marcus Aurelius, as well as of Alfred here present with us, all of whom are enjoying the rewards bestowed in this place upon the bene-

factors of mankind, may envy you the honours which are still thickening on your memory. Had you lived in the days of pagan superstition, you would have been deified at your death. The English justly regard Alfred, who so nobly delivered them from the incursions of the Danes, as a perfect model of a virtuous prince; and the Americans may, with still greater justice, venerate their Washington, as having exhibited an example, not only of one of the greatest military chieftains, and most able statesmen that ever lived, but, what is still higher eulogy, of a pure and incorruptible patriot."

ALDEN'S AMERICAN EPITAPHS.

FROM the revend Mr. Alden's "collection of American epitaphs and inscriptions," a work of which we had occasion formerly to speak, and which, notwithstanding its containing, as most collections do, various light and unimportant articles, yet, as a monument of industry and persevering research, and a repository of much excellent biographical matter, and of the records of many distinguished national transactions and events, we feel justified in again recommending to public attention, we extract the following interesting document. To those who are acquainted with the forensic history of the United States it is unnecessary to observe, that the subject of it is a character worthy to rank with the foremost jurists and civilians of the age.

ED.

"THE honourable Theophilus Parsons, late chief justice of Massachusetts, was a son of the Rev. Moses Parsons of Byfield. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place, under the celebrated Samuel Moody, esq. the preceptor of Dummer academy. He was graduated at Harvard university in 1769. He studied law at Falmouth, now Portland, under the late judge Bradbury, and, for a time, kept the grammar school in that town. He first commenced the business of his profession in the same place, but soon removed to Newburyport. In 1806, he was appointed chief justice of the state, and held that high and honourable office to the close of his life. He died in Boston, where he had lived for a number of years, in the autumn of 1813, at the age of sixty-three. A very interesting sketch of his character was

given by the honourable Isaac Parker, one of the associate justices of the supreme judicial court, in an address to the grand jury, delivered on the 23d. of November, 1813. From this address the following paragraphs are here added.

"I shall not be accused of fulsome panegyric, in asserting that the subject of this address has for more than thirty years been acknowledged the great man of his time. The friends, who have accompanied him through life, and witnessed the progress of his mind, want no proof of this assertion; but to those, who have heard his fame, without knowing the materials of which it is composed, it may be useful to give such a display of his character as will prove, that the world is not always mistaken in awarding its honours.

"From the companions of his early years I have learned, that he was comparatively great, before he arrived at manhood; that his infancy was marked by mental labour and study, rather than by puerile amusements; that his youth was a season of persevering acquisition, instead of pleasure; and that, when he became a man, he seemed to possess the wisdom and experience of those, who had been men long before him. And, indeed, those of us, who have seen him lay open his vast stores of knowledge in later life, unaided by recent acquirement, and relying more upon memory, than research, can account for his greatness only by supposing a patience of labour in youth, which almost exhausted the sources of information, and left him to *act* rather than *study*, at a period when others are but beginning to acquire.

"His familiar and critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, so well known to the literati of this country, and to some of the most eminent abroad, was the fruit of his early labours, preserved and perhaps ripened in maturer years, but gathered in the spring time of his life. His philosophical and mathematical knowledge were of the same early harvest, as were also his logical and metaphysical powers.

"Had he died at the age of twenty-one, I am persuaded he would have been held up to youth, as an instance of astonishing and successful perseverance in the severest employments of the mind.

"Heaven, which gave him this spirit of industry, endowed him also with a genius to give it effect.

"There were united in him an imagination vivid, but not visionary, a most discriminating judgment, the attentiveness and precision of the mathematician, and a memory, which, however enlarged and strengthened by exercise, must have been originally powerful and capacious.

"With these wonderful faculties, which had, from the first dawnings of reason, been employed on subjects most interesting to the human mind, he came to the study of that science, which claims a kindred with every other, the science of the law.

"This was a field worthy of his labours and congenial with his understanding. How successfully he explored, cultivated, and adorned it, need not be related to his cotemporaries.

"Never was fame more early or more just, than that of Parsons as a lawyer. At an age when most of the profession are but beginning to exhibit their talents and to take a fixed rank at the bar, he was confessedly, in point of profound legal knowledge, among the first of its professors.

"His professional services were every where sought for. In his native county, and in the neighbouring state of New-Hampshire, scarcely a cause of importance was litigated in which he was not an advocate. His fame had spread from the country to the capitol, to which he was almost constantly called to take a share in trials of intricacy and interest.

"At that early period of his life, his most formidable rival and most frequent competitor was the accomplished lawyer and scholar, the late judge Lowell, whose memory is still cherished with affection by the wise and virtuous of our state. Judge Lowell was considerably his senior, but entertained the highest respect for the general talents and juridical skill of his able competitor. It was the highest intellectual treat, to see these great men contending for victory in the judicial forum. Lowell, with all the ardour of the most impassionate eloquence, assaulting the hearts of his auditors, and seizing their understandings also, with the most cogent, as well as the most plausible arguments. Parsons, cool, steady, and deliberate, occupying every post, which was left uncovered, and throwing in his forces, wherever the zeal of his

adversary had left an opening. Notwithstanding this almost continual forensic warfare, they were warm personal friends, and freely acknowledged each other's merits.

"The other eminent men of that day, with whom Parsons was brought to contend, did full justice to his great powers. I have myself heard the late governor Sullivan declare, he was the greatest lawyer living.

"So rapid and yet so sure was the growth of his reputation, that immediately upon his commencing the practice of the law, his office was considered, by some of the first men our state has produced, to be the most perfect school for legal instruction.

"That distinguished lawyer and statesman, Rufus King, having finished his education at our university, at an age when he was qualified to choose his own instructor, placed himself under the tuition of Parsons; and probably it was owing in some measure to the wise lessons of the master, as well as to the great talents of the scholar, that the latter acquired a celebrity during the few years he remained at the bar, seldom attained in so short a professional career.

"Many others of our principal lawyers and statesmen are indebted to the same preceptor for their fundamental acquisitions in the science of jurisprudence and civil polity.

"I will not omit to mention, for I wish not to exaggerate his powers, that he enjoyed one advantage in his education beyond any of his cotemporaries, except the learned, able, and upright chief justice Dana, whose long and useful administration in this court ought to be remembered with gratitude by his fellow-citizens. I refer to the society and conversation of judge Trowbridge, perhaps the most profound common lawyer of New England before the revolution. This venerable old man, like some of the ancient sages of the law in England, had pursued his legal disquisitions, long after he had ceased to be actively engaged in the profession, from an ardent attachment to the law as a science, and had employed himself in writing essays and forming elaborate readings upon abstruse and difficult points of law.

"Many of his works are now extant in manuscript, and some in print, and they abundantly prove the depth of his learning, and the diligence and patience of his research.

" When Parsons had retired to the house of his father, a respectable minister of Newbury, in consequence of the destruction of Falmouth by the British, he there met judge Trowbridge, who had sought shelter from the confusion of the times in the same hospitable mansion. How grateful must it have been to the learned sage, in the decline of life, fraught with the lore of more than a half century's incessant and laborious study, to meet in a peaceful village, secure from the alarms of war, a scholar panting for instruction and capable of comprehending his profound and useful lessons; and how delightful to the scholar to find a teacher so fitted to pour instruction into his eager and grasping mind. He regarded it as an uncommon blessing, and has frequently observed, that this early interruption to his business, which seemed to threaten poverty and misfortune, was one of the most useful and happy events of his life.

" His habit of looking deeply into the ancient books of the common law, and tracing back settled principles to original decisions, probably acquired under this fortunate and accidental tuition, was the principal source of his early and continued celebrity.

" He entered upon business also, after this connexion ceased, early in our revolutionary war, when the courts of admiralty jurisdiction were open and crowded with causes, in the management of which he had a large share. This led him to study with diligence the civil law, law of nations, and the principles of belligerent and neutral rights, in all which he soon became as distinguished as he was for his knowledge of the common and statute law of the country. Twenty-six years ago, when I with others of my age were pupils in the profession of the law, we saw our masters call this man into their councils, and yield implicit confidence to his opinions. Among men eminent themselves, and by many years his seniors, we saw him by common consent take the lead in causes, which required intricate investigation and deepness of research.

" In the art of special pleading, which more than any thing tests the learning of a lawyer in his peculiar pursuit, he had then no competitor.

" In force of combination and power of reasoning he was unrivalled, and in the happy talent of penetrating through the mass

of circumstances, which sometimes surround and obscure a cause, I do not remember his equal.

" His arguments were directed to the understandings of men, seldom to their passions, and yet instances may be recollected, when, in causes, which required it, he has assailed the hearts of his hearers with as powerful appeals as were ever exhibited in the cause of misfortune or humanity. I do not disparage others by placing him at their head. They were great men, he was a wonderful man. Like the great moralist of England, he might be surrounded by men of genius, literature, and science, and neither he nor they suffer by a comparison. Indeed, he seemed to form a class of intellect by himself, rather than a standard of comparison for others.

" Even his enemies, for it is the lot of all extraordinary men to have them, paid involuntary homage to his greatness; they designated him by an appellation, which, from its appropriateness, became a just compliment, *the giant of the law*.

" I have spoken now of his early life only, before he was thirty-five years of age, and yet it is known that common minds and even great minds do not arrive at maturity in this profession until a much later period.

" From this time for near twenty years I lived in a remote part of the state, and had no opportunity personally to witness his powers; but his fame pursued me even there. He was regarded by those lawyers, with whom I have been conversant, as the living oracle of the law. His transmitted opinions carried with them authority sufficient to settle controversies and terminate litigation.

" On my accession to the bench, I had an opportunity to see him in practice at the bar, when he possessed the accumulated wisdom and learning of fifty-six years. Though labouring under a valetudinarian system, his mind was vigorous and majestic. His great talent was that of condensation. He presented his propositions in regular and lucid order, drew his inferences with justness and precision, and enforced his arguments with a simplicity yet fulness, which left nothing obscure or misunderstood.

" He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the cardinal points of a cause, upon which he poured out the whole treasures

of his mind, while he rejected all minor facts and principles from his consideration.

"He was concise, energetic, and resistless in his reasoning. The most complicated questions appearing in his hands the most easy of solution; and if there be such a thing as demonstration in argument, he, above all the men I know, had the power to produce it.

"With this fulness of learning and reputation, having had thirty-five years of extensive practice in all branches of the law, and having indeed for the last ten years acted unofficially as judge in many of the most important mercantile disputes, which occurred in this town, he was, on the resignation of chief justice Dana, selected by our present governor to preside in this court. This was the first, and I believe the only instance of a departure from the ordinary rule of succession; and, considering the character and talents of some, who had been many years on the bench, perhaps no greater proof could be given of his pre-eminent legal endowments, than that this elevation should have been universally approved. Perhaps there never was a period when the regular succession would have been more generally acquiesced in as fit and proper, and yet the departure from it, in this instance, was every where gratifying.

"That the man who, in England would, probably, by the mere force of his talents, without the aid of family interest, have arrived to the dignity of lord chancellor or lord chief justice, should be placed at the head of so important a department, was considered a most favourable epoch in our juridical history."

The Sciences in Masquerade; a poetical advertisement, dedicated on my knees to all the pedagogues in North America, and in Philadelphia.

THIS little effusion, which has recently issued from the Philadelphia press, is from the pen of Mr. Henry Cogswell Knight, and is intended, we presume, by the author, as a kind of mock didactic—the child of fancy and minister of fun, rather than as a serious and instructive poem. Yet, with all its oddities, irregularities, and whims, we are compelled to say, that it contains much matter within a short compass—a richness, somewhat of an ori-

ginality too, and condensation of thought, with an occasional felicity of combination, which are rarely found in productions of the kind. It is, indeed, precisely what its title and a singularly eccentric prefatory "card" accompanying it would lead us to suppose it to be, a *queer thing*, with more force of conception, however, and general merit, than on a first and cursory reading meet the eye. As we are persuaded that it cost Mr. Knight no inconsiderable exertion of thought to write it, the reader must not expect to peruse it to advantage, without subjecting himself to somewhat of the same exercise of mind.

The author of the "Sciences in Masquerade" must not, however, and we are confident does not, expect us to recommend his poem as an unexceptionable composition. Far from it. The production has faults which an eye less scrutinizing than that of Mr. Knight ought to have discovered, and a judgment less sound aided by a taste less cultivated than his, to have promptly rejected. Some of his words are not English, nor are we acquainted with any principles of etymology on which they can be formed, consistently with the utmost latitude of the *licentia poetica*. A few of his rhymes are bad, his language is occasionally wanting in perspicuity, and he has admitted allusions which are offensive to delicacy. He has in one instance, moreover, though we are convinced with no evil intention, touched with too much levity on a topic which ought not to be approached but with seriousness and solemnity.

To give our readers some idea of Mr. Knight's style and manner, we shall lay before them, without any particular selection, a few lines from various parts of his poem, with the whole of which many of them will no doubt feel a curiosity to be better acquainted.

Next Logic comes, a diving bell,
To fish up truth submerg'd in well.
Worm out the seeds of sophistry,
And roots plant in profundity;
Dark truth reflect by syllogism,
As light's examined by a prism.
A woman's what?—"a reasoning creature."
But man—he also reasons better;

Ergo—while both are called human,
It clearly proves a *man's* a *woman*.
So if a man call me a brute,
And I'd the beastly charge refute,
The modern logic to annul it,
Is to be shot through by a bullet.
How syllogisms of logic fly,
Before the magic of an eye.
Logic the judgment serves to urge,
As in a watch the needful virge.

From our author's exposition of "NATURE's bland PHILOSOPHY," we make the following extract, in which our readers will not fail to perceive much matter with unusual brevity and pith of expression.

How sound is when the atmosphere
Tattoos the drum-head of the ear.
How, as a lamp its beamings sheds,
Concussive sound outcircling spreads.
How light and heat are lecherous fellows,
And human lungs a pair of bellows.
How up the sun hot sweating draws,
And down tug gravitation's laws.
And why a stone, in vacuum thrown,
Will not fall up as well as down.
How cold makes thick, and heat makes thin,
Water and air, and glass, and tin.
In eggs how when the young is picking,
The air-bag's midwife to the chicken.
Why the sun's rays no heat dispense,
Except pass'd through a medium dense?
And mounts that stare him in the face,
Have ice at top, and grass at base?
How rays of brighter light, or duller,
Refracted diversely, give colour;
And falling globules, glancing, show
That beauteous arch—the covenant bow.
How lightning's burst electric matter,
Thunder, perturbed air 'n a clatter.
Earthquakes, tornades, et cetera,
Electrical phenomena.
Why magnets tug through wood and water,
Why weight's decreas'd at the equator.

Why sparklings from a cat's back flies,
 Why see *one* object with *two* eyes!
 What somersets an object makes,
 Ere on the nerve its profile takes,
 Within the camera of the eye;
 Of wearing specks the reason why?
 The principles on which a glass,
 Reflects the beauties of a lass.
 How, spite of our unaided senses,
 Nothing is something made by lenses;
 Even animalculæ so small,
 Myriads are less than nought at all.

The following lines on modern literature are not without merit.

Show modern books so flat are wrought,
 We seldom stumble o'er a thought.
 Wiseacres yet can works afford,
 Which spread, and wilt, like Jonah's gourd.
 Mere gall and sweetbread, lights and reins,
 Mere caput mortuum without brains.
 Great birds lay once or twice at best,
 While small ones fill with eggs their nest.
 Old bards toil'd long for fruit and flowers,
 While leaves and weeds are snatch'd by ours.
 Except, perchance, you may descry,
 Some half a dozen—such as I.

The same thing may be said of those in which our author inculcates the necessity of an acquaintance with science in general.

If to one branch our genius shoot,
 The seeds of all we first must root.
 For sciences and arts are kin,
 Says Mark of Rome a speechment in;
 They at one table all are fed,
 And lie spoon-fashion in one bed;
 And though at points they disagree,
 They're *genus fratrum nobile*.

On the whole, we are persuaded that Mr. Knight has talents equal to the production of a more useful and pleasing poem than that we are considering, provided he will make choice of a more popular and intelligible subject.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WAR AND PEACE; OR THE JUDGMENT OF JUPITER.

Jove sat on Dodona, and called to his side
 A god and a goddess in no way allied,
 Except their descendance from him;
 This beam'd from her glances a radiance so bright,
 And soft as Aurora's first dawns of light,
 That was gloomy and ghastly and grim!

"Our children," cried Jove, "we've a crown to bestow,
 And we'll hear both your merits, correctly to know
 Which brow its bright gems shall embrace;
 Your claims then prefer, and our judgment shall be
 As pure as the glories resplendant you see,
 Dodona's bright summit that grace."

"O! father of gods!" said the maid so divine,
 "The gift from Dodona my brows must entwine,
 For paramount here is my claim."—
 "Thou pale-faced pretender! thou child of the moon!"
 Interrupted the god:—"Thou receive the bright boon!
 What, whence is thy honour or fame?"

"Dread monarch of Heaven, my claim to prefer
 My merits before her, I boldly aver;
 Hear, sov'reign of deities, hear!
 Shall she with the source of all honour contend,
 Of Fame the delight, and of Wisdom the friend,
 Whom even great Jove must revere?

"Let Grecian Achilles, or Hector declare
 The glories that shadow the monarch of war,
 Or Epaminondas the great;
 The hero of Phocis, who boldly defied
 The tyrant of Persia, and humbled his pride,
 My merits, perhaps, can relate.

"Who led Alexander o'er Granicus' stream,
 And with blood bade the warrior's bright falchion gleam,

While Victory perch'd on his brow?
Who bade Conquest follow at great Cæsar's heels,
And chain'd Roman pride to his chariot wheels—
Speak, paramount maid, was it thou?

“Mid the clangour of arms, by the shrill trumpet's sound,
Called to startle the foëman, I've ever been found,
And countless the wreathes I've display'd;
My name gallant deeds of renown long will grace,
And shall the bright laurels my brow that embrace,
Through this dove-looking damsel now fade?

“The pomp of the pageants and triumphs I've won,
Even Jove shall remember as long as the Sun
His course through the skies shall pursue;
I've guarded Olympus itself, mighty Jove,
And now to Olympus thy judgment shall prove,
That thy gifts are bestowed where they're due!”

More placid the mien of the damsel appears,
Like the star of the evening, she smil'd through her tears,
As thus to the god she rejoin'd:—

“I smile at the pompous display of thy pride,
While I weep that thy sword deep in blood has been dyed,
To obtain the false joys of thy mind!

“I boast no renown gain'd from temples that blaz'd,
From millions destroyed and from capitals raz'd,
Nor from hosts unresisting distress'd;
No daughters fly shrieking whene'er I appear,
No matrons, for daughters lamenting, we hear,
No babes closer cling to the breast!

“Devastation ne'er marks any step that I tread,
Nor Cruelty's whips twist a crown for my head,
Nor Lust's burning passion is there;
Bright Justice and Mercy I ne'er lead in chains,
Meek Innocence injured by me ne'er complains,
Nor Hope gives her place to Despair!

“No harvest of iron I rend from the field,
But the sweet yellow sheaff, nursed by me, it will yield,

While Plenty smiles soft in my train;
 When my reign commences then Ruin's must end:
 The foe, once unfeeling, is lost in the friend,
 And redeemed is the slave from his chain!

"Then the world is a garden, my blessing the soil,
 Whence Industry bounteously reaps for her toil
 The blade rising fruitful and fair;
 Then, danger and carnage and rapine all cease,
 The clarions of WAR breathe the anthem of PEACE,
 And the sword is transformed to the share!"

She spoke—and Jove cast on the maiden a glance
 Full of sweet approbation, then bade her advance,
 His judgment at once to fulfil;
 "Right well, lovely PEACE," cried the monarch, "hast thou
 Preferr'd thy just claim, and we place on thy brow
 This crown from our bright gifted hill."

VALERIAN.

—
 If our correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the following effusion, will "but serve the Muses with half the zeal" he appears to have devoted to the service of his "cruel fair one," he has good reason to hope that they will not thus wantonly "cast him off."

TO * * * *

It is not that I love you less
 Than late when at your feet I lay,
 But to prevent the sad increase
 Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing
 I either see or hear of you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring
 And makes my bosom bleed anew.

Now I have sworn—hence never must
 Your suffering friend his hope renew—
 If this I break—you may mistrust
 The vow I made to love you, too.

Adieu! then, idol of my heart,
Whom never more these eyes must view!
Yet once again, before we part,
Pride of my soul! once more adieu!—

Oh, for one kiss! the first, the last
That I may ask or thou might'st give—
Though on my lip it die too fast
'Twould ever in my memory live.

But thou no tender thought of me
Hast ever harbour'd in thy breast—
Nor cared what pangs I've felt for thee,
While with another thou wast blest.

To him, thy choice now makes thy mate,
Then thus thy beauties I resign—
He boasts, alas! a happier fate,
But not a purer flame than mine—

Oh! let him make thy bliss his care,
As I, thou know'st it, would have done;
My love for *thy* sake, he shall share,
My envy only for his *own*.—

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 9.

"Vides ut alta," &c.

The streets are whitened o'er with snow,
The jocund sleighs move to and fro,
And jingling bells resound;
The trees their wintry livery wear,
And see close lock'd old Delaware,
In icy fetters bound.

Now stir the fire and bring the wine,
'Twas bottled, anno ninety-nine,
And bought of Harry Hill;
Pour out a bumper, here's a toast,
"To those on earth we love the most,
And those who love us still."

Let politicians strain their throats
 'Bout national banks and treasury notes,
 What stock or specie's worth;
 Our circulating medium's wine,
 Our bank the bowl—its draughts divine
 Are current through the earth. O.

—
 PEACE.

He comes, the welcome herald comes,
 Mute be trumpets, fifes, and drums,
 Make plough-shares of each sabre;
 The soldier cit no more shall prance
 On warlike steed, but gayly dance
 To merry pipe and taber.

Ring, ring the merry Christ-church bells,
 Greet him fair maids with sunny smiles,
 And strew his way with flowers;
 Grim visag'd War no more shall scare,
 No more Bellona rudely tear
 Fond lovers from your bowers.

Join vocal maids, the choral train,
 And swell the dulcet *Carrol** strain,
 The halcyon song of peace:
 The Loves, and Graces, hand-in-hand,
 Again shall reign throughout the land,
 And war and discord cease.

'Tis merry in each crouded street,
 Where jolly cits each other greet
 In hearty gratulation:
 And like Heaven's galaxy at night,
 The city sheds one stream of light
 In bright illumination.

* The name of the gentleman who announced the glad tidings of peace, as also that of the British vessel in which he came, the *Favourite*, are peculiarly appropriate—If names are ominous, these augur well.

Now shines our great republic's pride,
 Her valiant chieftains, side by side
 Their trophies join'd with peace;
 Their patriot-deeds, and martial mien,
 In bright transparencies are seen
 In all the pride of *grease*.

E'en *Quid nunc's* brows no longer lower,
 But catch the influence of the hour,
 And smiles his visage grace;
 To PEACE, the genial bowl he quaffs,
 In merry jeers cracks jokes, and laughs
 Wars' wrinkles from his face.

The din of arms no more prevail,
 The seaman loosens every sail
 To catch the fav'ring breeze;
 Again is heard the hum of trade,
 The victor starry flag is spread
 To brighten distant seas.

QUEVEDO.

ADDRESS TO GRATITUDE.

DEAREST *flower!* so sensitive! bright are thy charms
 As the rose's—when friendship *congenial warms*;
 But, no thorns to defend thee, thy feelings are such,
 Like Mimosa, they shrink from th' *indelicate* touch.

Thou art pale as the lily, when trembling thou think'st
 That the winds that blow round thee, or rains which thou drink'st
 May thy stem rudely break, and thy blossom in vain
 Shall have toil'd to reward thy kind guardian's pain.

As the heliotrope turns its full front to the light,
 Or on rising, or nooning, or setting in night;—
 So, thou GRATITUDE! watchest the course of *thy* sun,
 From the dawn of his beam, till his journey is run.

And, if chance, clouds or tempests forbid him to smile,
 And thy tenderness bend under sorrow awhile;

Dearest flower! thou feel'st that thy tears of to-day,
Will to-morrow prove gems to re-welcome his ray.

Through each change of the seasons, thou still art the same,
Though thy hue emblematic may change with thy name;
For thy root was well water'd by Siloah's rill,
And if *Gratitude* once, thou art *Gratitude* still.

To the Spring, a blue violet, soft to the gaze,
To the summer, a piony, redden'd in blaze;
To the fall, a hearts-ease, where all colours are seen,
To the winter, an amaranth—stern evergreen.

THE SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet from the cottage of B——d to steal,
With Friendship to wander, with Friendship to feel,
To welcome the lustre of Hope's lovely star,
That sheds o'er our bosoms soft light from afar;
To rest in the valley, to pause on the hill,
While floated the mocking-bird's wild varied trill;
To watch the wide prospect then brilliantly ting'd,
The glittering plain by the green forest fringed,
Where the weary young soldier one moment delay'd,
To rest his bright arms in the peace-breathing shade.

'Twas pleasing our mournful attention to yield
To the glittering column, or tent-cover'd field,
And turn with a sigh of regret from the scene,
To the fountain-bathed valley so quiet and green.
'Twas sweet in the bosom of silence to roam,
Afar from the war sounding voice of the drum,
But sweeter to turn from the grove's leafy breast.
For a welcoming smile, to the cottage of rest;
Where the circle expanded, and friendship might quaff
The wit sparkling sally or innocent laugh;
Delighted to welcome, as pleas'd to impart,
The spirit of joy from the friend of the heart.

They are gone—but affection still fervently dwells
Where haply the tide of their sorrow now swells,
Where Love's tender blossoms still redolent glow,
Unbent by the wild blast, unchill'd by the snow:
And O! when the tempests of winter retire,
And soft-winged gales lovely fragrance respire,
Each zephyr that scatters its breath o'er my cheek,
Of the friends I have treasur'd shall mournfully speak;
The bright beams of morning, and twilight's soft dew,
Shall nourish a pensive remembrance of you.

O Friendship! thy spirit still dwells in this place,
In yon quiet valley, thy footsteps I trace,
Through the shadowy forest thou art wandering still,
Or tenderly wailing on yonder bleak hill.
In yon faded bowers still fondly I meet,
The beam of a welcome as mournful as sweet,
Thou art wafting the flute's wildest melody now,
Or pensively waving the willow's bright bough.
Through the mist of the morning thy smiles I descry,
Through the silence of evening I list to thy cry,
And weep to the voice that so plaintively calls,
A low murmur'd echo from desolate walls.

But why, tender spirit! most sad art thou seen,
Near the thick woven branches of bright evergreen?
The sky is o'er clouded, the breeze rustling bleak
Blows chill on the tear that came warm to my cheek,
A premature gloom dims the light of the west,
O! why art thou wandering so faint and opprest,
With the stifling sobs that forever attend,
The latest embrace of the heart's dearest friend.
O cease, where the branches of evergreen hang,
To nourish my bosom's unspeakable pang;
O dwell in the valley, for when thou art there,
A faint smile may mingle its beam with thy tear;
Thy wild touch may waken the harp's mournful trill,
Or the voice of thy sorrow be heard on the hill;

Go, vent the vain anguish whose source is so deep,
Where grief *dares* to murmur, and sorrow to weep.

Ye beams of affection that gladden'd yon vale,
That brightened the flowers and soften'd the gale,
Still gilding our paths when those blossoms declin'd,
And the yellow leaves rose on the chill rustling wind:
How fair through the shadows of distance are seen
Those gleamings of comfort so sweetly serene;
How faintly ye dawn o'er the mountain's dread height,
Though mingled with showers of sorrow, how bright;
Though dimly beheld through the mist of a tear,
Though shrouded how lovely, though distant how dear.
O still bless my wanderings, wherever I go,
Though tears tremble mild o'er your beautiful glow,
While over my cotage the clouds darkly roll,
Sweet sunshine of friendship revisit my soul;
O bright o'er my hours of solitude hang,
To soften of parting the still living pang;
O cheer the drear course of my life's thorny way,
And sooth me till sorrow with life fade away.

V*****

THE following lines are nervous, picturesque, and beautiful. They are extracted from a fugitive elegy on lieutenant colonel Cecil Bishopp, who fell at the head of an expedition against Black Rock, and was interred under an oak tree near the falls of Niagara. We think them worthy of preservation as well on account of their merit, as because they constitute a well deserved tribute to the memory of a gallant but unfortunate officer, whom we can now no longer remember as an enemy.

His shroud, a soldier's simple cloak,
His pillow, root of sturdy oak,
His dirge ('twill sound till time's no more)
Niagara's loud and solemn roar;—
To heaven turned his manly face,
Where wing'd his soul from Death's embrace,
Lies gallant Cecil—where's the grave
More worthy of a Briton brave?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I saw a lonely laurel bloom,
Sequestered midst a silent shade,
Where wilder forms the wilds assume,
In shrubs, and briars, and rocks array'd.

There pensively it rear'd its head,
And to the bleak winds seem'd to moan,
"Here must my famished branches spread,
Here fade—unnoticed and unknown!"

Not so!—nor will I pass thee by,
But bear to kindlier realms thy name;
For thou art fit, fair plant, said I,
To flourish in the fields of Fame!

With fostering hand I bore it forth,
Transplanted it in garden gay;
An emblem pure of modest worth,
It blooms—and never shall decay.

Triumphant there behold it rise,
And wave in air its graceful mein,
As sainted souls beyond the skies,
Live in immortal ever-green!

And those who rudely pass'd it by,
When pining in the lonely glade,
Approach it now with wondering eye,
And fondly court its breezy shade!

'Tis thus *young Genius* oft remains
In some dark dell, by woes o'erspread;
Or where uncultur'd Nature reigns
Neglected droops its bashful head—

Till some kind guardian bids it rise,
From fetters frees the buoyant mind:
Then does it range through earth and skies,
The pride, the glory of mankind!

ZEPHRI.

TO LAVINIA.

ON HER ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO SEEK POETIC INSPIRATION
AMIDST THE ROMANTIC SCENERY OF WILL'S MOUNTAIN.*

You bid me climb the mountain's height,
To breath poetic air,
There soar on magic Fancy's flight,
Seek inspiration there.

Though swells my soul while rapt I gaze,
On Will's majestic pile;
Ah! nought can inspiration raise,
Like woman's beamy smile.

O woman's smile is brighter far,
To poets soul more dear,
Than e'en his own Hesperean star,
Than Luna's beams more fair.

Would Scott's wild Muse inspire my lay,
Yield her sweet harp to me,
By those bright smiles that round thee play,
That harp I'd tune to thee.

But though the Muses oft have fired
My soul to touch the strings,
Soon dies the hope, by zeal inspired,
And nought but discord rings.

QUEVEDO.

EPIGRAMS.

ON A POETASTER WHO HAD SCRAWLED OVER THE PILLARS OF
A SUMMER-HOUSE, UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF GODOLPHIN.

On these pillars devoted to verse,
To usurp so much space is quite selfish,
To the waves thy crude numbers rehearse,
Go-dolphin, for thou art an oddfish.

* Near Fort Cumberland on the Potomac.

ON A LADY PUTTING A MANUSCRIPT POEM OF THE AUTHOR'S IN-
TO HER RIDICULE.

Thus to my face dear L.? 'tis 'gainst all rule,
To turn my poem into ridicule. QUEVEDO.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondent S. B. is entitled to our thanks for his interesting notices of the Marquis De La Fayette. We regret that a want of room prevents them from appearing in the present number.

For sundry good and lawful reasons, we decline, for the present, the publication of Quevedo's complaints against his Muse: we are yet to be persuaded that they are well founded: but be that as it may, we are satisfied that friends are much more easily reconciled to each other before their quarrels are made public than afterwards. Besides, we are under obligations to Quevedo's Muse. It better comports with our feelings, therefore, as well as with our duty, to deal tenderly with this lady, even supposing her to be now and then a little vapourish and perverse, than abruptly to expose her waywardness to the world.

This sweet-briar rose had we ruffled it less,
Might have bloom'd in our garden awhile,
And the frown that's unnoticed, or sooth'd with address,
Will be followed anon by a smile.

"An oration on the proportionate cultivation of the *moral* and the *intellectual* powers of man, delivered at the first anniversary of the Pi, Beta, Phi society in Union College, by Thomas Gifford, junior, A. B.," has been just received. Being out of time for the present number of the Port Folio, it shall be more particularly noticed hereafter. We shall in the meantime remark, that it exhibits in its author a lively imagination and a very correct state of moral sentiment, with no inconsiderable degree of that

ardour of feeling and exuberance of fancy which, when duly restricted and brought in aid of the other powers, constitute an ornament and excellence of the youthful mind.

The imitator of Horace under the signature O, enters into the spirit and feelings of his author. His communications will be always acceptable.

Our new correspondent, Zephri, courts a Muse of soft and pleasing note. His future communications will be acceptable. His "Dream" is placed on our files to appear hereafter.

The author of the lines on "Gratitude," is entitled to *ours* for the favour of his pleasing little effusion. We hope he will give us cause frequently to repeat our acknowledgments to him.

The subject of the essay mentioned in a letter from our correspondent "Senex" is important; and from the products of his pen, as exercised on other topics, we have no doubt of its being ably and satisfactorily treated. As far, therefore, as we may hazard an opinion on what we have not seen, we can have no hesitation in expressing our belief that the paper would constitute a valuable article for the Port Folio. We should be pleased with an opportunity of pursuing it.

The article on "wheel carriages," shall be noticed hereafter.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1815.

No. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

DEFENCE OF SACKETT'S HARBOUR.

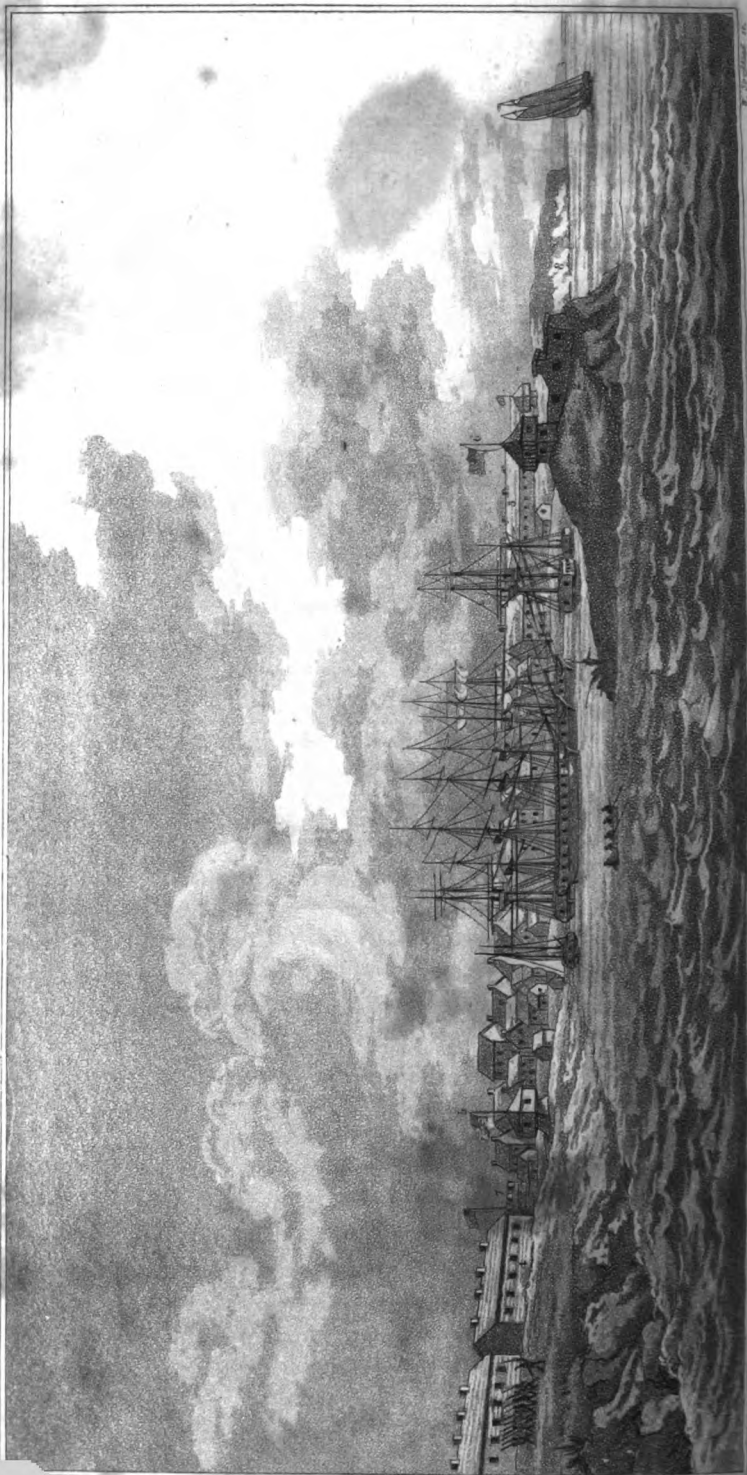
THIS was an affair which we feel persuaded has never yet attained in the public mind the consideration and weight to which it is entitled. In its consequences it was most important. Besides preserving a quantity of shipping of no inconsiderable value, including the General Pike which was then on the stocks, the destruction of which was an object of great interest with the enemy, it secured to the United States the only post that could offer to us during the war any reasonable prospect of a naval superiority on lake Ontario. In addition to this, had it not been for the misconduct of certain timid individuals, whose fears during the action gained an ascendancy over their judgment, it would have saved a very large amount of provisions and other public property deposited in the place for the use of the army. These were in reality saved from the enemy, but were given to the flames without orders from the commander, and contrary to his intention, in the moment of alarm.

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Considering the troops by which this defence was effected and the force and character of the enemy opposed to them, the event was in its nature among the most brilliant that occurred during the war. That of New Orleans itself, although on a larger scale and more momentous in its effects, did not—could not exceed it in the sterling qualities of generalship and soldier-ship—excellence of plan and vigour of execution. It was the triumph, in open combat, of a handful of invalids and crude militia over a body of British regulars greatly superior in number, long inured to discipline and arms, and led on by officers of bravery and skill.

If the achievement be thoroughly examined and fairly estimated, we have no hesitation in asserting as our opinion, that, as far as enterprise and intrepidity, judicious arrangement and personal services, coolness in action and firmness under the appearance of inevitable disaster can avail, it reflects on general Brown, the commander on the occasion, as much honour as, under similar circumstances, any officer has ever been entitled to in any country. Human greatness and glory are relative terms. They have a necessary and immutable dependence on and correspondence with the means or instruments by which they are attained. He who at the head of a feeble and inefficient force dares nobly, and does all that is practicable, equals in real renown him who, possessed of ampler means, performs deeds that are more imposing, only because they are on a broader scale. The same chieftain who, during our revolutionary struggles, led his weak and suffering army to the successive triumphs at Trenton and Princeton, would, at the head of the French columns, have achieved with equal facility and more certainty, the far sounding victories of Austerlitz and Jena: and he who, without any field works or heavy artillery, repulsed Prevost and his regulars at Sackett's Harbour, would not have failed, on the plains of New Orleans, to defend his lines against the veteran cohorts of Packenham. So true is it, that a commander of courage and talents rises in his individual greatness as difficulties and dangers thicken around him, and breasts the increasing pressure of emergencies by a corresponding increase in the development of his resources and the vigour of his conduct.



W. H. B. 1840

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At the time of the attack on Sackett's Harbour, which was made on the 29th of May 1813, by sir George Prevost, at the head of twelve hundred veteran troops, aided by the skill and bravery of his whole staff, general Brown was not *officially* in military command. Having, in the capacity of brigadier of the militia, completed his tour of duty in the preceding campaign, he had retired to his estate at Brownville, where he was employed in the superintendence of his private affairs. Still, however, being situated on the lines, and his competency being known and highly appreciated, his services as a citizen were claimed by government, to give notice of the force and movements, and to ascertain, as far as practicable, the intentions of the enemy. It was ordered, moreover, by the proper authority, that, in case of an attack on the Harbour, he should repair immediately to the scene of action, assume the command and conduct the defence. Signals of alarm were accordingly agreed on, and other points relating to their requisite co-operation in the expected conjuncture, settled between general Brown and lieutenant colonel Backus, who, in the absence of his senior officers, commanded the post.

It is necessary to remark that, with the exception of two hundred invalids, and two hundred and fifty dragoons, who had lately arrived, our regular troops had been all withdrawn from Sackett's Harbour, and were now employed in an enterprise against fort George. Nor was this all. For the better equipment of the expedition up the lake, general Wilkinson had dismantled of nearly all their ordinance, both the batteries on shore and such of the ships of war as he had left behind him. Thus was a most important post, with a vigilant and powerful enemy in its vicinity, left to the defence of a few soldiers of infirm health, a handful of dismounted dragoons totally unversed in the tactics of infantry, and such volunteer militia from the surrounding country as might be embodied on a pressing and sudden emergency. But it was so ordered that the whole was left under the superintendence of an officer whose presence and individual services proved a host in themselves.

All things remained quiet until the night of the 27th of May, when the alarm guns were heard, and shortly afterwards a messenger arrived at general Brown's quarters, about eight miles

from the Harbour, with information that the enemy's fleet from Kingston was observed in motion. Not a moment was to be lost. After taking the most prompt and energetic measures to call out the militia from the neighbouring district, the general hastened to the post of danger. In the course of the 28th, he saw assembled around him from five to six hundred men fresh from their homes, not one of whom, perhaps, had ever faced an enemy in the field or heard the sound of a hostile ball. In regulars and militia, of the description we have mentioned, the army of defence amounted now to nearly a thousand.

On the 28th the enemy appeared in force in the offing, but did not make any attempt to land. Fortunately for the defenders there was but one place where a landing was practicable. Here general Brown had a breastwork thrown up, surmounted by a piece of field artillery. Throughout the night of the 28th he was perfectly on the alert. His troops slept on their arms, while he himself reconnoitered in person the shores of the Harbour.

With the dawn of the 29th, the enemy was discovered pressing for the shore. The general prepared for their reception by posting his militia behind the breastwork thrown up near to the water's edge, while the regulars and a few volunteers who formed in line with them under the command of lieutenant colonel Backus, were drawn up at a considerable distance in the rear.

As the enemy's boats advanced, the militia betrayed no signs of fear, but even appeared cheerful, and anxious for the conflict. The general knowing his position to be good, and persuading himself that the hearts of his soldiers were firm, anticipated a speedy and glorious result. His orders were, to suffer the foe to approach within pistol shot, and then, with deliberate and deadly aim, to open on him at once with the field-piece and musquetry. The orders were executed with great precision, and the first fire was inconceivably destructive. Several British officers and many men were seen to fall, evident disorder prevailed among the boats, and for a moment their advance appeared to be checked.

From a commencement so promising every thing was to be hoped. But, to the utter disappointment and mortification of the general, before half of the militia had fired a second round, he saw them all, without distinction, as if seized by a strange and simul-

taneous panic, abandon the contest and fly with precipitation. For a time dismay and confusion prevailed. All efforts to stop the flight of the troops were at first unavailing. At length, however, by the activity and good conduct of captain M'Knitt, about a hundred of them were rallied, and formed in line with the regulars and volunteers, who still kept their ground, ready to act as circumstances might require.

The enemy debarked without further opposition, and immediately commenced his march towards the village. But he was little aware of the opposition he had to encounter. A Spartan band was still before him prepared for death but not for dishonour. By this handful of heroes, (for such they proved themselves to be) amounting at the utmost to about five hundred men, he was received with such a firm front and destructive fire, as deadened his advance and shook his resolution. On the American side the volunteers and even that portion of the flying militia rallied by captain M'Knitt seemed now to vie with the regulars in deeds of valour. Although compelled to fall back by the superior weight of the British columns, they bravely disputed every inch of ground, and evinced a determination not to yield. They at length took possession of a few log huts built for the winter accommodation of the soldiers, whence they kept up a continued and deadly fire, and from which the enemy by all his efforts was unable to dislodge them.

Struck with admiration at the conduct of these brave men, general Brown, who had been every where present with them, determined on a final, which happily proved a successful, effort in their favour. Being informed that the militia, who, at the beginning of the contest, had so precipitately fled, had not yet entirely dispersed, but were still in sight of the battle ground in company with a few more who had just arrived from the country, he resolved to make another attempt to recall them to their duty.

Accordingly, after exhorting his few gallant associates who still kept in check the whole British force, amounting to more than twice their number, to be mindful of themselves and hold out to the last, he hastened in person to the fugitive militia, who were assembled at a distance eyeing the conflict. After sternly reproaching with cowardice and dishonour both officers and men,

many of whom shed tears at the rebuke of their general and the recollection of their conduct, he ordered them instantly to form and follow him, threatening the first act of disobedience with immediate death. The order was no sooner issued than obeyed.

Finding himself now at the head of three or four hundred troops, on whose firmness in action he was still unwilling to rely, he determined to attempt by stratagem what he had not force sufficient to achieve in open combat. He accordingly ordered this body of militia to pass silently through a distant wood, thus counterfeiting an effort to conceal their movement, yet still keeping in sight of the field of battle that they might be certainly seen, toward the place of landing, as if to turn the flank of the enemy, fall in his rear and take possession of his boats.

The scheme succeeded beyond expectation. Sir George Prevost, feeling himself very roughly handled in front, and suspecting an attempt to place him between two fires and cut off his retreat, abandoned the contest and hurried to his boats, leaving behind him all his killed and many of his wounded. General Brown being in no condition to press on his rear, but making a bold demonstration as if preparatory to that effect, suffered him to embark without much molestation. In a short time the enemy was under way from the American shore, after having sustained a heavy loss, and without achieving by his own act a single object for which his expedition had been set on foot.

The Americans, however, besides the fall of several brave men in action, suffered also during the conflict no inconsiderable loss in property and effects. By the rashness and misconduct of certain timid individuals, who considered the capture of the place inevitable, the public stores and barracks were set on fire and entirely consumed with all their contents. In these buildings were contained, besides a large amount of provisions and military equipments originally our own, all the property, once the enemy's, but now belonging to the Americans by right of conquest, that had been recently brought from the capture of York.

Nothing could have occurred to demonstrate more fully the firmness and good conduct of the regulars and volunteers, than the burning of these buildings. The event took place during the heat of battle, the conflagration was in open view of the troops

engaged, and was believed by them for a time to have been effected by a party of the enemy who had gained their rear. Notwithstanding this, they maintained the contest with an intrepidity unmoved, although expecting every moment to find themselves situated between two fires. The British forces, more prudent, retreated precipitately on the mere prospect of being placed in a similar situation.

General Brown having proved, under Providence, by his persevering firmness and personal exertions, the immediate and evident instrument of saving Sackett's Harbour, was soon afterwards rewarded for such eminent services with the rank of brigadier in the regular army.

Before closing this narrative it would be unjust not to observe, that, considering all things relating to the condition and conduct of the militia in the affair of Sackett's Harbour—that these troops were unusually green in service, being but a few hours from the bosom of their families—that, although they fled ingloriously on the first approach of the enemy, yet that a portion of them rallied immediately, and fought with gallantry and effect during the remainder of the action, while the rest, instead of entirely despairing and hastening to their homes, which were not far distant, continued near the battle ground and suffered themselves to be afterwards reassembled and led on to a bold and important demonstration—that the sight of a conflagration in the rear of those engaged in action, supposed at the time to be the work of the enemy, did not for a moment shake their firmness or diminish their ardour—considering these things, it would be injustice not to admit, that, in the affair we are considering, the militia engaged were much more entitled to praise than censure. A very few instances excepted, it is difficult to mention any case of open conflict with regulars troops, in which militia entirely undisciplined have conducted themselves with an equal degree of steadiness and valour.

C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Review of the "Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for promoting agriculture, containing communications on various subjects in husbandry and rural affairs. Vol. 3d. large octavo, pages 440 and appendix. Published by Johnson and Warner, No. 147, Market-street Philadelphia, 1814.

WE congratulate the agricultural public upon the appearance of the third volume of this very useful society. Few books upon husbandry have been perused with more satisfaction in this country, than their two preceding volumes; and we have pleasure in giving it as our opinion that the one now under review is in no wise inferior to them, either in variety or importance of matter. It must be flattering to the authors of some of the essays contained in the volumes, which have already reached Europe, to find their hints not only recommended to the European public, but to notice on one important occasion the British government instructing its agents in Portugal to adopt for the use of their troops a kind of biscuit, described in the first volume of the transactions of this society, and transmitted too, in the very words of the American author, without referring to the source whence it was obtained. We beg leave to mention, in passing, that the British are too little scrupulous of pirating important suggestions from a country, whose literature they aim to depreciate, and the genius of whose people they treat with disrespect and contumely.

The volume before us contains nearly ninety articles, besides several cuts and plates: the greater part of them relating to experimental farming, which has led by its results to very essential improvements. Books upon rural economy, so much despised when our farming scarcely deserved the name of husbandry, have been sought for of late years, with an eagerness proportioned to the improvements made in that useful art. Societies, with valuable libraries, have been formed in various parts of America, whose lights have flashed conviction upon the obstinate and ignorant, and nearly extinguished that *hatred of innovation* so peculiar to ploughmen: a hatred that has yielded to a spirit of melioration and imitation, which having changed the aspect of our farms has more than quadrupled their value.

A society like this formed in the heart of a large town, not for the purpose of dictating from the closets of its city-members, theories and rules that have never been tested by practice, but to aid by premiums and a judicious selection of all the agricultural intelligence of the American world, that spirit already so happily elicited must deserve and obtain the support of every enlightened citizen: and we sincerely hope will continue to benefit the public, by appropriating their industry and funds to the diffusion of their valuable labour in such occasional volumes as those already published by them.

Their respectable and learned president, the honourable Judge Peters has furnished again in this volume, his full share of contributions. We thank him for the pleasure and advantage we have derived from them. That gentleman, so well known in the annals of Pennsylvanian agriculture, for his early and successful efforts to introduce the use of gypsum here, is now making upon a small farm which he keeps in his own occupation, trials as laudable for the purpose of increasing the culture of the large beet and the celebrated fiorin grass, and we are happy to say that there is a prospect of both becoming important additions to our stock of objects suitable for cultivation. This large beet or Mangel Wurtzel, (*Beta cicla altissima*) has been long raised to great advantage in Germany, where it is likewise called *Dickruben*, and given such profitable returns by the weight of its root and quantity of leaves, as to have attracted the attention of the French agriculturists in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI: nor is it new to some of our own farmers, although its culture remains very limited. The day, however, cannot be distant when this plant will be in general use. According to Judge Peters it deserves the epithet *excellentissima* for its various good qualities. "I know it well," says the honourable president; "having cultivated it for several years. I think it far preferable to the common beet, as a culinary esculent. Its bulb, or root, has none of the earthy savour of the common beet; and its leaves are, in many respects better for the table than *spinach*, to which, when boiled young, they have some resemblance. But the most essential uses of this root, are those applicable to rural economy. For *cattle*, *sheep*, and *store-hogs*, no root, within my knowledge, can com-

pare with it. The *leaves*, which are very abundant, may be stripped or cut frequently through the season; leaving the heart-shoots or leaflets; and the root will thrive the better for the stripping. For *milch-cows*, they are superior to any other green herbage; and the quantity afforded by them exceeds that of any other plant cultivated on a similar extent of ground. Those who prefer the soiling system, would do well to try the experiment. I believe good seed may be had of some of the seedsmen, who would, if encouraged, soon have it in great plenty. The greatest produce can be had by cultivating in broad cast, and hand-hoeing. I weighed the first stripping of the leaves. The patch in which they grew, contains about a sixteenth of an acre. The weight of the whole was six hundred and eighty neat pounds. I have stripped them three times, and am proceeding in the fourth. Three stripings at four and a quarter tons each, is twelve and three quarter tons per acre. But the quantity is unequal in the several stripings: yet I think I may safely calculate, for the season, on *fifteen tons* to the acre. Add the *roots*, which exceed the weight of the leaves, and no plant seems more valuable."

Mr. Curwen, of Cumberland, (England) asserts that he has raised *forty* to *fifty* tons per acre, and that in Essex, north east of London, it has become a regular part of the produce of many farms, and is much approved. For further particulars respecting the culture and various good properties of the *Mangel Wurtzel*, we must refer our agricultural readers to the book itself; but before we leave this valuable root, we cannot refrain from giving the following summary of its rare qualities, as mentioned by the *Abbè Rosier* in his remarks on the "*Racine de Disette*," (root of scarcity.)

1. Men can eat this vegetable throughout the year. It is agreeable and healthy.
2. No insect whatever attacks it. It suffers little from the variety of seasons.
3. The leaves of this plant form alone an excellent food for every species of domestic quadrupeds during four months in the year. Turnips and other vegetables are besides liable to be destroyed by insects, whereas this beet is not.

4. The roots can be preserved eight months in a sound state, while turnips are of little value after March.

5. In some soils turnips will not grow, particularly in those that are very stiff or strong. The root of scarcity grows every where.

6. The milk of cows fed on turnips has a bad taste. That of those fed on this plant is excellent as is also the butter made from it.

This forage or green fodder comes also at the hot seasons, when almost all the green food is scarce and sometimes not to be procured. Cattle never get tired of it. In many parts of Germany where it is raised with success, they prefer it to every thing else to fatten those large herds of cattle which they annually export to France.

FIORIN GRASS.

Some public spirited gentlemen in various parts of the United States, have imported the roots and runners of this prolific grass. Judge Peters considers it particularly well adapted to *marshes, fens, bogs*, and soils of this nature. "It will grow in any soil, he says, but thrives best where there is most moisture. No doubt it will be discovered to be an indigenous plant; and when it is perfected from the strings now introduced, a comparison can be made with those of our country. It is common in all parts of the world; but its qualities have only recently been developed. They were not fully known until *Dr. Richardson of Clonsilla in Ireland*, discovered and proved them. Weeding and cleanliness are required the first year of laying the strings; but afterwards it eats out and destroys all other vegetation. Its culture must therefore be gradual, and within the cultivator's power to keep it clean. It strikes its roots shallow and superficially, like *strawberry runners*; grows from every joint in contact with the earth, and finally mats like a rug. Weeds of various kinds are peculiarly hostile: Shade is not so: for it grows vigorously under trees."

This grass when made into hay is not only excellent for *cows, sheep—ewes* and *lambs* particularly—but is a preventive against many diseases, owing to the succulency of its strings or runners, which retain through the winter and spring a considerable degree of juiciness.

No grass, hitherto cultivated, has produced any thing like this in quantity or quality, except the Guinea grass, so highly valued on the north side of the island of *Jamaica*, where it has quintupled the produce of land. It does not thrive in Pennsylvania or to the northward perhaps of the thirty-fourth degree of latitude. Mr. M'Mahon has often tried it here; but without any permanent success: yet in the Mississippi territory, it has been lately introduced with the greatest promise of future usefulness.

GUINEA GRASS.

"Six years ago, says *Dr. Brown* of *Natchez*, I saw one or two plants of the Guinea grass, in the garden of Mr. Treme, near the city of New Orleans. Last autumn, I again met with it, in great perfection, at Mr. Munson's, a few miles north of fort Adams. Although Mr. Munson had no more than half a dozen of plants, he obligingly furnished me with a pint of seed, which I shared with my friends. With this little stock, I commenced my experiments. In the month of April, I prepared a piece of ground in the city of Natchez, and planted the seed I had reserved for my own use, in holes two feet distant from each other. As soon as I could designate the Guinea grass, I had the ground well hoed, and where two or more plants came up together, I had the supernumeraries transplanted to spots where the seed had failed. When the plants attained such a size as would admit of it, I took them up, and dividing the roots, set them out when the soil was wet, and in this way filled up the vacancy in the ground I had appropriated to my experiments.

I did not begin to cut that which I had planted in Natches, until the 16th of July. I then weighed the produce of one seed in the presence of a number of gentlemen, at Mr. Robinson's Hotel. One hundred and sixty-four stalks, from six to seven feet high, growing from one root, weighed together thirty pounds. At Mr. Winn's tavern, on the 10th of September, a *second cutting* from one seed, weighed thirty-five pounds. The number of stalks was one hundred and eighty-four, some of which measured ten feet eleven inches in length. I am persuaded it is a very moderate estimate to allow to every square yard ten pounds at a cutting, when we cut only three times in a season. This would give thir-

ty pounds to every square yard, or one hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds of green grass to the acre."

Dr. Brown goes on to compare this enormous produce, which, however, he does not think would be so much upon a large scale with that of *fiorin*, *lucerne* and timothy, neither of which has ever yielded any thing like it. Fiorin has never produced more than nine tons to the acre, and lucerne much less. After repeated trials, this extraordinary grass has been found to bear five cuttings from the 20th of June to the 15th of October, and to yield ten times as much grass as any timothy or clover meadow. The hay is excellent and cures without difficulty.

GYPSUM.

It is not our province in reviewing a book principally for the purpose of promoting its circulation by pointing out the practical utility of its contents, to dwell much upon the chemical properties attributed to gypsum. It is ascertained to have for its component parts lime, sulphuric acid, and water; but whether it operates in fertilizing soils, by absorbing or imbibing moisture, or by accelerating putrefaction, or otherwise promoting the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, or lastly, by acting on the roots of vegetables as a stimulant, are points which we shall leave to the curious investigators of nature to settle. It belongs more properly to us to assure our agricultural readers that the reputation of this wonder-working stone is increasing daily; that all the prejudices entertained by the ignorant and propagated by the obstinate are fast yielding to the obvious advantages produced by it wherever used. And we may here congratulate the farmers of Pennsylvania, upon the late discovery of this sulphate of lime at and about the sources of the Susquehannah. Through the various branches of that vast river, it is not too much to assert that every farmer in this state can be supplied with plaster at a reasonable rate, and with this supply treble the value of his land. Upon this subject the book under review gives very ample information and the best founded hopes. We shall extract a few passages relating to it.

"This very valuable mineral appears to have been first discovered on the farm of a Mr. Buck, in the town of Sempronius,

Onondago county, New-York state. The bed is very extensive, and is composed nearly one half of transparent and chrystallized plaster, termed by mineralogists *selenite*. Specimens of it have been sent to France, where it has been found equal in quality to the best in that country, for stucco work, for castings of busts, &c.

The second discovery was made in Oneida county, in the town of Sullivan; it is very similar to the Onondago:—it has since then been discovered in Cayuga county, in the town of Aurelius, near the sulphur spring, on the eastern margin of Cayuga lake. The quarries here consist solely of the gray plaster, are very extensive, nearly a mile in length on the lake. For agricultural purposes, this is thought by many who have tried it, to be superior to the Nova Scotia plaster, and it is generally agreed, that its effects on vegetation is earlier perceptible. The gypsum lies generally so near to the surface, as to be within reach of the pick. It is here dug and delivered at the water's edge for three dollars per ton—the water carriage to Ithaca, at the head of the lake, brings it to four dollars; thence there is a portage of thirty miles to Oswego, on the Susquehannah. To this point it is brought in great quantities, principally during the winter season, where it usually sells at ten dollars. From Oswego it is brought down the Susquehannah in arks and on rafts, the former about seventy-five feet long, and carrying about forty tons, and the latter from ten to twelve tons. At Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Sunbury, and other places on the river, it is eagerly bought up at fifteen and sixteen dollars per ton. At all these places, owing to its comparative cheapness, and excellent quality, it has entirely superseded the use of imported plaster."

From this bed, and others near the outlet of Seneca lake, large quantities of this valuable fossil have been brought down the river as low as Columbia, and very much approved of after repeated trials in the counties of Luzerne, Northumberland, Dauphin and Lancaster.

BARILLA.

Very many experiments made lately with barilla in England, have proved in the most satisfactory manner its fertilizing qualities.

"The value of barilla as a manure, may be easily estimated by those who have used soap ashes, the fertilizing properties of

which depend on the quantity of barilla left in them after the manufacture of soap; and it appears by analysis, that one ton of soap ashes contains only from seven to ten pounds of barilla."

"The culture of this plant, I have from observation," says *Mr. Corrèa de Serra*, the certainty will be successful in the United States, since the most valuable of the different plants from which the carbonate of soda is extracted, grow spontaneously here. The *salsola kali* I have found without any particular research, in the island of New-york, towards the east river, very near the city, in Boston near Dorchester, at the end of South Boston bridge, and what surprized me, at Falmouth on the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and at Ricket's near Richmond, both places very remote from the sea. This makes me believe that this useful plant may enrich the bad sandy soil as far as the head of tide in your rivers, which is not the case in Europe, where it is generally found near the sea shores.

At Rome and its neighbourhood, and in several parts of Turkey they cultivate a superior species of barilla plant, the *salsola sativa* of the botanists. This crop alternates very profitably with the wheat and barley crops. The Roman name of the plant is *riscoli*. It would be worth while to introduce the culture of this plant into the United States, and to procure from Rome not only the seed, but practical details about its culture and profits."

SHEEP.

By one of the kindest acts of that Providence by which this nation is so specially guarded, we were enabled to supply ourselves with a large and valuable stock of sheep from the best breed in Europe. We make no apology for mentioning here the events that so happily concurred to furnish us with this useful animal. It is a circumstance, which every American should consider with sentiments of profound gratitude. Spain and Portugal were both in so disordered a state in the years 1808—9—10, that all those rigid laws which had so long kept the world from participating in the growth of the fine wools of those countries, were either abrogated or disregarded. The numerous armies on the Peninsula, created a constant demand for provisions, which were supplied by our ships. At this moment an unaccountable desire

pervaded the farming community to possess foreign sheep, while the few that were brought as pets or as ship's stores by some of the return provision-ships, were bought up at prices heretofore unheard of in this hemisphere. Nothing could be more agreeable to the merchants trading to Spain and Portugal; for when their outward cargoes were landed, they possessed in those countries empty ships and ample funds, both which they were ready to employ in the investment and transportation of any thing that would give them a profit. Sheep of the finest quality were every where to be purchased on the peninsula; the golden opportunity was seized, and thousands of them brought hither to enrich our farmers and manufacturers. After thanking Almighty God for this bountiful gift, it should be our study to preserve it, and improve it. Already it is ascertained that our climate is favourable to them, and that our pastures ameliorate both the carcass and fleece. We have then nothing to fear except the wolves and dogs, particularly the latter. In the book under review, there is a fine print of a shepherd's dog, owned by Mr. Peter Bauduy, of Delaware. Upon this subject that gentleman writes thus:

"We have heretofore laboured under very great disadvantages with regard to our flocks; I am at a loss to know whether the destruction of sheep by dogs in this country does not exceed that by wolves in Europe. The imported dog from Spain is a very great security to our flocks. The dog you inquire after, is three times as large as the shepherd's dog described by Buffon, but is endowed with the same good qualities; immense strength, great mildness in his usual deportment, though ferocious towards other dogs. I can say without exaggeration, that at least twenty dogs have been killed in my barn-yard or on my farm by him. He is a fine animal, *entirely white*. I prefer that colour in recollection of the story of old Jacob. In fact I had formerly a black dog, and many of my lambs were born black. Since I have had this one and his mother, I have very few black lambs."

Spain is once more shut to us against sheep, but not against dogs. It is warmly recommended to farmers possessed of the merinos and other kind of sheep, to import thence some of the same stock of dogs which Mr. Bauduy describes in his letter to the society.

LIVE FENCES.

The high price and scarcity of timber have induced some enterprising farmers to turn their attention to the cultivation of various kinds of thorns, for the purpose of making permanent fences. The American cockspur (*crataegus crus galli*) is very superior to the English white thorn, inasmuch as it blooms earlier, continues verdant throughout the summer, and retains its leaves till late in the autumn. Plants can be had at the nursery of Mr. McMahon, and will in all probability be as great a favourite with hedge-growers as Mr. Main's celebrated Washington-thorn.

The subject of *hedges*, is treated of very copiously in this volume, and merits the serious and immediate attention of the farmer. Some years are required to form a good substantial thorn fence, and the sooner he gets to work the sooner he will be ready to economise, and altogether omit the growing expense of fencing with timber. Posts and rails have doubled in price within ten years, and he who plants his thorns now, will have an impenetrable and imperishable barrier round his farm, at the time that those who neglect to follow his example, will have to pay one hundred per cent. more than the present extravagant price of timber fencing.

ERGOT, OR COCKSPUR.

A writer in the Port Folio, under the initials T. C. who frequently instructs and amuses the readers of that magazine, has in his essay on Vegetable Life, erroneously called the smut in wheat *ergot*. The ergot, or cockspur, differs wholly from smut, and has seldom any thing to do with wheat: It affects rye principally. Of late years it has appeared in some fields in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and the sudden death of several horses who pastured among rye stubble the year before last, was attributed to the poisonous effects of that disease. It is quite a moot point, however, whether its action upon the animal system be mischievous or not.

In damp and rainy seasons, says Mr. Valmont De Bomare, there grows in the head of rye, some grains much longer than others, which are for the most part curved, and about the size

of an old cock's spur, which it very much resembles. These grains extend very considerably beyond their husk, and are of a dark brown colour, with a rough surface, on which may be seen small holes, that seem to have been made by insects. The flour of these grains is tolerably white, and *bites* the tongue when tasted, leaving oft-times a burning inflammation on the throat if swallowed. The cause of this disease is not known. Some attribute it to a defective fecundation; others to rains, dews, fogs and the wetness of the soil on which it is sown. *Tillet* and *Duhamel* conjecture that the cockspur is occasioned by the sting of a caterpillar. The dust of the ergot is not contagious like that of the smut, which alone would prove it to be a different disease. It has been thought in certain years to have occasioned the most direful disorders among those who have mixed large quantities of it with their bread; disorders resembling what is sometimes called *St. Anthony's fire*. In plentiful years these grains are separated from the others by blowing them over the riddle, when the rye is passed through the fan; but in years of scarcity, many of the poor peasants in Europe cannot afford to lose so large a part of their crop, and then they are sometimes afflicted with a dry gangrene, which causes the extremities of the body to fall off, especially the feet. These detach themselves from the joints, and fall one after the other, without bleeding, and almost with as little pain as the unbuckling of a wooden leg would occasion. Some of the victims to this terrible disorder, have been seen in the French hospitals with nothing but their heads and bodies left, and in this miserable condition been known to linger for several days. Each limb becomes gradually corrupted, grows livid, black and excessively offensive to the smell. External or internal applications seldom arrest the course of this horrible disorder. It is, however asserted, that a charitable lady had an efficacious remedy, provided it was administered early. Her method of curing was to bleed once or twice—wrap up the part threatened with gangrene in a piece of linen dipt in brandy and fresh butter, and to continue this bandage until the heat of the body returned, which commonly happened in two or three days. She then rubbed it with a *red balsam*, made out of three pounds of oil, twelve gallons of wine, one pound of turpentine, two ounces of red (*santal*) and half a

pound of yellow wax. When the gangrene began to show itself, it was checked in three or four days with a water composed of four ounces of allum, three ounces of roman vitriol and three ounces of salt dissolved in two pints of water boiled down to one.

The ergot does not however produce these dreadful disorders every year; for when there is but a small quantity mixed with the sound grain, it is harmless: it is moreover asserted that it loses its bad qualities by being kept a certain length of time before it is used.

Notwithstanding these alarming effects, a *Mr. Model*, an eminent Russian apothecary, pretends to have proved, by several experiments upon a fowl, a pidgeon and a dog, that it does not possess one noxious quality; for these animals eat of it mixed in various ways, without the smallest injury to themselves, while *Mr. Model* not only tried it as variously upon himself, but afterwards killed his fowl and pidgeon and eat them; from all which he felt no manner of inconvenience.—As yet, in America, we have never heard of any human person falling a victim to the ergot: nor indeed is it satisfactorily ascertained that it has ever been injurious to our animals.

Some of the correspondents of the society have given several detailed accounts of the management of their farms, in which is included of course, their rotation of crops. In looking over these communications, we notice with decided disapprobation the system of cropping pursued by *Mr. William Bakewell* of Montgomery county. “My routine, says he, is first wheat, second rye, and buckwheat *sown together*, third indian corn, fourth barley or oats, with manure, fifth clover or grass seeds, or both.” We are much mistaken if any ground except the virgin earth of a new country, can support *advantageously* such a course of husbandry, and we are the more astonished at *Mr. Bakewell’s* having adopted it, since the system pursued by his neighbours is so superior. “The usual crops in his vicinage, he tells us, is as follows: first Indian corn, second oats or barley, third wheat or rye, (no doubt with manure) fourth clover.

Having already exceeded our usual limits, we shall reluctantly leave this valuable volume, after extracting from it one more article, which is as curious as useful, and having thanked the

give to those who manage them be politically injurious?—and lastly, whether they can be multiplied to a mischievous excess. These few topics, briefly considered, will embrace the chief arguments used both by the friends and the enemies of banking institutions.

First, Do banks increase the current money of a country? As they derive a great profit from the substitution of their promissory notes for specie, it is evident that they in the first instance throw into circulation money to a much larger amount than they have previously withdrawn from it. But there has existed a diversity of opinion as to the consequences of the excess that is thus created. Hume thinks that it produces a general depreciation of the currency; so that although the numerical value is augmented, the intrinsic value continues the same; while Adam Smith denies that depreciation can take place so long as the notes of the bank are convertible into gold and silver, but thinks that specie equal in amount to the extraordinary issues of the bank is expelled from the country. Widely as these opinions differ from each other, they are both deduced from another more fundamental principle of political economy in which the writers entirely concur, which is, that every country naturally obtains as much money as its circumstances require, and that all attempts to increase it effectually are nugatory and vain, though one thinks the uniformity is maintained by a diminution of the currency in quantity, and the other by its diminution in value.

The clear and profound views these eminent men have taken of some of the most intricate branches of political economy have deservedly given them great authority; and most of the propositions they have advanced have now obtained the credit of maxims. Time and experience however have shed still further light on this important science, and developed to ordinary minds truths that were veiled from the eyes of even these acute observers. Presuming to differ from them in a principle on which they themselves have reasoned so differently, it seems to me that the quantity of circulating money does not always adapt itself to the circumstances of a country, but that it may be often, if not always, increased without causing either a correspondent exportation or depreciation of specie.

The quantity of money which a nation can use to advantage depends upon the number and value of its exchanges, which are

again dependent on the extent and compactness of the population: on their industry and ingenuity; and lastly, on their distribution into distinct trades and professions. But the quantity of gold and silver which a country, having no mines of its own, actually possesses, depends on its foreign trade. When its exports exceed its imports in value, it receives the difference in the precious metals, which are nearly of the same value every where; and when its imports are the greatest, it then pays the difference in the same universal medium of exchange. Now the state of a nation's foreign commerce is affected by circumstances which do not in the same degree influence the extent and activity of its internal traffic. An unfavourable balance of trade may be produced either by the increased price abroad, or increased demand at home of foreign commodities; or by the diminished price abroad, or diminished supply at home of domestic productions; or by an interruption to the export trade while the import trade remains the same. It may therefore very well happen, that while the internal trade of a country requires the same amount or even an increase of specie, its foreign trade may compel a diminution of it.

Without doubt it is true as a general principle of trade that the scarcity of a commodity is an evil which works its own cure. The addition to its price, which is occasioned by its diminished supply, causes its increased importation or production. But this is less the case with the precious metals than with any other article of commerce. First, because they are not liable to the same fluctuation in price; the regularity of their supply, and the unvarying demand for them keeping them at one uniform value: and secondly, because they are not of the same necessity as those commodities which are needed for consumption; and the functions they perform can be discharged by substitutes. Gold and silver are indeed, by their intrinsic recommendations, the best instruments of commerce, but they are not the sole instruments. Bonds, promissory notes, bills of exchange, sales on credit, barter, all contribute to render money less necessary by supplying its place, so that exchanges and dealings which on one occasion have employed the precious metals to a large amount, may take place on another without the agency of any money whatever. In the southern states it is not unusual for a planter to procure his whole supply of consumable commodities from his merchant in town, who

once a year takes his crop at the market price; and many of the most wealthy and luxurious of this class do not circulate more cash in a year, than most inhabitants of a town, whose income and expenses are perhaps not a twentieth part as much! In like manner, whenever specie has been greatly diminished by an unfavourable balance of trade, or has never been adequately supplied by foreign commerce, as was the case when these states were British colonies, the various expedients above mentioned, are immediately resorted to for supplying its place: and though, like many of our domestic manufactures, they are greatly inferior to the articles for which they are substituted, yet the inconvenience from their use is not so great as would be that of applying an instantaneous remedy.

From the readiness with which money passes from hand to hand, and the tendency which accumulations of it have to diffuse themselves around, it has been often assimilated to a fluid in its efforts to find its own level. But were the resemblance yet closer than it is, time would be necessary for it to regain its equilibrium, and ere it could be completely restored, a new disturbing force may interfere, and give the current another direction. Thus the water at the source of a river has a constant tendency to proceed towards the ocean, and will in time reach it; but until it is reached, the different parts of the fluid have not the same level; and if there be any adequate cause by which the supply of the lowest parts is absorbed as fast as it is given, and there is an additional supply at the source as fast as the excess is carried off, then the inequality will be perpetual.

This happens to be the actual situation of the United States. Their growing numbers and wealth, steadily giving rise to exchanges of an increasing amount, require more and more currency; and although their continual demand for the precious metals causes a continual influx, yet as they are as constantly absorbed, there is always a deficiency. The supply of gold and silver, taking Dr. Smith's theory in its utmost latitude, is in proportion to the *previous* demand, and this being with us, always inferior to the existing demand, it follows that the supply must also be inferior. A deficiency of circulation has always been experienced in this country from the cause that has been mentioned, and most

of the former British colonies were induced to resort to the expedient of a paper currency to supply the medium of commerce which they wanted. There was a paper money in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and New England. Even this expedient seemed inadequate to their growing occasions. The bonds and promissory notes of individuals were transferred from hand to hand, and made an imperfect substitute for money. In Maryland and Virginia, tobacco, their chief staple, furnished a representative for specie. This commodity was required by law to be deposited in a public warehouse where it was officially inspected, and the receipts of the inspectors were considered equivalent to so much tobacco, and as such they obtained a considerable currency. Similar expedients were resorted to in some of the other colonies, though none of them so well supplied the place of a circulating medium as the tobacco notes: and in all of them a great proportion of their commercial dealings was carried on by barter rather than by sale, by reason of their wanting such an universal measure of value as gold and silver afford. That this deficiency of circulation continues to exist is abundantly proved by the high market rate of interest—by the great difference between cash and credit prices—and by the facility with which all the banks find borrowers for the utmost amount they think it prudent to emit.

From the preceding considerations I infer that banks may increase the currency of a country, and that in the United States, the rapid expansion of whose faculties causes them to absorb specie faster than it is supplied, this augmentation is equally salutary and great.

2. Do banks depreciate the currency in augmenting it? Where bank paper can be readily converted into gold and silver, and is preferred to them only because it is in some respects more convenient, it must have the same value as those metals, which of all commodities are least liable to fluctuation. It is true that by increasing the quantity of money it will be more easily obtained as well by those who purchase for consumption as those who purchase for traffic, and the consequent demand of domestic articles (whose supply is more limited) will somewhat raise the price of those articles. But the chief part of the additional money thrown

into circulation by banks, falls into the hands of merchants, tradesmen, and manufacturers, who do not thereby increase their consumption, but merely extend their business: and so far as it furnishes them with an additional capital; it enables them to lower their rate of profit, by means of which they can both give to the producer a better price for his commodities, and sell to the consumer upon better terms. Articles of luxury, therefore, whose supply is limited, such as fish, game, and other productions of the neighbourhood, may be advanced in price in consequence of the increased facility of purchasing them. And as to these so far as it respects the community there is neither loss nor gain, since if the buyer gives more the seller also gets more: but in all other commodities—in the great articles of export and of import, there is a substantial gain to the public by an increase of capital, whereby merchants are able to lower the *rate* of their profit without lessening its *amount*. In this point of view the value of money as to domestic articles is depreciated by the operation of banks, and as to foreign commodities it is increased. We accordingly find that the price of land, lots and houses in towns, labour, and the productions of the soil have risen (in different proportions) with the increase of banking capital, whilst on the other hand foreign merchandize has fallen in price. It may here be observed that, as the value of the precious metals depends upon the quantity in circulation throughout the world, the substitution of paper for them in most countries has had the effect of depreciating them: but the establishment of any one bank can have no other effect in producing this depreciation, than in the proportion that the paper thus substituted bears to the amount of specie and its representatives in all other countries, which is little more than the discharge of a single river into the ocean.

It cannot be doubted that gold and silver have undergone a considerable depreciation in England in the last fifty years, whether we take the prices of labour, corn, or of any other article as the standard of value: and the depreciation being apparently contemporaneous and co-extensive with the increase of paper currency, has been commonly attributed to that cause. But this depreciation of the precious metals arises from several circumstances: The first is, that the mines of Mexico and Peru, have been more

productive of late years than formerly, according to Baron Humboldt, and have thus caused a real diminution in value all over the world. Another is that the taxes of Great Britain have been so augmented and ramified that they operate upon all her productions and those of her colonies, and compose a part of their price, or in other words, make more gold and silver necessary to purchase them. A third cause may indeed be found in the vast increase of her paper currency, not however by its relation to the amount of her own circulation, but to that of the rest of the world, to which by means of her numerous colonies and widespread commerce, her paper bears no inconsiderable proportion. These remarks are meant to apply to the state of Great Britain before the bank of England was restricted from payments of specie in 1797, since which time, the paper currency of that country has suffered a progressive depreciation beyond that of gold and silver.

3. Banks thus having the power of increasing the currency of the country without injuriously or materially depreciating it, it is easy to see that they must afford encouragement to trade in several ways. In the first place, they substitute for the precious metals a medium of exchange that is more readily reckoned, and more easily and safely transported. Secondly, they enable the merchant to trade on capital that would otherwise be dead and inactive, and to convert his credit into capital, whereby he can extend his purchases and his cash payments. Thirdly, they allow a *part* of the specie by which circulation was previously carried on to be exported, and to be exchanged for foreign goods, thereby increasing the solid mercantile capital of the country. Fourthly, by raising the price of native productions and lowering that of foreign merchandize, they stimulate the industry of the producer, whereby more materials for commerce are created. The manner in which an increase of prices operates to encourage production are very satisfactorily and ingeniously pointed out by Mr. Hume. Fifthly, they invite to extensive manufacturing establishments and other gainful enterprizes by supplying the money necessary to carry them into operation. Sixthly and lastly. Banks distribute the monied capital of a country, after greatly augmenting it, into those hands which are likely to make the most prudent and profitable use of it, and according to the justest proportions; since

this advantageous distribution can be better done by a board who have the best means of knowing the credit and circumstances of every one, than by the individuals whose money constitutes the capital of the bank: and thus too, numerous small sums which would otherwise lie idle, are made to perform the salutary office of facilitating exchanges, stimulating enterprise, and augmenting useful industry. Even where the money would not lie idle, but would be employed by its proprietor, it is much better for the community that he should have the opportunity which the bank affords, of transferring it to those who could employ it more beneficially than himself. In this way the money of orphans, of the superannuated, of those immersed in professional pursuits, is made to yield a certain revenue to its respective proprietors, and at the same time to impart new life to commerce and circulation.

It has indeed been also objected to banks, that by their increase of medium, they invite to overtrading, by which individuals were ruined, and the community have found it undoubtedly true, that the facility of obtaining loans affords to many both the temptation and power of pushing their trade too far; but the mischief is partial and incident to the same advantages they confer. It is surely no good argument against abundance that some are induced to abuse it; and from the general character of those who can obtain credit at the banks, it may be fairly inferred that where there is one who injures the public and himself by extending his trade to a pernicious excess, there are twenty who benefit both by a prudent use of it.

4. But it has been said that the greater facility of obtaining money afforded by banks occasions an increased consumption, which may countervail the additional wealth arising from increased industry. Without doubt, whatsoever increases the wealth of a country, has a tendency also to augment its consumption. But the money which is obtained from banks for the immediate purpose of purchasing articles of consumption, is inconsiderable, the chief part of their emissions coming into the hands of those who do not *spend* the money, but *use* it as an instrument of trade. It therefore can be only by their increasing the ability to consume that they encourage consumption; and it surely is no strong ob-

jection to banks that they enable men to increase their means of enjoyment, the great aim in modern times, of every state and of every individual. If, however, the possession of wealth is to be preferred to the gratifications it can purchase, it is certain that a part of what is gained by the beneficial operation of banks will commonly, by the predominance of thrift over prodigality, be added to the solid capital of the country.

5. As to the influence which the management of such large monied capitals gives to banking companies, it is neither so mischievous nor indeed so extensive as it may at first appear. It is certainly an important trust to have the distribution of almost all the ready money of the community; and those to whom the administration of a bank is committed, possess no inconsiderable power over the mercantile class—the power of giving or refusing favours, which is the greater in this country, on account of the natural or market rate of interest exceeding that which is received by the bank. And where the state possesses a control over the operations of a bank by the appointment of directors or other means, those who wield the power of the state, have additional means of biassing the public mind. There are however, several considerations which lessen the mischief to be apprehended from this source, if they do not destroy it altogether. First, the chief concerns of a chartered bank are generally committed to a board of directors, who receiving no immediate compensation, and meeting together but occasionally, are not likely to act in concert for any unworthy purpose. Secondly, the directors being elected for short periods, every one recollects that he is liable, in the course of a year, at least, to be thrown from the class of lenders into that of borrowers: and this provision is susceptible of a further improvement by making each director incapable of a re-election for a stated period. Thirdly, as every citizen is considered entitled to credit in proportion to his capital, his skilful and prudent use of it, and his punctuality, the distribution of the money according to these principles has become in some measure a duty, and any plain deviation from them is regarded as an act of injustice, and not merely the denial of a favour. The public therefore has somewhat of that security which is the strongest guard against partial or improper conduct in their judges, magistrates and other public

functionaries, this is a regard to their own reputation and the fear of censure. This equal distribution of the favours of a bank, on fixed principles, seems indeed to be the consequence of a connexion with the state, since by reason of that connexion, every citizen feels an interest in the institution, and thinks he has a right to its accommodation in proportion to his property and character: for where the directors are chosen exclusively by the stockholders, personal favour or enmity will always influence them in making their loans whenever they can do so with safety to the institution, and produce a greater effect than political considerations are likely to produce in directors appointed by the state. In the one case the directors would feel a dependence on the public; but the prudence and justice of their conduct are all the public would look to. In the other case, however, the directors will either feel no dependence at all, they being the principal proprietors, or none but on the stockholders, who will regard the *prudence* of their management without at all considering its *justice*.

This power and influence resulting from the distribution of the monied capital of the community presupposes that the money sought to be borrowed greatly exceeds that which it is practicable to lend—a state of things which does not necessarily exist, but which when capital has extensively increased among us, and banking institutions are greatly multiplied, must naturally cease. Yet from the facility with which our rapid growth and expansion causes our increasing capital to be absorbed, the same state of things may be expected to continue for a long time to come; and when we consider the advantage which money possesses of being current every where, and exchangeable for every thing, it seems probable that the power of loaning large sums, if not of small ones, will always be that of conferring pecuniary favours.

6. If the foregoing principles be correct, it follows that banks cannot be multiplied to excess provided their charters be so framed as to give the public a sufficient security that they will be prudently and justly administered. As to their justice, if the provisions that have been mentioned are not thought fully sufficient, it is certain that the partiality and influence which some alarmists have so much deprecated can never be more effectually destroyed than by increasing banks, and thus transferring competition

from the borrowers to the lenders. As to the prudence and safety of their administration, nothing more seems to be necessary than that they should be compellable to discharge their notes in gold and silver coin,* and that no banking company be incorporated which has not a capital sufficiently large to afford the public a pledge that it is established by real capitalists, and will be conducted by capable and responsible persons. With these exceptions they may be safely left to the guidance and protection of their guardian genius, self-interest. It is a remarkable fact that all the charters of our banks, with the professed view of imposing a *restriction* on excessive issues of paper, enables them to issue notes to three times the amount of their capital stock, exclusive of their deposits, though it is clear from a comparison of the annual profits of their stock with the interest they receive, that their loans of specie and paper together have never in any instance reached these limits.† So much more efficacious has been the prudence of individuals than the caution of legislators.

But while policy does not forbid the further establishment of banks, under the above mentioned restrictions, it seems but rea-

* This is not meant to apply to extraordinary occasions, when, as of late, the suspension of cash payments by the banks may be wise and necessary. But the public ought to be the sole judges of the necessity.

† This proposition has probably been derived from a passage in Steuart's Political Economy, which states on the authority of Meggins, a German writer, that the bank of England commonly keeps one third as much cash in its coffers as it has notes in circulation: but it seems not to have been recollected that from the moment a bank commences its operations, its emissions are partly specie as well as paper, according to the occasions and humours of different men, and consequently, that three times the amount of the specie thus reduced, would necessarily be less than three times the amount of the capital stock.

‡ Thus suppose the annual dividend to be ten per cent. and the expense of management to be between two and three per cent. making a gross profit of nearly thirteen per cent. Now as the yearly interest they receive on their loans is nearly six and an half per cent. (including some petty gains in computation, &c.) to make this profit of about thirteen per cent, they must lend *in specie and paper together* but to *twice* the amount of their capital. Though the profits of some few banks may exceed what is here supposed, the excess is probably still less than the profit derived from their deposits, which are never insignificant and often considerable.

sonable that for the important aid which these institutions derive from the public, in converting their paper into money, they should be made to pay a liberal premium. This may be converted into a copious and an increasing source of revenue, which moreover has this peculiar recommendation, that it is not *drawn* from the community, but is in fact *created*.

Upon the whole then it appears, that there does not always exist in every country the quantity of currency which is adapted to its circumstances.

That this deficiency exists in the United States, and may be explained from their rapid increase in population and wealth.

That banks are calculated to supply the deficiency, and do not necessarily expel as much specie as they put paper in circulation.

That they do not depreciate the circulating currency, though they raise the value of articles whose supply is limited.

That they in a small degree increase consumption, but in a much greater degree encourage industry and trade.

And finally, That prudence and caution in framing their charters will always guard against the dangers of political influence—of the inequitable distribution of their favours—and against their own overtrading and bankruptcy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

I congratulate you on the acquisition of such a correspondent as J. R. W. who criticises my essay on vegetable life. He possesses qualities for disputation truly uncommon.

1. It has usually been supposed that the English writers, particularly those who have under their care the doctrines of the established church, are as sharp sighted as those of any other nation. But J. R. W. cannot only see as far into a millstone as any other man, but much farther: it is to him as transparent as the eye glass of a telescope.

Some thirty or forty years ago, the present bishop of Landaff, so advantageously known to the christian world for his answer to Tom Paine, published a discourse wherein he ascribed not only life and irritability, but something like voluntary power to vegetable organization: in this opinion he was followed by Dr. Bell, by the pious and well known Dr. Percival of Manchester, by Dr. Smith the president of the Linnæan society, to a certain extent, and by Dr. Darwin. None of these gentlemen, Dr. Darwin excepted, have ever been suspected of want of attachment to the general doctrines of the established church; for though Dr. Percival was a dissenter, his son took orders with the full approbation of his father. These writers like myself, only trod in the path of Ch. Bonnet of Geneva, one of the most able naturalists of Europe, and at the same time one of the most strenuous defenders of the doctrines of christianity, and the immortality of the soul.

The question thus discussed by these learned men, excited little or no opposition, and neither fears nor reproaches by the short sighted literati of our mother country; who, nevertheless, are not backward to raise the cry of the church in danger, when there are any real symptoms of attack.

J. R. W. however is more lynx-eyed, and when I state (after my predecessors in the field of argument) that vegetables possess fibres capable of contracting on the application of stimuli—when I show instances of one part stimulated, producing a contraction of distant fibres—when I urge that in many instances the pollen is shed apparently on the approach, and subject to the influence of the stigma—when I instance the periodical closing of the leaves, as similar to the sleep of animals, and intended to renew exhausted excitability—when I cite cases of associated motions in plants; and motions produced by desires and aversions, wants and cravings—instead of denying the facts, or assigning his reasons why the influences are inadmissible in each instance, he replies by one general, conclusive, and unanswerable argument, “sir, this is a masked battery against religion: this is an attack on the immateriality of the human soul: sir, this savours strongly of heresy and infidelity!”

This discovery was never made in England: It was perfectly new to me: and I dare say to very many of your readers: but it admits of no reply; and I willingly consent to strike my flag to an

antagonist who fires red hot balls. I would not venture to contend that two and two make four under such an imputation. I have always considered the holy scriptures as written to make us wise unto salvation—to bring life and immortality to light through the gospel of the new covenant, and not to teach us botany, physiology, comparative anatomy, astronomy, geology, or chronology.

I find however, that J. R. W. can see much further than I can, and therefore I acknowledge myself confuted. I would as soon contend with the holy inquisition as with such an opponent.

2. This very ingenious man has invented a method of quoting from the authors whose opinions are the reverse of his own, in such a manner, as to make them rank on his side of the argument to the great astonishment of the reader: so that if the authors cited could rise again and look at the state of the controversy, they would wonder by what kind of magic they were compelled to change sides and eat their own words. He manages this, by placing the refractory passages on the bed of Procrustes: if they are too short he stretches them; if too long, he lops them. If defective he adds, if redundant he suppresses.

Thus, in speaking of Dr. Hartley's theory of association, he attributes to that writer, "supposed vibratory actions of supposed chordules in the medulla or in the nerves:" now Dr. Hartley himself in prop. 4. of his book expressly rejects this. He says "for that the nerves themselves should vibrate like musical strings is highly absurd: nor was it ever asserted by sir Isaac Newton or any of those who have embraced his notion of the performance of sensation and motion by means of vibrations."

Again: J. R. W. for the purpose of establishing his position that vegetables are not possessed of life; says, "I might adduce Linnæus affirming (of vegetables) only that *crescunt, they grow*; while he says that animals *vivunt, live*. I cannot help smiling to myself, how much surprised Linnæus would be to find himself thus summoned as a witness for J. R. W. I will suppose the case in court in England; and Mr. Botherum, counsel for J. R. W. addresses the court and jury.*

* As your readers will probably have forgotten the paper of J. R. W. by this time, it may be well to state, that he takes the following positions.

My lords: may it please your lordships and gentlemen of the jury! this is an issue, my lords, upon a wager had, made and agreed upon, between my client (who is plaintiff by consent of the parties in this cause) and an obscure kind of person, one T. C. in fact, but against the stakeholder in form. The gentleman on whose behalf I have the honour of addressing your lordships, and the jury, is a person of very extraordinary talents and acquirements. He has discovered by his profound knowledge of Hebrew, that mankind were forbidden to make any use of their dog teeth for sixteen hundred years together: a prohibition which I congratulate your lordships and myself does not extend to the present day: he has proved too, that the vegetables of Lapland, Siberia and Kam-schatka, are wonderfully luxuriant and admirably nutritious, in-somuch that the inhabitants who feed on them have no need whatever of animal food; which I suppose is the reason why game of all kinds is so plentiful in those countries, and is the true origin of the expression, as fat as a bear. He is, moreover, a very great Greek scholar, my lords, and particularly well read in the Idylls, I think he calls them, of some Grecian farmer, a doggerell poet, who lived above two thousand years ago, and wrote dialogues between ploughboys and their girls, somewhat vulgar and romping to be sure, but excellently well calculated to illustrate all arts and sciences especially under the management of this able man.

My client, meeting accidentally with this dealer in paradoxes T. C. the latter was silly enough and impudent enough to assert that all vegetables were alive, and for aught he knew might possess as much feeling as my client or any of your lordships; that they sometimes go to sleep and——

That Dr. Beattie, Dr. Stewart, and sir Humphry Davy are among the most conspicuous defenders of the immateriality of the soul.

That plants grow but do not live: that Linnæus expressly says so.

That Buffon, Boerhaave, and St. Pierre are all of the same opinion.

That men were forbidden to eat animal food for sixteen hundred years.

That vegetable food is quite sufficient for the nutriment of men, without animal food, making no discrimination of country or climate.

Many other disputable positions of J. R. W. are passed over in the present paper as unworthy of notice.

Ch. J. Well, Mr. Botherum, what do you stop for in the middle of your sentence?

Botherum. Beg pardon, my lord, but I thought I observed one of your lordships, rather—that is nodding to me my lord.

Ch. J. Not at all Mr. Botherum, not at all: my brother Snorham does not dream of any thing like it, I dare say: go on.

Botherum. Well my lord, to bring the case within a nutshell, a dispute arose between my client, J. R. W. and the aforesaid T. C. which was finally put into the form of the present issue on a wager, wherein my client undertakes to prove by the testimony of experts (*cinque in sua arte credendum*, competent witnesses as your lordships know) that no vegetable now is, or ever was, or ever will be, as a man may say, *alive*. And if the jury under your lordships direction should be of that opinion, then we shall be entitled to their verdict, and recover the wager deposited in the hand of the stake holder.

Court. Call your witnesses, Mr. Botherum.

Botherum. Call Dr. Beattie: this is one of a leash of authors, commonly known under the name and firm of the *Scotch doctors*, of great note and authority in their day, and now also.

Court. What do you mean to prove by Dr. Beattie, Mr. Botherum?

Botherum. I mean to prove, my lord, the point in issue: that there is as clear a line of distinction between the life of an animal and the life of a vegetable, as between *non est factum* and *non assumptum*, or between your lordship and the foreman of the jury.

Searchem for deft. I beg leave first of all, my lord, to examine the doctor upon his *voir dire*.

Court. Certainly, Mr. Searchem.

Searchem. Pray doctor did you ever write or publish any investigation of the characteristic differences between animals and vegetables?

Dr. Beattie. Never sir.

Searchem. Did you ever write or publish any investigation of the arguments pro and con respecting the soul?

Dr. Beattie. Never sir. I always treated those who took that trouble, as blockheads, and those who doubted about it in the least, as perfectly devoid of common sense; and clearly related to atheists, deists and other infidels.

Searchem. Then you never formally investigated or discussed the subject?

Dr. Beattie. Never sir: our firm deemed it quite unnecessary. We, meaning the firm of Reid, Beattie and Oswald, never attempted to prove any position but by an appeal to common sense. We never condescended to argue.

Searchem. Then you borrowed your system entirely from the *new system*, and father Buffier's first truths?

Dr. Beattie. Certainly sir: we must acknowledge this, if called upon our oaths.

Searchem. Pray Dr. does not Dr. Dugald Stewart, carry on the business of Reid, Oswald and Beattie? He succeeded to the old firm?

Dr. Beattie. Yes sir.

Searchem. I beg leave, with permission of your lordships, to except to the testimony of Dr. Beattie, inasmuch as no man can be deemed an *expert* on a subject, who upon his own confession never pretended to investigate it for his own benefit, or discuss it for the benefit of others. Mere assertion, however positive or dogmatic, is insufficient for the purpose.

(Here Mr. Botherum made an elaborate reply, expatiating on the great name, fame, credit, character and reputation of Dr. Beattie and the Scotch doctors; showing how he was a prodigious favourite though a Scotch dissenter, with all the church going old ladies of the establishment in England, &c. but the court at length sustained the exception. Whereupon, Mr. Botherum declined producing Dr. Stewart, but called for sir Humphry Davy.)

Searchem. Pray sir, what is your vocation?

Davy. I am by trade, a chemist and analyst.

Searchem. Have you any pretensions, sir, to the knowledge of a naturalist or physiologist, or botanist? Have you written or published on these subjects?

Davy. No sir: I have never intermeddled with these subjects; they are out of the line of my profession. Except in one solitary passage in my treatise on agriculture, where I have said that the animal system is, and the vegetable system is not, subservient to a principle superior to, and above common matter; an *immaterial principle*.

Searchem. Pray sir, have you ever entered upon a regular investigation of these obscure subjects? have you arranged and considered the facts, and stated or discussed the arguments upon this question?

Davy. No sir, I cannot say I have.

Searchem. Pray sir Humphry Davy, when a boiled turkey with oyster sauce is brought to your table, do you consider this as animal or vegetable food?

Davy. I should consider it sir, as animal food.

Searchem. Then I presume you allow, that the animal system of this turkey and its companions the oysters when alive, were guided by and subservient to a distinct immaterial principle?

Davy. I really cannot say sir; I have studied these subjects but cursorily and superficially.

Searchem. But you *have* said it already, sir Humphry. Do you make these dashing assertions upon a cursory and superficial examination?

Botherum. I pray the protection of the court my lords, in favour of this witness. The greatest chemist and analyst of the age is not to be treated in this cavalier manner.

Searchem. I have nothing to do my lords with sir H. Davy, the chemist and analyst: he is not before the court: at any rate, I presume he has never analysed the immaterial principle of a goose or a turkey. I am speaking to sir Humphry Davy, the botanist, the physiologist, the metaphysician; and I have a right to show that if he talks nonsense on these subjects, he is not legally an expert, when he puts on these characters. Pray sir Humphry, do not you consider an immaterial being as immortal, for the same reason that material beings are mortal.

Davy. I really cannot say sir: I have not considered this point.

Searchem. Is it not generally so considered?

Davy. I cannot say sir, I believe it is.

Searchem. Is not the immaterial principle to which the human animal system is subservient, immortal?

Davy. No doubt it is; surely, sir, the soul is immortal.

Searchem. You have considered the system of all animals without distinction, as subservient to the same kind of immaterial principle, therefore, if it be immortal in one case it is in all, according to your broad position. Is it not sir?

Court. We had better stop here Mr. Searchem. Do you mean to insist on sir Humphry's testimony as an expert on these points Mr. Botherum? or will you call somebody else?

Botherum. There shall be no exception my lords to our next witness. Call sir Charles Von Linnè, knight of the polar star, my lords: a very great man, quite decisive of the question.

Searchem. No objection to Linnæus my lords.

Botherum. Pray sir Charles, have you not expressed your decided opinion that animals *live*, while vegetables do not live, but only *grow*: I think my client J. R. W. has taken down your words, *vegetabilia crescunt, grow*, while you say *animalia vivunt, live*. Is it not so?

Linnaeus. No sir, I have never uttered any such opinion, but directly the contrary.

Botherum. What is that sir? surely my client, the learned and orthodox J. R. W. cannot have mistaken, or misquoted your expressions. Why sir, you do not mean to impeach him of forgery! a pretty thing indeed! pray sir, if you did not say what I have said, what did you say?

Linnaeus. The passage is too well known, and has been too often cited to be mistaken. Your client had it before him. *Lapides crescunt. Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt. Animalia crescunt, vivunt, et sentiunt.* My assertion is, that *vegetables do live*.

Court. Mr. Botherum, I hope your client does not mean to palm a forged quotation upon the court.

Botherum. There must be some mistake my lord, about this: but we will dismiss sir Charles Linnæus for the present, and call some other witnesses. Call the count Buffon. All our witnesses my lord are men of rapk and fashion as your lordship sees.

Pray count Buffon inform the court and jury whether you have published any discussion of the characteristic properties that draw the line between animals and vegetables.

Buffon. Yes sir, I have considered this obscure question, and published my sentiments upon it.

Botherum. Then you are of opinion sir, that the line of difference is clearly marked?

Buffon. No sir, I am of opinion that no clear and distinct line of difference is discoverable: and that we have not yet traced

the characters that distinguish animal from vegetable life; there seems to be an imperceptible gradation from the one to the other.

Botherum. (Aside to J. R. W.) I wish you and your cause were at Jericho; what the deuce induced you to put this fellow down as one of *your* witnesses?

J. R. W. Refer him to his Nat. Hist. vol. 2, Lond. ed.

Botherum. Why count Buffon, you are a very learned man sir, every body knows that; and a very eloquent and very ingenious man, but great wits have now and then bad memories: do you recollect sir what you have said on this subject in your second volume of natural history, London edition? Take your time, sir, I do not want to put you off your guard. But mind what you say sir.

Buffon. Sir I do mind what I say. I have said a great deal on the subject in that volume: my facts and arguments are well stated and abridged, and my opinions fairly summed up, by two very popular and well known compilers of great knowledge and repute; Mr. W. Nicholson, and Dr. Rees, in their Encyclopædias both of them using the same words nearly: the passage is to be found under the article *Animal*. "From this investigation Mr. Buffon concludes that there is no absolute, and essential distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but that nature proceeds by imperceptible degrees, from the most perfect to the most imperfect animals, and from that to the vegetable."

Again. "Hence it is inferred (Buffon) that animals and vegetables are beings of the same order, and that nature passes from the one to the other by imperceptible degrees, since the properties in which they resemble one another, are universal and essential, while those by which they are distinguished, are limited and partial."

Court. Have you summoned any more witnesses Mr. Botherum, to prove your adversary's case? for they refuse to prove yours.

Botherum. To be sure, my lords, there is some trifling mistake about this matter, but I have no doubt we shall make our case out as clear as day-light before we have done. (Aside to J. R. W.) for Heaven's sake do not make me appear like a fool before the court by any more of your blunders. Are you sure that the rest of your men are stanch?

J. R. W. Never fear: call Dr. Boerhaave and Abbé St. Pierre.

Botherum. Crier, call Dr. Boerhaave.

Well Dr. you are a great naturalist and botanist, I understand.

Dr. Boerhaave. No sir, I am no naturalist or botanist of any note. I did, indeed, once publish a catalogue of some plants found in my neighbourhood. But my skill was mostly confined to medicine and chemistry.

Botherum. But you have published a dissertation, and investigation of the distinctive characters of plants and vegetables, have you not?

Dr. Boerhaave. I cannot say sir, till you show me the passage you allude to: these subjects were not in my way.

(J. R. W. ask him what his opinions are on this question. Aside.)

Botherum. Ask him! no, I'll ask him no more questions, unless you can show me the passage yourself: where is it, you — go hunt it up if it exists above ground, and do not disgrace us by a nonsuit.

Call the Abbe St. Pierre. A very excellent clergyman my lord; a man distinguished for his benevolence; and yet he is decidedly with us upon this question.

You are clearly of opinion, sir, I understand with my client J. R. W. on this point, that animals *have*, but vegetables *have not* life: that vegetables only grow, while animals live.

Abbè St. Pierre. Indeed sir, I cannot say that I am: for I have already expressed myself to the contrary in the following passage, under the section *Harmonies animales des plantes*. La nature apres avoir etabli sur un sol formé de debris insensible et mort, des vegetaux-doues des principes de la vie, de l'accroissement et de la generation &c. vol. 2, p. 501. edit. 1786 en 3 tomes.

Searchem. I hope you have half a dozen more witnesses, brother Botherum! Do you mean to go to the jury brother!

Botherum. I wish you and my precious client were at —. We have no more witnesses my lord.

Court. So much the better for you Mr. Botherum. Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff having failed to make out his case suffers a nonsuit. Mr. J. R. W. permit the court to give you a word of advice: it is not only an unfair, but it is a dangerous practice, to fabricate and mutilate quotations, and cite authorities at

random. You have misled your counsel, and you have lost your cause. There is a chapter in the novel of *Tom Jones*, which you would do well to peruse with attention, before you come into court again. It is entitled "an Essay to prove that an author will write better, for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." Go and profit by this Mr. J. R. W.

Call another cause.

I am, Mr. Editor your humble servant,

T. C.

Carlisle, March, 1815.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REPLY TO FRERON'S CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE.

MONSIEUR Freron accuses the English tragic authors of plagiarism, and particularly charges Dryden with stealing whole scenes, without acknowledgment, from Corneille. Whether this be true or not, I am not qualified to affirm, but this I will say, that I think it highly probable Freron was incapable of judging whether any resemblances that may have subsisted between passages in the two poets were casual coincidences of thought, or real voluntary thefts. To two or more men of great genius the same thoughts upon any given subject will naturally occur: and as Voltaire himself, who undertook to censure and ridicule Shakspeare, assuredly did not understand the language of Shakspeare, which he pretended to translate; it is not assuming too much to say that it is highly probable Freron was equally ignorant of Dryden's, and spoke respecting him, not what he knew to be true, but what he wished to be so. Malice oft renders its votaries blind and rash; and it is highly probable that if the anachronism had not been too flagrant even for the hero of Voltaire's *Dunciad*, Shakspeare would have been accused of having borrowed his comic scenes from Moliere, and his tragic from Corneille and Racine:—Just as an ingenious writer in your Port Folio accused Dr. Johnson of having in his life of Savage, stolen from a very inferior author, who only happened to write after, and indeed to have borrowed largely from the doctor. Were poor Freron alive, I suppose it would throw

him into a decline—I wish it may not have an unwholesome effect upon his British godfathers at the critical font, to hear what I can demonstrate, that the glory of the French pulpit, the pride of French eloquence—the immortal Massillon himself has not thought it beneath his own dignity, or unworthy of his catholic piety to borrow from Shakspeare, and that, without acknowledgment also. That the English dramatic poets have borrowed from the French, particularly from Moliere is a truth which has not escaped the vigilance or the candour of the British critics. That Dryden should do so, if indeed it be true that he stooped so low, is lamentable—but though it might evince idleness or meanness or even worse, it cannot render his genius less than that of Dryden. **THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST OF ALL THE NINE*** must have foully polluted his pontifical if he swelled it with thefts from inferior authors. Yet such things have been.—The family of a British peer have, with some few exceptions, been stigmatized for a disposition to theft and shop-lifting—Some of them who every morning rose to a daily income of five hundred dollars have been over and over again detected in pilfering a card of lace, a fan, or a pair of silk stockings.

That Corneille was a fine poet is a truth which I am little disposed to deny. But that his dramatic pieces are models worthy of imitation, as the French writers would intimate, I can never be brought to believe. Voltaire himself confesses that some of the most admired tragedies in France, are rather conversations than representations of an action. Failing therefore in the most essential part of the art—(for Aristotle says that action is so) can they be fairly set up as models? It is allowed to be an unerring proof of feebleness in dramatic genius to degenerate, in compositions for the stage, into the narrative and descriptive style. Indeed nothing can atone for a fault that divests the tragic muse of the virtues which more than any others give her a profound interest in the human heart. Some people imagine they are contemplating a drama when they are only viewing an epic in dialogue. The French boast of following the ancients: but whatever of value they have borrowed from them has been so whimsically fashioned

* Churchill.

to modern modes, as to lose all its original graces, and even that necessary qualification of all ornament, fitness and propriety. A French tragedy of the Aristotlean school is a tissue of declamation; and possesses little of that influence over the mind which it receives from the lively soul of representation. The object of the drama is to excite sympathy; and its effects on the spectator depends upon such an exactness of imitation as will excite, to a certain degree, the same passions and affections as if the exhibition were real: but narrative is too faint and feeble to excite passion, declamation is still worse, playing idly on the surface of the subject, and making the poet, who ought to be concealed, visible to the spectator.

The great commentator to whom I am indebted for these reflections, illustrates them by a comparison of a passage in the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles with effusions of Shakspeare, under similar feelings. Sophocles makes *Œdipus* expostulate with his undutiful son. The injured parent exposes the enormity of filial disobedience, sets forth the duties of this relation in a strong and lively manner; but it is only by the vehemence in which he speaks of them, and the imprecations he utters against the delinquent son, that we guess at the violence of the emotions. He excites therefore, more indignation at the conduct of the son than sympathy with the sorrow of the father—for he has only explained to us the external duties and relations of father and child. The pangs of paternal tenderness thus wounded, are infinitely more pathetically expressed by king Lear, who leaves out whatever of the enormity is equally sensible to the spectator, and fully exposes to us his own internal feelings, when, in the bitterness of his soul cursing his daughter's offspring he adds,

That she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.

By this we perceive how deeply paternal affection is wounded by filial ingratitude.

In *KING JOHN*, the legate offers many arguments of consolation to Constance on the loss of her son Arthur. To the spectator they appear reasonable, till she so strongly expresses the peculiar tenderness of maternal love in these few but emphatical words,

"He speaks to me who never had a son!"

One might be made to conceive in some degree, (continues this admirable critic) the horrors of a murderer, under whose knife the bleeding victim is expiring in agonies, by a description of the unhappy object. But how fully and how forcibly is the consciousness of guilt expressed by Macbeth when, speaking of the grooms who lay near Duncan as he murdered him, he says

One cry'd, God bless us! and amen! the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say amen,
When they did say, God bless us!—

These expressions open to us the internal state of the persons interested, and never fail to command our sympathy. Shakspeare seems to have had the art of the Dervise in the Arabian Tales, who could throw his soul into the body of another man, and be at once possessed of his sentiments, adopt his passions, and rise to all the functions and feelings of his situation.

As Freron and other French and Frenchified critics have been at vast pains to select such parts of Shakspeare as have a tendency to diminish his glory, and at the same time vaunt with no little boastfulness of the perfection of the great dramatists of their country, it cannot be thought unjust or illiberal in those who defend Shakspeare to throw back their own missiles upon them—to fight them with their own weapons, and to expose the feebleness and absurdity of the very writers in whose praise they are so lavish—so prodigal even beyond what may be allowed to such a sort of panegyrists.

Shakspeare has certainly fallen at times into monstrous errors and absurdities: but they are redeemed with thousandfold interest by the prodigies of excellence with which every page of his writings abounds. The French poets alluded to are not at all exposed to the imputation of such gigantic errors.—It is the ordinary privilege of mediocrity to be so. What would the ancients, whom they not only affect to make their own model, but whose forms and rules they would cram down the throats of other people—What would Sophocles, Euripides, or Eschylus—What

would Aristotle himself say, if being permitted to visit the earth, they were to see the stage, which in the halcyon days of Greece roused the magistrate, animated the warrior, and edified the citizen, turned into an academy of insipid love—its *dramatis personæ* “*capering nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute,*” and the art itself no longer applied to the lofty purpose of purifying the heart and exalting the passions by pity and terror, but, emasculated by factitious delicacies, melting away in the soft strains of elegy and eclogues; and lovers and love-sick scenes substituted for the bold sincerity of Pyrrhus, and the crafty wiles of Ulysses, so finely exhibited by Sophocles. The namby pamby critics whose flimsy tastes cannot encounter the robust beauties of Shakspeare may ridicule the pleasantries of the grave-digger in Hamlet, and call them untimely and ridiculous; but assuredly it is not so ridiculous by half, taking it to the full extent of their misconceptions of it, as Theseus in the midst of plagues and famine adoring and paying toilet compliments to the pretty *eyes* (*les beaux yeux*) of the princess Dirce.—Both excite laughter, but on different grounds—we laugh *with* the former—we laugh *at* the latter.

This fault in the French tragedies has been very acrimoniously sneered at by Voltaire, who took much pains to mend the taste of France in that respect, and to convince his countrymen that *the metaphysics of love, and the sophistry of politics*, were wholly unfit for the stage. He has even declared that the *Œdipus* of Corneille was a *very bad tragedy*.—Yet Corneille himself says that it was his good fortune to find it *the general opinion, that none of his pieces were composed with more art*. The truth is that it is so far below criticism, that it would not be worth mentioning here, were it not as a proof of the taste of those times. Indeed what can be imagined a greater outrage upon taste than fine dialogues of love, and hot amatory scenes interwoven with a tale of incest and murder.

But let us turn from this play which Voltaire pronounces to be a very bad one, to one of the very best of the French tragedies—I mean the *Iphigenia* of Racine, and see whether even that be free from the ludicrous. Fond as they were of cultivating the Greek model, and even of founding their tragedies on the same

fables with Sophocles and Euripides, it is by a comparison with these that the French tragedies show to the greatest disadvantage, as they make the characters not only unlike those of the persons they represent or the Grecian poets pictures of them, but wholly unlike the general character of the age and country in which those persons lived. Theseus and Achilles are not only not like the great originals, but they are not even like Greeks. Sophocles and Euripides always took care to make the characters they introduced from the Iliad and Odysse act and speak suitably to the opinion conveyed of them by those epic poems. In the tragedy of Hecuba, Ulysses when he comes to demand the sacrifice of Polixena conducts himself in a manner suitable to the conceptions we have formed of his character from Homer. He is cold, prudent, deaf to pity, blind to beauty, and immoveable by any consideration but that of the public weal.—Now, would heart of man believe that in the Iphigenia, that self same Ulysses, is, on a similar occasion made by the admirable Racine to sink into womanish or rather childish, silly tenderness, and to say to Agamemnon like a pouting baby—“*Je suis prêt de pleurer*”—I am ready to cry—so I am. Achilles is still worse treated, for he is made a mere young coxcombical lover of spirit. This misrepresentation of the characters of antiquity is certainly alluded to and censured by *Pere Brumoy* in his Greek theatre when he speaks of “*un raffinement defierte* in the Romans, and asks if they are of this globe, or spirits of a superior world.

I assure you Mr. Editor that the absurdities I have to relate of the detractors of Shakspeare are so manifold and so strange, that I find a difficulty in offering them for your publication, lest their improbability should stagger the faith of your readers.

Yet you must know sir, that it has been asserted by a formidable French critic that the great pleasure the audience derives from tragedy arises from a reflection on the difficulty of rhyming in that language—by which it would appear to be his principle, that it is not the character represented; but the poet that ought to be the object of the spectators' attention—“*Blank Verse*,” (says Voltaire, speaking of his translating some parts of Shakspeare) “*costs nothing but the trouble of dictating; it is not more difficult than to write a letter. If people should take it into their*

heads to write tragedies in blank verse, and to act them on our theatre, tragedy is ruined: Take away the difficulty and you take away the merit."—This he advances in his preface to Corneille's tragedy of Cinna, in an edition which he published of that poet's works. Nor is this the only novelty he has urged in that short production. In order to show the world the superiority of Corneille to our Shakspeare, he undertakes to institute a comparison between the French tragedy of Cinna and the Julius Cæsar of our poet. To that end he says it was necessary to make an exact translation of the latter into French; and, with that kind of modesty for which he was so much distinguished, he adds, "*the translation given here is the most faithful that can be, and the only faithful one in our language of any author ancient or modern.*"

Your readers will find it difficult to believe that such a mass of absurdity and vanity could come from the pen of any man, much less of a man of such talents as Voltaire. For in his sweeping anathema against blank verse, not only Milton and all the British dramatic poets, but Homer and Virgil were included; and the composition of the Iliad, the Eneid, Lucan's Pharsalia, Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained, of Shakspeare's, Massinger's, Ben Jonson's, Otway's and Rowe's works, with many others, being all in blank verse, *cost nothing but the trouble of dictating, and were no more difficult than to write a letter.*—How theatrical dialogue, which is perfect in proportion as it is a copy of nature, could be imagined better for being composed in rhyme, in which no human creature ever held discourse, would be truly astonishing, if we did not know that it was the fashion of France. Some of Shakspeare's plays, Romeo and Juliet, for instance, were originally written in rhyme—but the jingle being intolerable to the audience, because unnatural, they were fitted for the stage by cancelling the rhyme.

To the charms of English blank verse we cannot wonder that HE was insensible, who so far from being acquainted with the pronunciation of the language, mistook the signification of the most common words, of which he affords, even in that boasted translation of his, many remarkable proofs, as for instance,

Brutus says in reply to Cassius's proposal to assassinate Cæsar and kill Antony along with him,

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Now sir, mark how Voltaire translates this:

Cette course aux Romains paraîtrait trop sauglante;
On nous reprocherait la colere et l'envie, &c.

And the following *ingenious* explanatory note is added by the translator:

"The word *course* has an allusion to the Lupercal course. It also signifies a service of dishes at table."

While he pretended to criticise Shakspeare, it appears he did not know that the word "*course*," signifies method of proceeding, but imagined that it meant a race course or a number of dishes at table.

In a work of Voltaire's, entitled *Gillaume de Vade* there is another notable blunder of the same kind. In the tragedy of *Hamlet*, Polonius orders his daughter not to confide in the promises of the prince, who being heir to the crown, cannot make choice of a wife, like a private person.—"He must not," says the old gentleman "CARVE for himself as other persons do." The French author translates it "he must not cut his victuals;" and runs on about morsels, as if Hamlet's dinner and not his marriage was the subject of debate. He did not know that the word is used metaphorically in the English language, to express a person's framing or fashioning his lot or portion in life. This proves that Voltaire depended entirely on the aid of a dictionary for the most faithful translation that can be, and the only faithful one in the French language of any author ancient or modern.

In order to expose to the view of those who do not understand French, the miserable mistakes and absurdities of this dictionary work, I will present your readers with another translation, of Voltaire's literally turned into English—Brutus meditating in soliloquy on what Cassius had been urging concerning Cæsar, thus expresses his apprehension that imperial power may change the conduct of the man.

'Tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face,
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees,
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.

Which Mr. Voltaire translates thus:

On fait assez quelle est l'ambition,
 L'échelle des grandeurs a ses yeux se presente;
 Elle y monte entachant son front aux spectateurs;
 Et quand elle est haut, alors elle se montre;
 Alors jusques au ciel elevant ses regards,
 D'un coup d'œil méprisant sa vanité dédaigne,
 Les premiers échelons qui firent sa grandeur.
 C'est ce que peut Cæsar.

In English, literally translated:

"One knows what Ambition is; *the ladder of grandeurs presents itself to her*; in going up she hides her face from the spectators; when she is at the top, then she shows herself; then rising her view to the Heavens, with a scornful look, her vanity disdains the first steps of the ladder that made her greatness. This is that Cæsar may do.

Now mark the blunder!

In the original, lowliness is young Ambition's ladder: The man who by feigned humility and courtesy, has attained the power to which he aspired, turns his back on those humble means by which he ascended it: The metaphor agreeing both to the man who has gained the top of the ladder, and to him who has risen to the summit of power.—But in the translation, Voltaire makes *ambition ascend by steps of grandeurs*, hiding her face from the spectators; when she is at the top, with a look or glance of her eye, her vanity disdains the first step she took; (which step, observe, were *grandeurs*) so that the allegory is, vanity and ambition disdaining *grandeurs*—and the image presented is a woman climbing up a ladder.

I will mention another instance in which this great critic and translator was deceived by his dictionary into a strangely complicated error. After Portia had importuned Brutus to communicate to her the secret cause of his perturbation; he says to her,

Porcia, go in a while,
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows—
Leave me with haste.

It will be entertaining enough to follow Voltaire, in his pursuit of Shakspeare's meaning in the word "construe." He looks into the dictionary, and finds "*to construe, to interpret.*"

This does not answer, so he looks out for the word *interpret* and finds it, "*to interpret or to explain.*" Excited by a determination to excel all translators and translations, he looks for the word "*explain*" and finds that it means "*unfold,*" "*clear up.*" So, quite satisfied with his discovery, the translator proceeds to clear up the countenance of Brutus—and he sets it down,

Va mes sœurs, fronces frontement, un air plus doux.

"Go," says he, my frowning brow shall take a softer air."

Thus with the masked battery of false translation, did Voltaire attempt to injure the works of a genius he did not understand. And by such a translation did he *expressly* desire that all Europe should compare the thoughts, the style, and the judgment of Shakspeare with the thoughts, the style, and the judgment of Corneille. It is difficult, perhaps impossible to make the graces of style pass from one language to another, and English blank verse cannot be equalled by French blank verse: But the thoughts might have been given if the translator understood the words in which Shakspeare had expressed them.

Many of these observations, Mr. Editor, are taken from the most eminent of Shakspeare's commentators and critical analysers. —In a future paper you shall have more of them. They must be not only pleasing but edifying to most of the readers of the Port Folio.

AVONIENSIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM A GERMAN NOBLEMAN TO HIS FATHER.

(Concluded from page 260.)

LETTER V.

*Paris, Sept. 20th.**My gracious father,*

OH! farewell detestable Paris forever! yesterday was an unlucky day for me, and I thank you very much for the two hundred louis you sent me; but I will tell you in as few words as possible how all this happened. My best friend, count Nivello, who is one of the finest fellows in the world, helped me to find the house of the banker upon whom you had drawn, and which I never should have discovered without him. I received my money in gold, and immediately after the count proposed to take me to a house of some people of high quality, of his intimate acquaintance. I consented. We found there among others, an elderly lady and her two nieces—the most charming creatures imaginable, both as fresh and rosy as two summer apples, nimble as does, and gay as larks. My name was not unknown to them, since they were acquainted with all our estates, and the very regiment of horse in which you served as captain; for, as they assured me, people of rank throughout the world are never strangers to each other. I soon perceived that I was not altogether displeasing to the youngest of these beauties, and from one step to another I became quite familiar with her. She played upon the guitar, and accompanied a German song! Yes, as I am an honest man, she sung a German song! Ah! that was fine. There is certainly something lofty in the high Dutch: it has a stronger and more harmonious sound than the flippant French. They afterwards filled my glass with genuine Rhinish. It was impossible to resist this, and I suffered myself to be led on until I had emptied three honest bottles for my share, at the conclusion of which, one of these little fairies took it into her head to play at a droll kind of game, with a very silly name, since they call it *ombre* or *shade*; though it requires some *substance* to engage in it; but I had been warned against cards, so I told them that I knew but one sort of play, and

that was raffle. The count, who sees all my wishes in my eyes, ordered in three dice, which I verily believe were manufactured in the infernal regions; for it was impossible to win a single throw with them. The golden louis flew away like dust. In less than an hour one would have been puzzled to find a solitary one in any of my pockets. I could have cried with rage; but I have learnt to be master of myself, particularly at the house of such distinguished people. The dear girls pitied me excessively; and one of them, the smallest, slipped a ring on my finger, desiring me to wear it for her sake. In my agitated state, I was upon the point of leaving the house without giving her any thing in return, when count Nivello whispered in my ear that I must present her with my watch. It cost me a struggle to decide: I hesitated—but it must not be said in France that a gentleman of Mr. Fritz's consequence does not know what good breeding is. The watch went.—

This country did not please me much when I entered it, and now I dislike it more than ever. Besides, what could a German nobleman learn with a set of people who are neither of his religion nor of any body's else? I have therefore made up my mind to go home, which I can just make out to accomplish, thanks to my dear Nivello, who has discharged my tavern bill, and got one of his acquaintances so far to oblige him and me, as to purchase all my baubles, silk-coats, laces, pin-cases, smelling-bottles, snuff-boxes, and civet-bags. I only lost eighty per cent. on them, which is considered very moderate; for it must be recollected that every fortnight the fashion changes here, and then this trash cannot be given away.

I design to wear Michael's great coat on the journey, and as for money, we shall just have enough left to take us home by the stage.

No one but me would have got through this affair so handsomely. I have found out what the world is, and shall take back to you *in my head* an abundance of vastly valuable and amusing things; infinitely more so than the paltry gewgaws of diamonds and laces that I promised to bring to my sister.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As Alexander himself took no exception at the plainness of speech and hardy truths of Diogenes of Greece, we cannot doubt the existence of an equal degree of liberality in the no less heroic spirits of the present day, in relation to the independent style and uncereemonious manner of Diogenes of Pennsylvania. We, therefore, without hesitation admit the following paper to a place in the Port Folio. Es.

IN one of the familiar letters of Voltaire to the king of Prussia, on the topic of bravery, the wit, assuming the position of the earl of Rochester, "that every man would be a coward if he durst," puts this case to his majesty: Suppose that the man most renowned for courage that ever lived, say Caius Julius Cæsar for instance, should happen to be exposed to the fire of a battery in the dark, does not your majesty think it probable, that he would seek a place of security, or for want of it, that he would duck at the flashes of the guns? This searching question is evidently disrelished by the king, who, however prone to jest on matters the most interesting to others, feels no disposition to disparage a quality so intimately connected with his own fame, and therefore gives it a dry, peevish, and evasive answer, rather implying, that he does not believe that Caius Julius Cæsar would be guilty of such degrading conduct, though concealed from every eye. But whatever the hero of Rosbach might say, there are few common men who would not be of opinion that even the mighty Cæsar would yield to the impulses of his nature, when neither a sense of character, nor of the utility of example, should prompt him to resist them.

In fact, if we analyze what is called bravery, we shall find it to be little else than the ability of disguising that dread of dissolution, inherent in all living creatures, and given to them for the great purpose of self-preservation. To pretend then that any man in his senses, is above fear, is ridiculous. Passion, indeed, may for a time subdue it, as the love of glory may enable one to dissemble it; but still it is a mighty effort, and so extremely painful in its exercise, that we never more sincerely rejoice, than when the necessity for the exertion ceases. If we scrutinize the countenance of a man before and after a conflict dealing in death, we shall be at no loss to determine which was his happiest state of

mind. The brave then are only more vain or better actors than the timid; as may be inferred from the consideration, that death without glory on a bed of sickness, is often met with more fortitude by women, than men who may have distinguished themselves by a contempt of danger in the field of battle.

Such reasoning, I am well aware, would have been miserably out of place, perhaps little better than treason, a few months ago; but now that the blast of war has ceased to sound in our ears, I presume it to be no longer necessary to imitate the actions of the tiger, or to hold up their dexterous exercise as the perfection of human nature. The arts of peace may again be thought worthy of some regard, and the gentle moral virtues once more emit their modest rays, which were lately lost by the overpowering blaze of warlike achievement. To the eye of reason, they will present a spectacle at least as amiable as that in which,

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame, and blood,
And dust array the broad champaign
In horror: when, hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul
Engage in the warm business of the day.

Let us duly honour those who have maintained the honour of our country; but happily for us, it seems no longer necessary to sublime approbation into idolatry. Indeed the mere man of blood, the mere fighter, the mere seeker of renown, unhallowed by the peaceful virtues, what is he? Juvenal tells us he is a madman courting puerile applause.

*I demens et savos curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placea et declamatio fias.*

and Pope, with not more complaisance affirms, that

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

But thanks to our republican purity, our innoxious simplicity of character, such epithets are only applicable to our enemies!

DIOGENES.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A FEW WEEKS IN PARIS.

A work with the above title, has recently issued from the press in Boston, and we think there is much commendable modesty in the manner in which it is given to the world. We have no fanciful vignette on the title page, no glaring frontispiece with the head of the writer, no herald with a flourish to trumpet its approach; none, in short, of those kindly artifices, those puffs direct or indirect, by which authors or the friends of authors contrive to anticipate public attention. It is a small volume—though relating to events which a mere bookmaker might easily have swelled into a quarto—and is printed anonymously, without even a dedication to indicate the author; who though generally supposed to be a young American, has adopted the character of an English traveller, as if studious of still farther concealment, and republishes the work from the London edition.

Such unassuming pretensions might abate the asperity of criticism, even toward a more faulty production. But the present one is both entertaining in itself, and highly interesting from the period of which it treats. The residence of the allied sovereigns in the metropolis of France, with the momentous events that were the precursors of that residence, forms a spectacle to the mind's eye, at once brilliant and awful; and the more salutary, because the gloom was sufficient to chastise and soften the glare. Our tourist had the good fortune to be present at this era, than which probably none ever did, or ever will occur more important, and has here presented us with the impressions he received from the novelties, the gayeties, and the miseries around him. The style he has selected for the purpose, is so far praiseworthy as it is lively, easy, and thus adapted to a journal; but we regret that he should have contaminated its purity by the admission of some of those *provincialisms*, which it may be proper enough to speak, or to write, but not to print; and especially by the intermixture of French phrases without even their usual indication by *italics*. The author may have been led into this fault by an extreme regard to typographical unity; but if so, we must be allowed to protest against the sacrifice he has made to the mere aspect of the page. With these exceptions, most readers may peruse this vo-

lume with satisfaction, and will perceive in it a mixture of sentiment and satire, something like that of Dr. Moore's Journal in France, at the time of the revolution.

In regard to politics, allowing for a few of his assumed English prejudices, our author has succeeded in preserving the neutral character of a looker-on; and distributes praise or censure alternately, as they appear to him deserving of it, to the different governments, parties, and individuals, with nearly equal impartiality. What is stated as the present estimation in which Bernadotte and Moreau are held by the French nation, we admit the more readily, inasmuch as it accords with the usual nature of things, and with what most people had already anticipated in speculation.

A few extracts may enable our readers to form some idea of the whole.

"The most amusing thing in the exhibition," (at the opera) "are those statues at the stairs and doors; Russian soldiers six feet six inches high, with a fierce black moustache, and bayonets two yards long, standing as perpendicular and immoveable as a column, not exhibiting the least sign of life, except when they strike their musket to a Russian officer who happens to pass—there is something both painful and ludicrous in the appearance of these sentinels. One would think that the monsters must suffer from such a constrained attitude, and then they look so much like statues that one is a little frightened or disposed to laugh, when we see them move."

"There is evidently upon the countenance of the king an affected cheerfulness—an expression not exactly that he is performing a part beyond his strength; but that the rôle is not suited to his taste and habits; and this is frequently mingled with considerable anxiety. When I have seen him hobbling along to messe upon the facade of the Thuilleries under a burning sun, and stopping for a few minutes with his head uncovered, to make his salutation to the people, who were shouting below; one may easily fancy, that one discovers a great deal of solicitude and real misery, in the smiles which he bestows on his faithful subjects—a sort of—God, let thy servant depart in peace!—It is, indeed, afflicting to see this venerable old man, who we know to be so good

and amiable, taking upon himself, in his broken state of body and mind, a weight of duties and anxieties that bend his soul in the act."

In the following description, the manner becomes elevated with the subject, and rises into eloquence:

"The Champs Elizees, the Jardins De Tuilleries, of the Luxembourg, those beautiful and enchanting places, in which a few years since, such a splendid population was constantly seen, the best dressed and the best bred men and women in Europe."—"The scene is changed. You will see Cossacks with their long lances, galloping about on their little ugly horses among these groves—Calmucs from the banks of the Wolga and the Black Sea, the heirs of the dominions of Mithridates—Scythians from the inhospitable and unknown regions of Tartary—Hordes that have not descended into Europe since the taking of Rome—They have the dress and arms described by one of the Roman historians—tribes from beyond the great wall of China, never before seen or heard of in Europe, of all faces, and dresses, and shapes, and complexions—Modern barbarians from the Greek Islands, with long beards and a simple great coat tied round their waist with a leather thong—men whose ancestors called themselves the only civilized nation in the known world. So far have the conquests of the French shaken the countries of the world. For fourteen hundred years they have wandered undisturbed upon the boundless plains of Asia, which are not known to any European. Here they sit at the foot of the trees smoking—some wandering among the crowd—one standing to be examined by a French lady—and in the evening, one could have seen in the Champs Elizees little groups of these barbarians sitting round their fires, and cutting such scenes as are always witnessed upon the borders of the Black Sea. One sometimes thinks that he finds himself in the time when Attila and his Huns took Paris."

"It is this extraordinary assemblage—their remote and unknown countries—the astonishing difference of manners—the dreadful, and in some respects similar irruption of their ancestors—the unexampled causes which have brought them to the most interesting city of the world—their perfect discordance and strangeness from every object around them—their own insensibility to the novelty and splendour of their situation—their inno-

able and horrid jargons and confusions of tongues—it is all these, which give feelings and associations not to be described, and which it is scarcely possible to conceive, ever can exist again, or be excited in any other place.”

There is a very pleasant account of the Abbe Sicard and his pupils, which our limits will not allow us to insert.

In taking leave of this production, we cannot but reiterate our regrets at the *gallicisms* in its diction; and the more so, because they disfigure and obscure to the cursory peruser, a manly freedom of thought and expression, a discriminating judgment, and a talent for observation. We doubt not but the writer himself, on reflection, will unite in our regrets and abjure these foreign heresies; and regarding this work only as an earnest of better things to come, we can cheerfully welcome any future effort, evincing similar excellence unalloyed by similar defects.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LIFE OF AUSONIUS.

WITH A GENERAL VIEW OF HIS WRITINGS.

MAGNUS AUSONIUS was born at Bourdeaux under the reign of Constantine the great, about the year 309. His father was a physician of some repute, and his mother a prudent and virtuous woman. Nature had blessed Ausonius with so happy a disposition, that the most flattering presages of his future fame were formed in his early youth. He studied grammar under Macrin, and learned the principles of eloquence from Minervius who taught with so much reputation at Bourdeaux, Constantinople, and Rome. He devoted some time to the Greek language, but made no great proficiency, as he himself acknowledges. After some time he went to Toulouse to complete his studies in eloquence under Æmilius Magnus Arborius his maternal uncle, who taught the art of rhetoric in that city.

Having completed his studies, he appeared at the bar, where he plead for some time. But he preferred the life of a teacher. At first he taught grammar, and afterwards rhetoric in Bourdeaux and continued a long time in the exercise of these employments. When

he attained the proper age he espoused Attusia Lucana Sabina, daughter of Attusius Lucanus Talisius, one of the first families of senators at Bourdeaux. They did not continue together many years, death depriving him of this worthy woman when they were both young. Ausonius remained a widower during the rest of his life. Two sons and a daughter were the fruits of this marriage. We learn from his own writings, that the daughter studied with the classes at college. Aus. prot. ad. nep. p. 312. She formed, successively, two honourable alliances, and the sons were not less prosperous.

Ausonius had equal reason to be satisfied with his pupils. Of these the most eminent for piety as well as poetry, was unquestionably St. Paulinus, afterwards bishop of Nola. Ausonius was not contented with forming his mind and embuing it with the first principles of a christian education; he pushed him forward to the highest dignities of the empire. This St Paulinus, even when he had renounced the world, acknowledged with no less truth than gratitude. Nothing is more tender, and at the same time more honourable to Ausonius than this testimony:

Tibi disciplinas, dignitatem, literas,
Lingux, togæ, famæ decus,
Provectus, altus, institutus debeo,
Patrone, præceptor, pater.

* * * * *

———qui (Deus) si quid in actu
Ingeniove meo sua dignum ad munia vidit,
Gratia prima tibi, tibi gloria debita cedit,
Cujus præceptis partum est quod Christus amaret.

After he had taught the belles lettres at Bourdeaux for about thirty years, he was summoned to the court at Treves, by the emperor Valentinian, to undertake the education of his son Gratian, who had already been declared Augustus. It is to be presumed that our professor must have been in great repute, to be selected as the teacher of so exalted a personage, in preference to so many men of erudition; this place led to the first charges and the highest dignities of the empire. He was first count of the palace, afterwards questor, then prefect, and lastly a consul. Gratian did not confine his liberality and gratitude alone to the instruc-

tor of his youth, but extended his care to many of his pupils whom he elevated to high honours. Even after he had succeeded to the empire, he paid extraordinary respect and deference to his tutor.

Some writers say that he taught Valentinian II, the brother of Gratian. But this cannot be the fact, as this prince passed almost all his infancy in Illyria, and the whole of his youth in Italy; whilst the court, from which Ausonius was never absent, generally resided at Treves, in Gallia.

Ausonius exercised the questorship under the two successive emperors, Valentinian I, and Gratian: *Questor ut Augustis, patri natoque crearer*. There is still a letter extant, which was written to him by Symmacus to congratulate him on this promotion. It was an office of the highest consequence. It gave him the privilege of entering the council of the prince, made the incumbent a kind of arbiter of the favours of the court, and entrusted to him the charge of preparing all laws for the regulation of affairs.

As to the prefecture, Ausonius declares that he was indebted for it solely to the liberality of Gratian. (Aus. epic. p. 300.) He held this office twice in Italy and Africa before the year 377, and afterwards in Gaul at the close of 378, and during all the year 379, and perhaps even the following year.

It was at Sirmium in the midst of the barbarians (Hungary) that Gratian, in 378, named Asonius and Olybrius consuls for the following year. When he was asked which should be the first, he replied, that this honour belonged to Ausonius, because he was prefect. The prince wrote himself to his old tutor to inform him of the nomination, and sent him the consular robe. This was the habit which the emperors wore, when a triumph had been decreed them. Ausonius assures us, (Cons. p. 705,) that he never wished, sought, much less intrigued for this office, but that he owed it solely to the bounty of the emperor. He never omitted an opportunity of flattering his ambition and self-love, as he confesses in his letters. This was the highest honour that an individual could reach. Symmacus, his friend, compliments him on this occasion, by saying it was due to the gravity of his manners, and the attractive qualities of his erudition.

Gratian not having been able to assist at the induction of Ausonius to the consulate, wished at least to be present at his retiring from that dignity. Indeed the consul assures us that he travelled with incredible speed from the extreme parts of Thrace, to honour this solemnity with his presence. The ceremony took place at Treves. It was on this occasion that Ausonius pronounced before the emperor, the Panegyric which is still extant, in which he returns his thanks for the consulate and other honours which had been conferred upon him.

To all these honours, some believe that the emperor Theodosian, by whom he was much regarded, added the rank of Patrician.* But there is no foundation for this opinion except the obliging letter which the emperor addressed to him, in which nothing is said about it.

While Gratian lived, Ausonius never quitted the court. Neither the vexations of grandeur, nor the tumult and noise of arms, when he accompanied the emperor in his military expeditions, nor the luxuries of an imperial palace, could divert his mind from the pursuits of literature. These formed his favourite amusement as they were his principal occupation. By this means he acquired the reputation of being the most eloquent man and one of the best poets of his day. This reputation, sustained by the credit which he enjoyed at court, and the offices which he had held, connected him in ties of friendship with the most learned and distinguished men throughout the empire.

Upon the demise of Gratian in 383, Ausonius retired to Bordeaux, whence he soon removed to one of his country seats. He had two, one near Condé (in the Netherlands,) and the other in Saintonge (a province of France.) Of the former, which he inherited from his father, he has left us a description. It appears that he passed the remainder of his time alternately at these places, occupied in the ordinary amusements of a rural life, hunting, and fishing, in the cultivation of friendly intercourse, and the researches of the cabinet. He applied himself more particularly to poetry: and it was during this retreat, in his old age, that he composed the most of those writings which remain to us.

* Arch. pic. fug. vol. 2, p. 78.

He devoted much of his time to a general epistolary intercourse with the learned men of that day. Some of his correspondents were as distant as Rome. Among these the most illustrious was the orator Symmacus. Of those in his own neighbourhood, St. Paulinus was undoubtedly the most celebrated in poetry as well as the most renowned for piety. Ausonius omitted nothing towards him and others who manifested any talent for composition, that might inspire them with emulation. Whence it followed that his retreat into the provinces had a great influence in re-animating literature. He awakened men of letters from their lethargy, who produced various pieces, which the misfortunes of those days have not spared to us.

Among the last incidents in the life of Ausonius which we can trace, are his letters to St. Paulinus who had retired from the world and lived concealed in the solitude of Barcelona. The St. having ceased to write after his retreat into Spain, the rumour arose that he meant to dispose of his property and retire from the world. Ausonius, who thought and lived very differently, addressed an elaborate epistle to him, wherein he complained that he was about to break those ties of friendship in which they had been so long closely united. He went so far as to consider as impious, the violation of faith towards a friend so ancient and dear, the instructor of his youth and the patron of his fortunes. Receiving no reply to this reproachful letter, he wrote another, complaining bitterly of his silence and reminding him again of their former friendship.

This shared the fate of the first letter, and Ausonius hazarded a third, which is not preserved. After a lapse of some time he wrote a fourth, in which he complains of the haughtiness and obstinacy of his friend: accuses him of being changed, of having lost his accustomed sweetness of disposition and of having become a savage and a misanthrope. He concludes with a prayer to the Muses, that they would restore the St. to the love of poetry!

At the end of four years, St. Paulinus received three of these letters at the same time.* As they were in verse, he replied in the same style, and his answers form the tenth and eleventh of his poems, which are still preserved. They abound with protestations of affection and gratitude to his *dear master*, to whom he ac-

* Paul. car. 10, 11. p. 26, 37.

knowledges that he is indebted for all that he has been in the world. The prayers of his friend to the Muses he says are useless, since nothing can shake his determination to renounce the world and consecrate the remainder of his days to God.

We know not whether this christian example had any effect upon our poet in making him abandon his frivolous pursuits, and devote a portion of his time to the contemplation of his future existence. In fact, we believe that he died in this very year, the three hundred and ninety-fourth of our vulgar æra. He was then in his eighty-fifth year. No person we believe, composed an epitaph for him, who had written so many of these impressive memorials for others. But the following approaches this species of writing: it is from his own pen and comprehends an abridgment of his life.

Ausonius genitor nobis: ego nomine eodem
 Qui sim, qua secta, stirpe, lare et patria,
 Adscripsi, ut nosces, bone vir, quicumque fuisset,
 Et notum memori me colores animo.
 Vasates patria est patri: gens Ædua matri
 De patre, Irabellis sed genitrix ab Aquis.
 Ipse ego Burdigalæ genitus. Divisa per urbes
 Quatuor antiquas stirpis origo meæ
 Hinc late fusa est cognatio, nomina multis
 Ex nostra, ut placitum, ducta domo veniant
 Derivata aliis. Nobis ab stemmate primo
 Et non cognati, sed genitiva placent.
 Sed redeo ad seriem: genitor studuit medicinæ,
 Disciplinarum quæ dedit una Deum.
 Nos ad grammaticen studium convertimus, et mox
 Rhetorices etiam quod satis attigimus.
 Nec fora non celebrata mihi: sed cura dicendi
 Cultior, et nomen grammatici merui:
 Non tam grande quidem quo gloria nostra subiret
 Æmilium aut Scærerum, Berytiumque probam:
 Sed quo nostrates, Aquitanica nomina, multos
 Collatus, non et subditus, adspicerem.
 Exactisque dehinc per trina decennia fastis
 Asserui doctor municipalem operam.
 Aurea et Augusti palatia jussus adire
 Augustam sobolem Grammaticus docui:
 Mox etiam Rhetor. Nec enim fiducia nobis

Vana, ut non solidi gloria judicii.
 Cedo tamen fuerint fama potiore magistri,
 Dum nulli fuerit discipulus metior.

 Cujus ego Comes, et Quæstor, et culmen honorum
 Præfectus Gallis et Lybiæ et Latio:
 Et prior indeptus fasces, Latiumque curulem,
 Consul, collega posteriore, fui.
 Hic ego Ausonius.——

(*To be continued.*)

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

STATISTICAL science constitutes the true basis of the science of legislation. Laws are enacted and systems of policy framed for the benefit of the community; but if the nature and character, the powers and resources, the wants and varying interests of the community be unknown, vain will be the attempt of the most wise and virtuous to put forth laws to meet its necessities and suitable for its government. Without a knowledge of statisticks the statesman pursues his labours in the dark—we should rather say, that without such knowledge, no one is entitled to the name of a statesman.

What would be thought of an architect who would venture to construct the arches of a bridge without knowing the weight they might be destined occasionally to bear, and the character and width of the stream over which they are to be thrown? or to frame the floors and roof of a building, while ignorant of the strength and dimensions of the walls. Stronger still, who would undertake to direct the movements of an army in battle, without a previous inquiry into the character, health, and discipline of the officers and soldiers under his command?—Equally inconsiderate and abortive, and in their operation even more mischievous, are the labours of those who attempt to legislate for a state, without a previous and thorough knowledge of every thing essentially connected with its interests. But such knowledge can be acquired only by the study of statisticks.

Impressed by these considerations, superadded to our wishes for the promotion of American literature in general, it is in no small degree gratifying to us to learn the laudable determination, and to witness the enlightened efforts of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, to add to the statistical knowledge of our country.

In the hope that the example of that highly respectable institution will be influential in giving rise to similar attempts in other parts of the union, we have no hesitation in introducing into the Port Folio the following comprehensive and excellent Circular, and earnestly recommending it to the attention of our readers. Without pretending to direct, much less dictate to, the enlightened and public spirited portion of our fellow citizens, we are convinced that great credit to individuals and advantage to the community would result from the establishment in each state of an institution founded on like principles and embracing in its pursuits the same objects. ED.

CIRCULAR.

New-York, February 15, 1815.

SIR,

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK, (which was incorporated at the last session of the legislature, and which was instituted to cultivate the most useful branches of knowledge, to stimulate into activity the literature and talents of the community, and to obtain a mass of information, which may have a tendency to elevate the literary character, and subserve the best interests of our country,) are desirous of collecting materials for a statistical account of the United States, and more particularly of the State of New-York. With this view, they respectfully solicit your prompt and pointed attention to the following subjects, or to such of them as you are conversant with, or as may fall within the range of your observation.

1. The name, (and its origin,) of the town or county in which you reside—its situation, extent, and number of acres—the history of its settlement—the number, general character, and condition of the first settlers, and from what part of the world; the circumstances and causes of the settlement—the time of their arrival—the

encouragement and authority under which they came; by what means the lands were obtained from the Indians, whether by conquest or purchase—and the nature of the grants or patents of land—the government from whence they proceeded—the latitude and longitude of any remarkable place in your county.

2. The Indians that formerly inhabited your town or county, their number, condition, customs, manners, language, mythology, battles, burying-places, monuments, forts, weapons, utensils, and any other traces of their settlement; their history, migrations, traditions, character, trade, controversies, wars, and treaties; their names of places, and the signification, and their present state.

3. Nature of the soil, mountains, hills, valleys, plains, caverns, rocks, lakes, ponds, rivers, islands, streams, cataracts, mineral and medicinal springs, aqueducts—the changes in mountains, lakes, rivers, and streams—the quality of water—the nature and composition of rocks, and their position—whether in strata or otherwise—inclined or horizontal; the strata observed in digging wells: petrifications—shells.

4. Mines—minerals—fossils; quarries of stone, and particularly flint, slate, soap-stone, marble, lime-stone, marl, gypsum, sulphur, iron, copper, lead, silver, plumbago, salt, nitre, and ochres of various kinds: their distance from navigable water.

5. Trees of different kinds, and their uses for ornament, fuel, fences, house and ship-building: the original growth of wood, and the variations on successive cuttings; whether plenty or scarce, increasing or decreasing, and the causes: the best means of increasing the quantity, and improving the quality.

6. Besides wood, other fuel, such as coal, turf or peat; the quantity and quality of each—distance from navigable water—increase or decrease, and price of the different kinds.

7. The state of agriculture, the price of land, of provisions, and of labour; the kinds of grain produced, quantity on an acre, and total quantity in each year; the quantity of grain, meal, and flour exported; the quantity of flax and hemp raised and exported; the most approved and profitable mode of cultivating those productions: value of articles consumed at home; quantity and value of the whole produce.

8. The native and imported grasses, the quantity of each kind produced on an acre; the proportion of meadow to arable lands; the improvement of the country by irrigation, draining and diking.

9. Manures; the different kinds, and their effects; the best time and mode of applying and increasing them, and of preparing them for particular crops.

10. The best seed time, and harvest time; the best time and mode of preparing lands for seed—of extirpating weeds, and of preserving grains from insects; the effects of a change of seeds; the most approved rotation of crops, remarkable instances of good and bad seasons: unusual failure of crops; the known or supposed causes, and the temperature of the seasons at the time.

11. Fences: the materials and modes of erecting them; the best modes of improving them, and the introduction of substitutes for those used; modes of cultivation; implements of husbandry; teams.

12. Number of sheep, swine, neat cattle, and horses; and the best mode of multiplying and improving them, and of preventing their destruction from disease or other causes.

13. Fruit trees, and esculent vegetables; the best kinds, and best modes of improving, cultivating, and preserving them; the state of gardening; the quantity and quality of cider, beer, wine, and spirits made, and how made.

14. The state of manufactures; the kinds, quantity, and quality made in families, and manufactories; the history of any useful manufacture, including its increase and decline, and the causes; the quantity, quality, and value of articles manufactured for domestic use, and for sale abroad; useful machines for abridging labour and improving manufactures.

15. The state of the highways; common and turnpike roads and bridges; harbours, ferries, banks, villages, towns, and cities, and their police.

16. Trade and commerce; quantity and kinds of foreign articles consumed; amount of exports and imports; the history and state of boat and ship-building; the number of boatmen and seamen, and of ships and vessels of different kinds.

17. Fisheries: the kinds, quantity, and value of fish; the mode of curing and taking them, and the market; an account of the different species of fishes in streams, rivers, ponds, lakes, and salt-water.

18. Wild animals now or heretofore known; their increase or decrease, and the cause; serpents, tortoises, and other amphibious animals; quadrupeds, insects, and bones of the animal called the mammoth, or of any other unknown animals.

19. An account of birds, whether migrating or resident; the periods of their arrival and departure; their habits and uses.

20. Natural history of plants, and their kinds, whether noxious or useful, native or naturalized; time of introduction; their progress, qualities, and diseases, and the best mode of extirpating those which are injurious.

21. Climate; the effect of clearing and cultivation on climate; meteorological observations; marriages and births: bills of mortality; long life; histories of epidemic maladies; diseases among men and other animals; crimes, suicide.

22. The state of the learned professions, of morals, of religion, and of learning—the number of academies and schools, how supported, and the mode of instruction; charitable institutions; humane and literary associations; improvements in arts and sciences; inventors of curious machines; useful discoveries; distinguished characters; printing presses; book-stores; public libraries; scarce books; valuable manuscripts; customs and manners; the progress of Luxury.

23. The state of population at different periods, and in reference to the place of birth, age, religious persuasion, occupation and residence, whether in town, village, or country; the number of houses.

24. The militia; their numbers, organization, arms, ammunition, and mode of equipment; arsenals, magazines, powder-mills, founderies, fortifications.

25. Mendicity: the condition of the poor, and the expense and mode of supporting them: alms-houses, hospitals, penitentiaries—the state of slavery.

26. Taxes, the amount and kinds, paid for the use of the town, county, state, and United States; the public buildings, and

other public improvements: the income and expenditures of incorporated villages and towns; the sources and objects.

27. Antiquities, whether aboriginal or colonial; curiosities, whether natural or artificial; drawings and descriptions of whatever is interesting in those respects, especially of ancient fortifications and tumuli, ascertaining the materials composing them; their contents, and the purposes for which they were probably designed.

28. Meteors, comets, eclipses, earthquakes, tornadoes, tempests, inundations, volcanic eruptions, seasons of extreme heat and cold, or other remarkable events in the natural world; the present variation of the magnetic needle and what it has been formerly, and at what places observed.

29. Miscellaneous observations not comprehended in the above.

You will, sir, at once perceive the important and comprehensive view which the society intend to take of the state of the country; it will embrace whatever relates to our climate, soil, cultivation, husbandry, manufactures, commerce, education, learning, population, occupations, police, manners, morals, religious principles, geography, history, geology, mineralogy, zoology, botany, and diseases; it proposes to examine with anatomical accuracy the internal structure of society, to illustrate that most important science, political philosophy, and to collect such useful and practical information on the various subjects connected with individual and social prosperity, as may have a tendency to promote the solid and permanent interests of America.

Sir John Sinclair published a statistical account of Scotland, drawn up from the communications of the ministers of the different parishes made to him in consequence of a variety of queries circulated among them, for the purpose of elucidating the natural history and political state of that country. Scotland is divided into nine hundred and fifty parochial districts; in less than eighteen months from the time of circulating the queries among the clergy, reports were received from above one half the number; in three or four years the whole work was completed, and it has been emphatically said of this great survey, "that no publication of equal information and curiosity has appeared in Great Britain

since Doomsday-book, and that from the ample and authentic facts which it records, it must be resorted to by every future statesman, philosopher and divine, as the best basis that has ever yet appeared for political speculation."

This state contains forty-seven counties, and about five hundred towns: we are persuaded that every town contains a sufficient number of intelligent men, to furnish the information required, and that nothing more is necessary than for them to devote to this important object those few hours which can always be spared from the ordinary occupations of life. The state is Atlantic and western: it borders on the ocean and some of the great lakes; the greatest rivers in North America flow, and vast chains of mountains pass through it. In extent, population, commerce, opulence, and power, it stands at the head of the union; and it is believed that no country in the world furnishes more fertile subjects for the researches of the naturalist, the investigations of the philosopher, and the speculations of the politician.

By order, and in behalf of the Society,

DEWITT CLINTON, PRESIDENT.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THE persevering industry and enlightened enterprize of the "American Antiquarian Society" of New England, added to the fact, that it is composed of able and distinguished men residing in every section of the country, promise the happiest results in relation to the objects and ends of its establishment.

From a well written address delivered to the society at their second anniversary in Boston, in October last, by the reverend Abiel Holmes, D. D. we extract the following observations on the study of antiquities. We introduce them into the Port Folio with the more readiness, from a persuasion, that they represent the pursuits of the Antiquarian in a much more correct and important point of light, than that in which they are held by the generality of mankind.

ED.

"To the culture of the fine arts nothing is more essential than the study of antiquities. It was in ancient times, and among ancient nations, that these arts were carried to the highest perfection, which they ever attained. To vanquished Greece was Rome indebted for those admirable models in poetry, eloquence, history, painting, statuary, and architecture, which enabled her to become her competitor for a fame more glorious and permanent than that of victory or conquest. It was felt, indeed, no small indignity, while covered with military glory, to apply for instruction in arts to a people that she had subdued by her arms.

"With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued."

"Yet, but for Homer, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Demosthenes, and Sophocles, and Menander, and Praxiteles, and Apelles, Rome might never have produced a Virgil, or Seneca, or Livy, or Cicero, or Terence, or those numerous sculptors, and painters, and architects, whose works have spread her fame throughout the world.

"The origin of those institutions, which are found by experience to promote improvement in knowledge and virtue, and the prosperity and happiness of a community, is not less instructive to the statesman than to the philosopher. He may learn hence, to distinguish theory from facts, hypothesis from experience, and visionary projects from wise and salutary measures; and his knowledge may qualify him to render the most important services to his country. "I will turn my attention," said Valerius Maximus, "to the ancient and memorable institutions, as well of our own city, as of foreign nations; for it is necessary that the elements of our prosperity be known, that a regard to them may improve the present times."

"This study is not less entertaining than it is useful. To the inquisitive mind, the illustrations it furnishes of the sameness or variety of the human character, in different nations and at different periods of the world, of the difference in the state of the useful or ornamental arts, of literature and science, and of the diversity of laws and governments, of manners and customs, cannot fail to afford high gratification. Who is not

gratified in learning, from the sacred records, the history of creation, and the interesting events of the primitive age of the world; the deluge; the erection of the tower of Babel; the confusion of languages, the consequent dispersion of men, and their division into distinct nations; the inventors of arts, as Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," and Tubal Cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron?" Who is not gratified in tracing the Hebrews to their origin, and in studying the sacred antiquities of this "peculiar people?" How interesting are the topographical and historical illustrations, derived from sacred and profane history, of Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus, Jerusalem, Palmyra, and other ancient cities, that were once so distinguished for population and wealth, power and grandeur! How entertaining the descriptions of the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the hanging gardens, and the temple of Belus! How enchanting the description of the primitive state and manners of Greece given by Homer, "whose immortal poems, a meteor in the gloom of night, brighten, for a moment, the obscure antiquities of his country!" How gratifying is it to learn the epoch and origin of the Olympiads, of the Areopagus, of the Amphictyonic council, and of the gymnasia of Athens; the inventor of letters, of the papyrus, of the mariner's compass, and of the art of printing, the preserver of all other arts!

"To go no farther than to the antiquities of our own country—who is not gratified in tracing our salutary institutions to their origin, and in discovering the causes of our rapid progress in population, wealth and refinement, of our freedom and independence? Who can behold the portraits of the first settlers of New England, without mingled delight and admiration? Who does not take a melancholy pleasure in reading the inscriptions on their monuments, or in treading the ground where they were content to lie without them? Who does not love to see any articles, either of utility or ornament, brought over to America by our ancestors when they first crossed the Atlantic, now deposited in our cabinets, or choicely preserved in the private bureaus of their descendants? Who can step on that rock, on which the pilgrim fathers from Leyden first stepped, or even survey its fragments, without grateful emotion? The vestiges of adventurers, of but ephemeral

residence on our coasts, are not traced without interest. How delightful must have been the discovery of the remains of De Mont's fort, after the lapse of nearly two centuries! With what "supreme satisfaction" our own Belknap, with his literary associates, discovered "the cellar of Gosnold's store house," he himself has informed us. What pleasure would it give us to find any indication of Charles' Fort on the Carolina coast, where a French Protestant colony attempted a settlement, a full century before the English; or the stone pillar, with the arms of France, erected on that occasion, on the river of May? With what delight should we learn, who are interred beneath those rude monuments at Frederica, in Georgia, now overgrown with forest trees, the tradition of which seems already lost.

"Could we, then, say no more than that the study of antiquities is useful and entertaining, we might be excused for those researches, which, to a superficial observer, may appear idle, and to a rigid moralist, useless.

"While, therefore, we permit the entomologist to chase butterflies interminably, that he may have the fecility of adding one to his collection of that countless variety of insects, the botanist to roam at large

"O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,"

that he may add one rare member to a family of plants; the mineralogist to descend at the hazard of his limbs and life, to examine the strata of some newly discovered quarry, or to bring up some precious specimen of ore; and the aëronaut, at more fearful hazard, to navigate the ethereal regions, to exemplify the wonderful improvements in pneumatics, or to please and astonish the gazing multitude; let us be permitted quietly to spell out inscriptions in old grave yards, to pore over musty books, that have long lain concealed in garrets, too antiquated to be placed in a modern library; to ransack the records of "the days of other years;" to be transported at the discovery of an ancient manuscript; to hold long dialogues with Indians; to explore, to the very bottom, any mounds of earth, that have a sepulchral, or military, or mystic appearance; to dig up subterranean walls, the design or occasion of

which no man living can tell; to carry off, unmolested, any misshapen stone, which may haply prove to be some Indian relic, if not even an idol; to stare leisurely at any edifice, which promises by the face of it, to have stood a full century; to ask any pertinent questions, however improper or even rude they might be deemed from others; to have the right of preemption of any American *antique*, where the proprietor does not insist on his prior right of donation; and in general, to do, excepting always petty larcenies and dilapidations, whatever the antiquaries of the old world have done, from time immemorial.

“But allow me to observe, in the next place, the study of antiquities is auxiliary to history and general literature. The discoveries of the antiquary throw great light on the primitive character of nations, on their origin, language, migrations, settlements, wars, manners and customs, and all the great events, prosperous or adverse, that occurred in their earliest and rudest state, preserved oftentimes by monuments, or inscriptions, or by oral tradition. Who does not instantly perceive that such discoveries may be of the most essential importance to the historian, the geographer, and the chronologist? But for these discoveries how many occurrences, that make a conspicuous figure in history, had been unknown; how many scites of pristine settlements had been undiscovered; how many dates of important events had been unsettled.

“Antiquity, far from being a rival, is but a handmaid of history. Her office is more humble; her province, more restricted. The one furnishes a few of the valuable materials, with which the other constructs her superb edifice. The collections of the antiquary, void of method and unity, may, in the hands of the historian, serve to strengthen, illustrate, and adorn his work. Between those, who are engaged in such similar yet distinct pursuits, what occasion can there be for interference or collision? Different societies in the republic of letters, by a division of labour, and diversity yet affinity of object, may most effectually promote the interests of the whole. “Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.”

“It is not on y, then, let me here observe, to history and her kindred branches of knowledge, that the studies of the antiquary

are auxiliary; but they may contribute to the illustration of ethics, theology, and biblical literature. A knowledge of the moral and religious sentiments of the pagan nations, of their mythology, and modes of worship, may not only serve to show the necessity and value of divine Revelation, but to elucidate those parts of it in which there is a plain reference, or obscure allusion, to the opinions or usages of the heathen. A knowledge of the manners and customs of the oriental nations, while necessary to the understanding of the Sacred History, is of equal necessity to the perception of the beauty and elegance, the grandeur and sublimity of the Hebrew poetry. The researches of the Asiatic Society, the Indian Antiquities of Maurice, and similar publications, have done much not only towards silencing objections of infidels, but towards illustrating the Holy Scriptures. The labours of Bede, Usher, Spanheim, Dietericus, Bingham and others, have greatly illustrated ecclesiastical antiquity. The Origines Alexandrinæ of Eutychius, in Arabic, preserved in the works of the learned Selden, show the principles and practice of one of the oldest churches in christendom, respecting the controverted question of the number of orders in the church; a striking confirmation of which is furnished by the discoveries made among the Syrian churches in India. Old Roman medals have been used by able expositors for the illustration of prophecy. Ancient manuscript copies of the Old and New Testaments have led to such careful collations, as have at length satisfactorily determined, in most instances, the true reading of the original text. The truly antique roll of the law, brought from India by Dr. Buchanan, may illustrate the Pentateuch, particularly the patriarchal chronology. We have a promise of two copies of this roll; and, but for the war in which we are involved, they would, doubtless, before this time, have been placed in the libraries of two of our universities.

“I will only add, that the knowledge of antiquity furnishes motives to improvement in learning and virtue. We have already seen, that the Greeks supplied the Romans with models in composition and the fine arts. With these models what powerful motives did they furnish to the copyists to aspire to equal, or surpass, the originals! This source of excitement did not escape the notice of Longinus, when treating on the means of attaining

sublimity in composition. "If ever we are engaged in a work which requires a grandeur of style and exalted sentiments, would it not then be of use to raise in ourselves such reflections as these? How, in this case, would Homer, or Plato, or Demosthenes, have raised their thoughts? Or if it be historical, how would Thucydides?—What would Homer or Demosthenes have thought of this piece? Or, what judgment would they have passed upon it?"

THE BROKEN HARP.—BY H. C. KNIGHT.

MISCELLANIES dedicated exclusively to the muse of song, however rare in this, are not uncommon in other countries. When ably and worthily conducted, they are not only fraught with instruction and amusement, but prove favourable to the cause of sound morals, soften and refine the social affections, and correct and enlighten the public taste.

That the present is a period auspicious for the establishment of such a work, we cannot for a moment permit ourselves to doubt. The long lost blessings of peace are restored to us, foreign commerce and domestic industry are beginning again to pour into our lap their united treasures, owing to this happy return of better times and brighter prospects, we embrace in our plans a wider compass, and all that is purely American is evidently rising into higher estimation. Having attained, both by land and sea, a character in arms distinguished and honourable, we are not without a lively hope that there will prevail among us from this time a spirit of ambition connected with vigorous and persevering efforts to acquire a similar standing in letters.

For the accomplishment of this object, there is but *one* course to be pursued, and that is plain, broad, and open—it cannot therefore be mistaken—encourage native talent—extend to literature a patronage so liberal as to induce men of genius to become, as many are in Europe, *writers by profession*, and the work is done. There will be no longer any pretext for either grave philosophers or literary petty-maitres abroad to prefer against Americans the offensive charge of intellectual inferiority.

Hitherto our countrymen have been little else than mere *militia in literature*. Convert them into *regulars* by a suitable course of discipline and study, and they will fearlessly face in the field of the Muses the scholars of Europe, as they have already done their warriors in the field of Mars.

But we are wandering from our purpose, which is, to recommend to the public the attempt of Mr. Knight to entertain them with the music of his "BROKEN HARP." The minstrel is not unknown to them, having on several occasions appeared as a performer in their presence. Although for ourselves we have no doubt of the competency of his qualifications, it is not our intention to become either his eulogist or his surety to the public. They must take him as he is, on his own responsibility. We cannot, therefore, do better than to introduce him to an audience without further ceremony, in the hope that the story he is prepared to tell them of himself and his harp will interest them in his favour.

Since the foregoing was in type, Mr. Knight has relinquished his intention of conducting a periodical work, and means to offer to the acceptance of the public—we hope successfully—a volume of select poems, of about two hundred and fifty pages 18mo. A mere change of form can have no unfavourable effect on the value of the matter. Mr. Knight's claim, therefore, to the patronage of his fellow citizens is in no measure weakened by the alteration proposed.

ED.

THE rising beams, and the breath of roses awoke me. The sun was kissing the tears from the blossoms, which gradually unbosomed their sweets to his smiles. My nerves were thrilled with pleasurable sensations. Confused, I found myself a fugitive from the haunts of men. My spirit had elapsed into a wilderness of bliss. When fain to escape, I was bound by a most delightful spell. I was on the sunny slope of a hill, on whose brow, among venerable trees, arose a rustic fane, which opened to the god of day. Above the dome hovered a glory of insufferable splendour, whose rays vibrated living harmony. Within, were treasured busts of the departed sons of song. The arbours, that shed perfumes around the hill, were each an aviary of symphony—each spray shook its dew as it nodded beneath the warblings of

love. The soul was tossed delirious on the undulations of sound. At glimpses, I could see something white gliding among the trees. On looking up near the temple, kneeling beside a new-made grave, was a pale, but beautiful form, in the pensive eloquence of prayer.—At a distance, near a cavern, stalking with a sullen dejection, and oft pausing in a wild delirium of purpose, was one—my blood ran chill—for, on turning to the sun, flashed the point of a dagger through the folds of her robe.—A little in the vale was one bending a vine, and expressing to her lips a bleeding grape; while another, short and grotesque, with a quaint contortion of feature, was stealing behind to slide a nettle into her bosom.—Near the marge of a fountain, sat a lovely shepherdess piping to a pet lambkin that was leaning its head in her lap, while an echo from a listening swain sighed at the faded gleamings of hope.—Another young thing floated along, panting with the bloom of desire, and heedless of her loosening zone, and the toying of the breeze that now and then wafted aside the borders of her gossamery robes; her little winged boy was pursuing her,—both affrighted from their endearments by the stirring of the leaves of the white hawthorn.—As I drew near a bower, two nymphs, in a pranksome mood, seemed inclined to approach me, holding out some beautiful flowers. I ran timidly towards them, when—away they darted, and in a twinkling I could see them peeping through the boughs, and tittering at my suffusion. One, in her hurry, dropped from her bosom a bunch of blue-bells, but, before I could gather them up, their essence was nearly gone. As often as I attempted to ascend the hill, and steal a nectarine, or a wild-briar—away was I twirled, bringing the leaves and the stems. The rind of many of the trees was covered with little fragments of songs—but in peeling some off I most wofully tore them. I had plucked a few sprigs of cypress and of myrtle, and cut up some thistles and burs, but, while doing this, I could see the syrens smiling at each other, and whispering, when I pulled up the weeds with my flowers—but I was simple, and thought, in sooth, they were all flowers.—Looking down to snap away a wild-bee that was riffling one of my bells, I chanced to trip in the wire-grass—it rung as I fell!—O Death, I had broken it!—yet I clasped it to my heart, and bore it in triumph away. My friends called it a silly bauble,

and fain had snapped the remaining strings—but, oftentimes, when my heart was bleeding, and I knew not where to turn—has this **BROKEN HARP**, like the soothing of a friend, hushed the flutterings of anxiety, and awakened the pulsations of hope.——

TO THE LITERARY PUBLIC.

THE political winter is over and gone, and will you not listen to the notes from the leaves of the olive!—A young man asks your courtesy. He offers a small volume of original poems. Under whatever disguise, or however sportive the muse may at times appear, her invariable aim shall be to inculcate the affections and sympathies laudable to humanity. It shall be a selection which the most delicate lady may read without increasing her natural bloom. Perhaps the humblest attempts in literature in this country should claim indulgence.

Philadelphia, May, 1815.

CLINTON'S DISCOURSE.

A DISCOURSE lately delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, by the honourable Dewitt Clinton, president of the society, has been printed for the use of the members in a splendid quarto form, enriched by a voluminous body of notes. As it is our intention to speak of this production more fully hereafter, we shall dismiss it for the present by simply observing, that, as well on account of the rank of its author as its own intrinsic merit, it cannot fail to attract among men of letters, a high degree of notice and consideration. Independently of other excellencies, it comprises within a moderate compass, a large body of matter so correct in itself, and of a character and tendency so honourable to our country, that it ought to be made familiar to every American.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LAWS GOVERNING THE COMMUNICATION OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, AND THE MEANS OF ARRESTING THEIR PROGRESS, (read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 9th of June, 1814.) By David Hosack, M. D. F. L. S. professor of the theory and practice of physic and clinical medicine in the University of the state of New-York, one of the vice presidents of the Literary and Philosophical Society, &c. 84 pages 4to.

This communication is printed in the same splendid form with that of the preceding, and is accompanied in like manner by a body of notes of considerable extent. It will be read with interest by the physicians of America, as well on account of the standing of its author, as in consideration of a new point of doctrine which it attempts to establish. Of the successful issue of this attempt we entertain doubts. Be this, however, as it may, the case is argued ingeniously, and in a handsome style. We welcome the work as a creditable addition to the medical literature of our country.

L'ABEILLE AMERICAINE.

THE AMERICAN BEE.

THERE is nothing which more forcibly bespeaks the quickened progress and augmented spread of literature among a people, than an increase in the number of literary journals. It is not without sincere pleasure that we witness what we consider satisfactory evidence of the existence of this growing demand for letters in the United States. We hail the appearance with a peculiar welcome, as the morning promise of a glorious day of learning and science in the western world. If we judge correctly, the time is not far remote when a well cultivated intellect and a refined taste will bestow in America, as they do in Europe, somewhat of that rank and consequence, which have been hitherto almost exclusively appendant to a well-stored purse. Although wealth will always and necessarily confer on its possessors weight and influence in every society, it cannot be denied that it gives, at present, in this country, much more than its due proportion.

If we are not mistaken, an incipient change in this state of things has been already effected in part, by the operations of the late war. Military or naval renown is now as sure a passport to notice and distinction, as a large and well furnished house, sumptuous entertainments, or a splendid equipage. Should this continue to be the case, as we feel persuaded it will, rank and consideration will be given to literature, as a matter of course. Heroes, whether their "fields of fame" be on the land or the water, must have historians and poets to record their actions and cele-

brate their praises: and they will not fail, by their patronage and influence, to give rank to those, whose talents and learning are to give immortality to them. While Virgil and Horace were portraying Augustus as the greatest and most accomplished personage of the time, he, by his countenance and favours, raised them to an equality with the noblest and wealthiest senators of Rome.

But we are straying from our purpose; which was to inform our readers, that Mr. Simon Chaudron, a gentleman of talents and a scholar, has commenced in this city a weekly journal, historical, political, and literary, to be published in the French language, under the title of "*L'Abeille Americaine*" or the American Bee.

This industrious little stranger, introduced to us from abroad on the leaves of the olive-branch, we heartily welcome to the lawns of our country, which abound in flowers as rich and fragrant as the wild thyme of Hybla or the acacia of Hymettus. Under the influence of a genial climate, and nurtured by the hand of the eulogist of Washington, it can hardly, we think, fail to furnish its patrons with delicious honey, and to procure for itself a well stored hive. While engaged in industriously collecting and dealing out to our fellow citizens the nectar of literature, we wish it gentle breezes and a temperate sky, protection alike from the sickly south wind and the boisterous north.

To drop our metaphor, we hope that Mr. Chaudron will experience, in his undertaking, that liberal patronage to which his talents and learning, and we are sorry to add, his misfortunes, entitle him.

ED.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BY A LADY

WHEN his rude den of rocks the gray wolf leaves for prey.
And dares in the far spreading forest to stroll,
From the circle where Mirth reigns triumphantly gay
Let me steal unattended, unnoticed away;
And while on thy margin, Miami, I stray,
Reflect on the friend of my soul.

Let me sit on thy banks, where the tall weed grows high,
While the moon-beams dance light o'er thy tree-shadow'd
stream;

And while the cold winds seem around me to sigh,
There gaze at the stars, wandering through the blue sky,
Or list, as thy waters roll silently by,
To the night bird's re-echoing scream.

Thrice yonder full orb, so majestic and bright,
Mid the dark sailing clouds her pale crescent has hung,
Since Tranquillity wing'd from this bosom her flight,
With him on whom memory yet dwells with delight,
Whose absence all other fond pleasure must blight,
While my heart with keen anguish is wrung.

When he left me, thy banks with rich verdure were spread,
The long grass lightly bent to the breeze of the morn;
But the tempest long since devastation has shed,
Vegetation around me lies faded and dead,
The fragrance that fill'd the pure ether is fled,
And the rose bush can boast but its thorn.

Disappointment and sorrow my bosom pervade,
But ah! whence this stream of ineffable light?
From the realms where the flow'ret blooms never to fade,
Lo, the figure of Hope, in refulgence array'd,
Descends; and her lustre dispels every shade
That envelop'd my spirit in night.

Hark! the music of Angels strikes soft on my ear!
'Tis her voice sounding sweet as the minstrel of Heaven;
"Thy Alonzo's return shall dispel every fear,
Again his lov'd voice, at thy side thou shalt hear,
And nature in darkness no more shall appear,
When regret from thy bosom is driven."

CONTRAST TO THE ABOVE.

The night is past, the rising orb of day
Darts his strong radiance o'er the mountain rocks,
Calm Nature smiles, though Winter bears the sway,
And ice-drops glitter in her waving locks.

Again the fleeting hours unnumber'd roll,
 No more I chide the lagging steps of Time,
 A blaze of light dwells on my raptur'd soul,
 And Love's ecstatic transports all are mine.

No more, Miami, shall the deep drawn sigh,
 Steal on the breeze across thy tranquil wave,
 The tears that mingled with thy stream are dry,
 And Grief lies hid within his gloom-wrapt cave.

Then let me wake the soft melifluous lyre,
 Then let me learn to breathe seraphic strains,
 For joys celestial all my senses fire,
 And airy footed Pleasure round me reigns.

But ah! 'tis vain, such themes as mine demand
 An Angel's power: the rapturous thrilling song
 Requires the touch of an immortal hand;
 Then silence rest forever on my tongue.

—
 REFLECTIONS OF A RECLUSE.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH! ah, whither have ye fled!
 Moments of innocence, of health and joy,
 Unruffled by the thoughts of worldly care,
 With throbs of sad delight, how oft I sigh,
 When Recollection paints thy scenes anew,
 My steps ye led to halls where minstrels struck
 The breathing lyre, to sing of Beauty's charms,
 Or chivalry's heroic deeds.

Not then, I poured
 The melancholy song of memory;
 No solitary tale my idle hours could tell
 Of sorrow; Hope departed; or Despair.
 My dulcet harp was strung to Rapture's notes;
 Its jocund strings re-echoed themes of love,
 Or careless carolled what young joys could teach.
 When Twilight came, I sought the mountain's brow,
 To mark her solemn grandeur hastening near.

Then, ah! then, I woo'd the charm of Silence,
Far from the pageant show of restless man,
The pomp of Pride, the sneer of Haughtiness:
Malice, with quivering lip, and knaving Care:
Envy, that blasts the buds whose perfumed dyes
She fain would equal: green-eyed Jealousy:
And spectres of despair, whom memory brings
To haunt the slumbering dreams of guilty men,
Of these, yet ignorant and their powers unfelt,
I rioted in youth's gay harvest,
And quaffed the cup of rosate health and joy.

But I am changed now!

If e'er I smile, 'tis as the flower of spring,
Whose tincture blooms through drops of morning dew!
And when the once loved charms of Solitude
I woo, amid the valley's silence,
Or on the high hill top where thunders loud
Proclaim to man the majesty of God,
'Tis not to bathe in dreams of shadowy bliss,
Or fondly dwell on scenes of wild romance:
To weave a sonnet for my mistress' brow,
Or con an artless song to sooth her ear!
No cheerful thoughts like these entice my feet
Through tangled dells or o'er the mountain's height.
Hopeless and sad in gloomy nooks retired,
I love to watch the slow revolving moon,
And muse on visions fled of treacherous love,
Of joys departed, and deceitful hopes:
Me now, no more the balmy breeze of spring,
Nor summer's streamlets murmur through the grove,
Nor changeful winds that yellow autumn brings,
Can yield delight—stern Winter's joyless gloom
Suits with my bosom's cold and cheerless state!
Life's purple tide no more salubrious flows;
The vernal glow of Hope is fled: and Joy,
Shall glad no more my once contented cot:
False, fickle woman drove her smiles away.

All hail December's chilling skies!
 Come darken more the anguish of my soul.
 Bring with thy gloomy hours Despair's sad shades—
 Bring all the load that Misery prepares,
 To gall us through the miry road of life:
 Bring silent Sorrow with her bitter bowl:
 Bring lovely woman, with her syren smile,
 Like transient meteor to seduce our steps:
 Bring Care, with self-consuming wants oppress'd,
 And Doubt, to lead us from our onward path,
 And sharp Solitude to vex our nights:
 Let War, too, throw her lurid glare around,
 And turn the savage from his hunter toils,
 To raise the tomahawk and bend the bow.
 In her funereal train attendant,
 Let Famine stalk, and, with insatiate hand,
 Fell Plunder, knowing neither friend nor foe,
 And Violence to stain the soldier's name.
 Let bloody Slaughter loose, to dye with gore
 Our soil, and teach the world what evils wait
 On madden'd counsels and ambitious schemes.
 Accursed scemes! that saw no wrath denounced
 On souls remorseless shedding human blood.
 Detested plans! which bade the cymbals strike,
 Rous'd the loud clarion, and made the cannon roar,
 To drown the Saviour's voice proclaiming loud,
 TO GOD ON HIGH BE GLORY GIVEN: ON EARTH,
 LET PEACE AMONG MANKIND FOREVER REIGN.

Baltimore.

SEDLIN.

—
*Like the impression of a kiss,
 So fades our visionary bliss.—ZEPHER.*

“—— The memory of joys departed—pleasant yet mournful to the
 soul.”

Now midnight's curtains round me close,
 Sad emblem of my darkening woes!
 Mild Sleep descends, and on her wings
 Short respite to my sorrows brings.

Transformed by Fancy's fairy wand,
 I leave this strange, unsocial land,
 Swift speed the parting distance o'er,
 An exile from my friends no more!
 Meet every scene to Memory dear,
 Which bright beyond themselves appear!
 My friends in friendship have increas'd—
 My foes—their enmity has ceas'd!
 All, all combine, in union sweet,
 To welcome back my wandering feet!

* * * * *

And now, at moonlight, down the glade
 I rove, with Ellen, matchless maid!
 Feel all my fond delights again,
 All the exquisiteness of pain!
 Repeat my vows, and hear her own—
 She still is mine, and mine alone!
 I look enraptur'd on her face,
 Mark every lineage of grace—
 The yielding blush, the tear, the smile,
 O! sweet reward for every toil!
 Her whole soul sparkles in her eyes!
 My heart's warm ecstasies arise!
 I turn me to embrace the fair,
 But wake, and clasp—a *form of air*!
 —Still, still 'tis bright in Fancy's beam!
 It must not—cannot be—a dream!

ZEPHRI.

—
 HORACE.—Book 1.—Ode 37.

“Nunc est bibendum,” &c.

Now push round the wine, fill each glass to the brim,
 For the moment we'll banish disorder and whim,
 For we'll hallow the toast to the honour of those
 Who've exalted our country and levelled her foes;
 Whose glory refulgent in hist'ry shall shine,
 While there's beauty in woman or transport in wine.

When the Vandals of Europe, our capitol sacked,
 And their footsteps by rapine and murder were tracked,
 The patriot indignant for liberty blushed,
 And the feast and the song of rejoicing were hushed;
 Even wine, rosy wine, past in silence unquaffed,
 For the tear of regret trickled into the draught.

Now thanks to the heroes who fought for our right,
 And blessings on those who have died in the fight!
 That the cheek of the patriot no longer is stained,
 With the blushes of shame; but the glory we've gained,
 A bulwark of strength to our country shall be;
 And long may she flourish as happy as free.

O.

 ON A COQUETTE.

She smiles on all, to each the same,
 Each thinks himself the favoured lover;
 But he who would a preference claim,
 Too late an arrant jilt does prove her.

So glitters ice upon the wave,
 The sailor glad, thinks land before him,
 But finds a cold and timeless grave,
 In place of home, where fancy bore him.

O.

 SOLITUDE.

WHEN from the east the day-light fair
 Breaks through the misty morning air;
 When the flowrets weep with dew,
 The cowslip pale, and the violet blue;
 When the lark, with her matin lay,
 Hails from the air the rising day;
 When the forests of darkened green
 Ring with the songs of birds *unseen*;
 (Save when the little twitterer gay
 Flits through the air to its nest away.

And on the bough reclines its breast,
 And chirps to its young in the leafy nest.)
 Let me then rove through the woodland shade,
 Through the covert and twilight glade,
 Where, in the lengthened groves of green,
 Like the slim deer I may scarce be seen;—
 When in such a wayward mood:
 Give—oh! give me SOLITUDE.

B. H.

STANZAS.

I WOULD I were carelessly roaming the cliff,
 That o'erhangs, swift Missouri, thy rock-covered tide,
 And viewing below me the Indian skiff
 Dancing light o'er thy billows in magical pride;
 And surveying afar, through the light misty air,
 Thy waves rudely foaming o'er ridges of blue,
 And wishing, full often, though vainly, to share,
 This prospect of pleasure, dear Mary, with you.
 Oh! were we but there, how we'd traverse the cliffs,
 And bound o'er the stream, like the deer of the glen;
 In the cool of the day, we would paddle our skiffs,
 And rove o'er the mountains again and again.
 But we're far, very far, from our dear woodland home:
 Those blest scenes of pleasure have faded from view;
 But often I seem in wild fancy to roam
 Through the dark shaded forests, dear Mary, with you.

B. H.

SONG, IN THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

I dinna fear, the news is true,
 'Tis seen in ilka face;
 Neighbours wha scaercely spake before,
 How kindly they embrace!

There was nae trade in our town,
 Sin' war began to blaw,

Our very markets wore a gloom,
An' specie fled awa.

Soon we'll hae ships an' siller baith,
Prosperity again
Shall smile upon our happy land,
An' we will plough the main.

To ev'ry quarter of the world,
Our mariners shall go,
An' wae be to the saucy knave,
Wha treats them as a foe.

Now Yankie lads their discontents
Sae prudently will smother,
An' when they meet a southern blade,
Ca' him a friend and brother.

For interest, sweet interest
So powerfully can draw,
Nor doubt it, since without it,
Our virtues look sae sma.

John Bull and brother Jonathan
Hae had a hearty bout,
And here and there and every whare,
Hae fairly fought it out.

Till tir'd wi' warsling up and down,
It gie's us joy to see
How they shake hands like honest men,
Sae ready to agree.

When next they mean to break a lance,
As chosen friends will jar,
The mickle folks on either side,
May they sustain the war.

And let the nations baith stand by,
Regardless o' their din,
To see their manly valour tried,
An' tell wha first will rin.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To our correspondents in general, without discrimination, specification, or reserve, we tender our thanks for their recent favours. Of articles of genuine and solid worth—the substantial of literature, calculated to give character and weight to a miscellany, our supply has been as abundant as at any former period. Nor against the *lighter* sons and daughters of song—for in these piping and merry-making times of peace, we are pleased to find that both males and females join to swell the gratulatory chorus—would it be either generous or just in us to enter a complaint. There are, however, two descriptions of composition, of which an augmented proportion would be highly acceptable—the weightier kinds of fugitive poetry, and the less grave and ponderous kinds of prose—something of a middle nature, equally remote from “untangible levity,” and “insupportable onerosity,”—on which fancy may riot and taste regale itself, while reason and judgment shall find no cause to revolt—something in which, though food for mirth may not be very plenteously and professedly served up, it may not be sternly and sedulously withheld. Well written papers containing matter such as this, which, like ornaments and side dishes on a well furnished table, is altogether necessary to fill up the chinks and cavities of a miscellany, would be thankfully received.

To be more specific: the prose articles to which we allude, should consist of bon mots and anecdotes, curious and interesting facts, effusions of wit and specimens of humour, pleasant and well told though sensible stories, affecting narratives, fables and fictions favourable to morality, allegories, essays on subjects of general interest, accounts of curiosities, fragments of natural history written in a plain and easy style, with every thing else contained in that wide and well stored field of popular literature, the extent of which our readers perfectly comprehend, and which many of our correspondents are capable of cultivating with advantage and effect.—For papers thus made up we would be exceedingly grateful. For, although, much to the honour of the American people, we know them to be *reasoners* rather than *simperers*, and have never hesitated to act towards them accordingly; yet we also

know, that they are fond of relaxing into an occasional smile, and even of shaking their sides with laughter; and we are desirous of furnishing them with incentives to both. In our attempts to accomplish this we must rely on, and therefore earnestly solicit the aid of, our correspondents, especially the light troops of our literary corps.

Quid silet—Let the classical scholar supply the remainder of the sentence, and translate it to suit himself.—Our meaning in plain English is, whence proceeds the silence of Horace in Philadelphia? Has *he* too, like our friend Quevedo, quarrelled with his Muse? Does the applause of those whom his numbers charmed possess in return no charms for him? Or does he find in the smiles of some “fairy-formed” American divinity, an object of devotion more attractive than in the favours of all the Grecian Nine? As “silence gives consent,” the question must be decided by future occurrences.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF RICHARD DALE, JUNIOR, MIDSHIPMAN IN
THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

IT is not without sentiments of admiration and sincere sorrow that we speak of this amiable and gallant but unfortunate young man. Brief as was the span of his life, and simple its story, he has left behind him a name and a remembrance that will perish only with the history of his country. He fell in the full display of that exalted heroism which the occasion required, in one of the most memorable and glorious conflicts—an American frigate against a British squadron!—that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. His eulogy is the tears and applause of his commander, mingled with those of his surviving associates, and even of a generous enemy among whom it was his fortune to breathe his last. In all his privations—distance from his paternal roof—the absence of those relatives whose affections and care would have poured balm into his wounds—in pain and in suffering, he betrayed no weakness, but maintained unshaken till his expiring

moment, the firmness and magnanimity of an American officer. Though his ashes repose on a foreign shore, his monument will be found in the records of his country, and in the hearts of all who commiserate misfortune and admire gallantry.

With a mere change of phraseology suited to the subject, seldom have those pathetic and oft-repeated lines of the poet

"By foreign hands his manly form inurned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd,"

been more literally verified than in the case of Mr. Dale. This assertion derives ample support from the following obituary notice, contained in a Bermuda Gazette of the 25th of February.

"DIED, on Thursday, at Stennetts's Hotel, in the prime of youth, Mr. DALE, late a midshipman of the President frigate, and son of commodore Dale of the United States navy. This young gentleman was severely wounded in the late engagement, and though sanguine hopes were at first entertained of his recovery, he has fallen another victim to this unnatural war, unspeakably lamented by his brother officers, and deeply regretted by all here who witnessed his exemplary behaviour and patience under his sufferings. His remains were interred in the burial ground of St. George's Church, to which they were followed by a long train of his countrymen, of the officers of the garrison, of the navy, and a number of the gentlemen of the town. A pathetic and very appropriate discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Hudson; and the last honours were paid over the grave of the young officer by a division of the garrison battalion."

But it was not alone at the time of his death, nor over the turf which covers him, that honours were paid to the memory of young Dale. He had been a member of that corps of youthful and gallant spirits whom the threatening aspect of the times threw together last summer in the form of a military association, under the denomination of the Washington Guards. As it is the peculiar characteristic of the brave to be softened and subdued by the misfortunes of others, while they meet their own with unshrinking magnanimity, no sooner had the news of his untimely end reached the ears of his former associates in arms, many of whom

had been his early and intimate friends, than their hearts were penetrated with sympathy and sorrow. In commemoration of the merits of their brave young countryman, the third company of Guards to which he had immediately belonged, met at a short notice, and adopted unanimously the following resolutions.

Resolved, that we deeply lament the death of our late friend, companion, and fellow member, midshipman Richard S. Dale, who died of a wound received in the service of his country, and that we sympathise sincerely with his relatives in the misfortune which they have sustained by the loss of one whose heart was the residence of every social and domestic virtue.

Resolved, that as a tribute of respect to the memory and virtues of our departed friend, the members of this company wear crape on the left arm for one month.

Resolved, that the above resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city.

R. BIDDLE, Chairman.

R. McCLINTOCK, Secretary.

We have only to add, what all who knew him will heartily attest, that Mr. Dale possessed unusual beauty and amiability of countenance, and was in person among the stoutest and portliest of men. Powerful and unusually hardy in body, active in mind, and enterprising in spirit, had it pleased Heaven to prolong his life, he gave ample promise that he would one day prove an ornament to the American navy.

"Some feelings," says the poet of the Highlands, in one of his happiest and most inspired moments,

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than Heaven;
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an Angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed,
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

To the soul of true and manly sensibility, equally free from the grossness of earth are the feelings which a pious and gallant

father experiences, and equally drossless and worthy of an angel's cheek the tears which he sheds, when he bends over the bier of a gallant son, who, ere the gristle of youth has hardened into manhood, has fought, and bled, and died for his country.

Loved and lamented youth, farewell! Light be the sod and evergreen its covering, which reposes on thy breast! May the spiciest gales of the pleasantest of islands—that indescribable fairy-land, where “Shakspeare has wandered and Waller has sung,”—augment their fragrance, as they flit gently along, from the shrubs and flowers that bloom around thy grave! And may that hallowed spot, which will oft be resorted to by the honourable and the brave, prove to Britons and Americans as they visit it together, a lasting monument of the horrors of war, and a convincing monitor that between two nations, the same in origin and language, religion and manners, the ties of nature, which are the mandate of God, enjoin the preservation of perpetual peace.



Boyd sc

Lieut. Col. Croghan.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1815.

No. VI.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MILITARY AND NAVAL ANECDOTES.

MILITARY SECRECY.

AN essential characteristic of an able captain, is to be completely master of his own secrets. If a commander's views be known to his officers they may become known to his enemy. The fewer his confidants, therefore, the more secure will be his plans, and the more efficient his movements.

General Brown, though enamoured of social intercourse as a man, is remarkable, as a commander, for retiring within himself, and consulting his pillow rather than his friends. This trait in the general's character was manifested on several occasions in his Canadian campaign of 1814. He crossed the river Niagara with his army on the night of the 2d of July; yet so completely had he concealed his intentions, that his officers, unsuspecting of the meditated movement, had made arrangements for celebrating the 4th on the American side of the strait, and had engaged company at dinner on the occasion. The 5th was celebrated on the plains of Chippewa.

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The immediate consequence of this dexterous concealment was, the surprise and capture of Fort Erie without bloodshed.

On the 17th of September following, under such a depth of secrecy did General Brown plan and execute, as completely to surprize the works of general Drummond in open day. Nothing could more decisively evince the superior generalship of the American commander. Superiority in action is attributable in part to the bravery, discipline, and firmness of the soldiery But an ascendancy in planning and movement is a proof of superior talents in the commanding general.

A BRITISH OFFICER.

When the British commandant of Fort Erie was about to surrender his post to general Brown, he made his proposals for a capitulation to major (now colonel) Jesup, who led the van of the American army. His terms were equally brief and singular. Totally regardless of his reputation in arms, and actuated solely by a mercenary spirit, his only request was, that he and his brother officers might be suffered to retain their baggage and effects. The retention of side arms, the honours of war, and every thing dear to the pride of a soldier were forgotten in the sordid cupidity of gain.

How different was the conduct of a brave young American, who was captured at the fall of Charleston in our revolutionary war? Being politely asked by a British officer, if there were any articles of property he particularly wished to retain, he replied with firmness, pointing to his sword "if I could be indebted to an enemy for any thing, it would be for *that*, which I might hereafter use in defence of my country."

MILITARY COURTESY.

When major general Ryal, who was made prisoner at the battle of Niagara, proffered his sword, in token of submission, to colonel Jesup, who commanded the capturing party, the generous young American courteously declined accepting it, with the complimentary observation, that he could not deprive of his sword an officer who had worn it with such distinguished honour.

On the following day, when Jesup was sitting in his tent, smarting under his wounds, Ryal entered, and after eulogising his conduct as an officer, thanking him for his magnanimity, and expressing his regret at the injuries he had sustained in battle, begged his acceptance, as a favour to himself, of the same sword which he had refused when he might have claimed it by right of conquest.—It is a plain gold-hilted sabre, with a blade unadorned by any figures, lettering, or device, but of the finest metal and most exquisite polish.

AN AMERICAN SERGEANT.

In the battle of Niagara, such was the carnage among col. Jesup's officers, that he was obliged to place his standard in the hand of a sergeant, whose name, we think, was Fitch. While the colours, pierced with about seventy balls, were waving in the hand of this brave fellow, a shower of grape-shot coming from the enemy, cut the staff into three pieces. Fitch deliberately gathering up the scattered fragments, turned to Jesup, who was near him, and said with a smile, "Look, colonel, how they have cut this." In a moment afterwards, a ball passed through his body. But even that was insufficient to move him. Alike powerful in person and resolute in mind, he neither fell nor flinched; but continued to wave his mutilated standard, until, becoming faint with the loss of blood, he was forced to resign it into the hands of another.

Fitch recovered from his wound, and his good conduct being reported to the secretary of war, he was promoted to a second lieutenancy, his commission bearing date from the day on which he had thus distinguished himself.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

In the same battle, colonel Jesup suspecting that his troops had expended nearly all their cartridges, passed along the rear of the line, to make inquiry as to the fact. Several soldiers who lay mortally wounded, some of them actually in the agonies of death, hearing the inquiry, forgot for a moment, in their devotion to their country, both the pain they endured and the approach of death, and called out, each one

for himself, "Here are cartridges in my box, take and distribute them among my companions."

A soldier in the line exclaimed to his commander "my musket is shot to pieces."—His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at the distance of a few feet, replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

It is no extravagance to assert, that an army of such men, commanded by officers of corresponding merit is literally invincible.

On one occasion during the late war on our frontiers the two hostile armies were, for a short time, so situated, that their out-centinels were within gun-shot of each other. To prevent unnecessary bloodshed and alarm, orders were given to the centinels not to fire, unless some suspicious movements should be discovered. Under these circumstances, an American and a British soldier began to rate and rally each other from their posts. The Englishman being the more experienced of the two in this mode of warfare, threw himself into a posture and made use of language too insulting for the American to bear. The latter, accordingly, after warning his antagonist, without effect, not to repeat the insult, fired at and actually wounded him while in one of his offensive attitudes. An alarm being thus given and mischief done not only unnecessarily but contrary to orders, the American soldier was put under arrest, and called to a rigid account for his conduct. When under examination he made a frank confession of the whole affair, observing at the same time to his officer "Sir, I am sensible that I disobeyed orders, and I knew it at the time. If my conduct, therefore, deserve it, I will submit without a murmur to be shot by my friends; but while I can raise a musket I'll never bear to be insulted by my enemies."

On a representation of the facts to the British commander, the American soldier escaped punishment at his particular request, and even received from a generous enemy a complimentary acknowledgment of his manly spirit and nice sense of honour.

In a skirmish during the late war, before a fort on our north-western frontier, between a body of Kentucky volunteers and a few

hundred British regulars and Indians, a militia-man well known about Lexington for his strength and prowess, and dexterity as a boxer, had fired from his rifle his last bullet. In this almost defenceless condition he was attacked by a British soldier nearly as large as himself, armed with a musket and bayonet. Unfitted for contending with his antagonist *en militaire*, too stubborn to retreat, and determined not to surrender, the hardy Kentuckian resolved to rely on the arms which nature had given him. He accordingly sprang on his foe with too much suddenness to receive either his fire or his bayonet, seized him by the throat, and without even waiting to disarm him, dragged him a prisoner, with all his accoutrements, into the fort.

To render the transaction the more remarkable, the American did not lose his rifle in the contest; but entered the gateway carrying her in one hand and leading his sturdy antagonist in the other!! It appeared that on first seizing the Englishman he had tripped up his heels, and then granted him his life on the condition of his following him without further resistance.

A MILITARY VISION

During one of our wars with Great Britain, an American commander, of daring courage and high distinction, lay encamped before a British fort, which, after reconnoitering and having consulted his officers, he determined to attempt to carry by assault. Arrangements were accordingly made for the enterprise. On the morning of a certain day the assault, which was evidently of very doubtful issue, was to be attempted.

On the preceding night, the American commander, full of solicitude for the events of the next day, retired to rest. During his sleep a vision appeared to him, awful, magnificent, and indescribably impressive.

Between him and the hostile post arose a spacious palace of great height and inconceivable splendor. From the top of it, surrounded by a dark cloud was seen the face of the Almighty regarding him with a frown. To the right, as if coming out of the palace, appeared his aged father, who had been dead for several years, dressed in a coat which he had been accustomed to wear, and followed by a favourite dog that had long been his attendant

in his walks around his farm. This venerable shade, with a placid countenance and a look of kindness, advanced towards his son, but, without stopping or speaking, passed slowly by him, directing his course towards the rear of the camp.

The general awoke in the utmost agony and perturbation of mind. The vision was felt by him as an awful reality. He drew from it a two-fold lesson, conveyed to him in symbols clear and irresistible. In the frown of the Almighty, appearing in his front, he perceived a rebuke for his temerity in meditating an attack on a fortress that was impregnable to him, while the shade of his father, to show him that he was not deserted by Providence, had marshalled him the course which it was at once his interest and duty to pursue. He resolved in a moment to obey the admonition. Accordingly, in the morning, instead of persevering in his plan for attacking the fort, he issued his orders to prepare for a retreat. His officers obeyed without reluctance; for, although enamoured of danger, and prodigal of their blood, they were not insensible that the result of their meditated enterprize was extremely doubtful.

Having relinquished his design on the fort, in consequence of the interdicting frown of the Most High, the general's next object was to act in perfect obedience to what he supposed to be the meaning of the other part of his vision. Hence, with as little delay as possible, he marched his army in the direction designated by the movement of his father's image. But a short time had elapsed before events occurred to convince him still further of the reality of the high and solemn injunctions conveyed to him in his sleep. Two signal victories over his enemy, which he soon afterwards gained, were the result of his compliance with what he has never ceased to consider as an unequivocal disclosure of the will of heaven.

Several of the general's future measures, although disapproved of by others at the time as unnecessarily and indiscreetly daring and hazardous, were adopted in consequence of the same belief, and pursued with a firmness which did not escape the charge of temerity. Nor did one of them fail to eventuate in success.

This is no fiction; but a correct account of an event in the life of a distinguished officer.

CAPTURE OF THE FRIGATE PRESIDENT.

Admiral Hotham and those of his command who lately visited New London, spoke of this affair in a manner highly honourable to them as men and officers. They frankly declared it to be the joint work of a British squadron, after a resistance by the American that was altogether unprecedented.

One of these gentlemen, in conversing with an American officer on the subject, emphatically observed, "I hope, sir, you will do us the justice to believe, that we take to ourselves no credit for the capture of the *President*. She was made the prize of the squadron; and had it not been for the vessels in company, the *Endymion* would have been her prize. We are pleased at having captured the frigate, because she is a fine ship, and the British people will be gratified with looking at her; but the event adds nothing to our naval renown." This was an instance of true magnanimity—the brave doing honour to the brave.

Touching this affair, the British historians, themselves will not fail to do justice to Decatur and his companions in arms. Those of his own country, to whose name he has added glory, and for whose pens he has furnished a mass of materials of such weight and lustre, cannot be suspected of an intention to wrong him. Ed.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.**INTERESTING NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.**

THE marquis de la Fayette, is one of the few living actors of our revolution. Most of the worthies of that important period repose in the grave, or tremble on its brink. To their sons and to our latest posterity it belongs to cherish their memories and record their virtues. As an American, penetrated with gratitude and admiration for the rare services of the subject of this memoir, it cannot be thought obtrusive, I hope, to place before my countrymen certain passages in his life, which have never

yet been published, and to connect them with other notices of this illustrious man, so as to form a brief sketch of his eventful history.

La Fayette, descended from one of the first families in France, possessed of a large fortune, and married at the early age of nineteen to the woman of his heart, had the courage to abandon his home, its comforts, and its mistress, at the call of Freedom's voice, and to sacrifice all those charms, at the very outset of life, to the higher claims of a laudable ambition. It was no ordinary mind that could resolve upon such a step. Not yet twenty years of age, this "noble phenomenon" addressed himself to the American commissioners at Paris, and offered his personal services in our cause. Franklin and his colleague received his offer with eagerness. Scarcely, however, had he made the proposal when news arrived in France, that the remnant of the American forces, reduced to two thousand insurgents, as they were called, had fled towards Philadelphia through the Jerseys, before an army of thirty thousand regulars. This news was a death-blow to the little credit which we still retained in Europe, and prevented the commissioners from procuring a vessel to convey the marquis hither. They confessed to him their inability to aid his enterprise, and advised him to delay its prosecution until some more propitious moment should occur. But he was not to be discouraged by these difficulties. The flame of liberty glowed in his breast, and being bent upon sharing in our glorious struggle, however desponding our situation might appear, he told the commissioners that the lower the fortunes of the American people, the more acceptable would be his services; and in the true spirit of heroism, concluded thus: "Since you cannot get a vessel, I shall purchase and fit out one to carry your despatches to congress and myself to America." A ship was accordingly purchased and equipped, and although overtaken by an order from his court, forbidding him to proceed, he embarked and arrived at Charleston in the year 1777.

Congress, elated, encouraged, and flattered by an auxiliary of so much spirit and of such promise, appreciated very highly the risks he had already ran, and those he offered to encounter in common with themselves, and passed the following resolve:

“Whereas the marquis de la Fayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connexions, and at his own expense come over to offer his service to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risk his life in our cause:—Resolved, that his service be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connexions, he have the rank and commission of major general in the army of the United States.”

The marquis received this mark of approbation with great condescension, and yet not without exacting two conditions, which partake at once of independence and modesty. He stipulated first, that he should be permitted to serve at his own expense, and next, that he should begin his services as a volunteer. Having joined the army, he lived in the family of general Washington, and there laid the foundation of that mutual esteem and friendship, which continued ever after to increase.

Being ordered into Virginia in the course of the campaign, he gave at *Chadeford* the first proof of his valour. On the spot where the efforts of the enemy were greatest, he received a wound in his leg, but instead of quitting the field, he remained in the midst of danger, rallying the Americans both by his words and his example. Each historian of those days has recorded his movements in the various parts of the continent. The writer of this sketch does not propose to relate them in detail; it is sufficient, at present, to say, that his services were active and constant until the month of January, 1779, when, by permission of the American government, he embarked for France in their frigate the *Alliance*.

On his arrival at Paris, the same zeal for the United States governed all his actions. Without any regular authority from congress, he sat about soliciting assistance in troops, in money, and in clothing, taking upon himself the entire responsibility of these measures. The succours thus procured were various and important; and having at length prevailed upon the French court to enter heartily into our quarrel, and obtained from it a promise to dispatch to our ports a formidable fleet and army, he again took shipping for America. General Washington received him with open arms at head quarters on the 12th of May 1780. His heart need-

ed some such balm, for our affairs were not then in a prosperous train. The joyful news brought by his illustrious friend, buoyed up the flagging spirit of the father of America. Congress, no less grateful than the commander in chief, passed a very honourable resolve concerning him, without hinting, however, at the intelligence he had brought; whilst the people, totally ignorant of his last services, expressed the greatest joy at his return.

His subsequent career in America was no less distinguished by his valour and judgment, than his generous solicitude for the comfort of the troops he commanded. On one occasion particularly, when the credit of congress was so low that nothing could be obtained upon its promises, he borrowed on his own responsibility of the merchants of Baltimore, the sum of two thousand guineas, for which he gave his private obligations, and purchased shoes with this amount for his bare-footed soldiers. At the memorable siege of York-town, his exertions were of the utmost use, for it is believed that without his interference and personal application to the count de Grasse, that nobleman would have sailed from the Chesapeake to meet the English, who were watching an opportunity to fight him, and thus have abandoned the blockade of the besieged town, without which it could never have been taken.

Soon after the capture of lord Cornwallis's army, the marquis finding the field for military operations very much narrowed, and thinking he might more effectually aid us in Europe than on this side of the Atlantic, obtained leave to embark again for France. In granting this request, congress resolved on the 23rd of November, 1781, "that on a review of his conduct throughout the past campaign, and particularly during the period in which he had the chief command in Virginia, the many new proofs which present themselves of his zealous attachment, vigilance, gallantry, and address in its defence, have greatly added to the high opinion entertained by congress of his merits and military talents; that the secretary of foreign affairs acquaint the ministers plenipotentiary of the United States, that it is the desire of congress that they confer with the marquis de la Fayette, and avail themselves of his information relative to the situation of public affairs in the United States." With this testimonial of love and gratitude, the marquis returned to his native country, where he continued his usual

exertions in favour of our cause, until the happy conclusion of the war, which he was the first to announce to the American government. His letter imparting this welcome news, was dated at Cadiz, whither he had gone for the purpose of joining a very powerful expedition assembled to act on our coast the ensuing summer.

No sooner did he see our independence established, and tranquillity restored again to Europe, than he gave his attention to the commercial relations of France and America. Addressing himself to the ministry of Louis XVI, he obtained from them in favour of a company of merchants in Boston, the exclusive privilege of furnishing all the oil required for lighting the city of Paris. Upon this occasion he wrote to a gentleman in Boston, with whom he continued to correspond until his death, a letter in the English language which he understood perfectly well; a few extracts from which I insert here to show the singleness of his heart and simplicity of his style.

"I worked very hard to bring this about, and am happy in having at last obtained a point which may be agreeable to New-England and the people of Boston. I wish they may at large know I did not neglect their affairs; and although this is a kind of private bargain, yet, as it amounts to a value of above eight hundred thousand French livres, and government have been prevailed upon to take off all duties, it can be considered a matter of importance."

About this time the general assembly of Massachusetts passed a special act of naturalization in favour of the marquis and his family, and he writes to the same gentleman upon that subject as follows:

"To be naturalized a Massachusetts-man, as well as my posterity, will be one of the most honourable and the most pleasing circumstances of a life which is forever devoted to love and to serve your country."

Nor did his solicitude for the *public* welfare of America bound his exertions; for they were ever ready to aid our fellow citizens when distressed in Europe; and oftentimes even without being called upon. Some he rescued from poverty by opening to them his purse; others he counselled and defended. His protecting

arm stretched itself beyond the Pyrenees, and snatched the indiscreet American either from the fangs of the officer of the customs, or from the dark and unforgiving tribunals of the inquisition. His succour unhappily came too late upon one of these melancholy occasions, and his letter on that subject is an additional evidence of the correctness of his feelings and goodness of his heart.

“As soon as your letter came to hand, says the marquis, I addressed count de Florida Blanca, the Spanish prime minister, in behalf of Mr. H. Inclosed you will find his answer, and also the copy of an account given to Mr. Carmichael, whereby I am much affected to hear poor Mr. H. is no more. For fear of disgusting the minister with the application, I had in some measure refrained from exposing the horror I feel for the hellish tribunal; but it was superfluous, and I beg you will assure Mr. H's friends that I am heartily sorry not to have it in my power to give them a more agreeable account.”

In the year 1787 Boston was visited by a most disastrous fire, which destroyed the greater part of the south end of that town. As soon as the melancholy news reached Paris, the benevolent La Fayette desired his friend and correspondent Mr. B. of Boston, to draw upon him for three hundred pounds sterling, and to distribute that sum among the indigent sufferers. This noble charity, so characteristic of the munificence and goodness of that excellent man, was of the greatest benefit. It served to give bread and shelter to many reduced and houseless families, and coming in aid of other donations, was one of the principal means of restoring to them their lost comforts. Boston did not then, as at the present day, abound in men of wealth. The alms of its inhabitants were limited by their narrow means; and that town which now contains so many secure and magnificent edifices, was then built of such combustible materials that almost every accidental fire ended in a destructive conflagration.

A new era began to open upon France. The great revolution was at hand. The youthful, the heroic, the romantic La Fayette could not fail to attract the attention of his countrymen at this important period;—a period pregnant too with men of extraordinary parts. Yet vast as was the genius of many of those who stepped forth to regenerate that ill-fated land, and actuated as they were

by motives and systems the most opposite, they all united in fixing the marquis in the foremost rank. Already in the year 1787, when the notables of the kingdom were assembled, and the law prescribed a certain age for the admission of its members, La Fayette was elected and admitted, although some months younger than the requisite time; the law being suspended in his favour.

Two years after, when the national assembly was organized, with Mr. Bailly at its head, the marquis was elected general in chief of the whole militia of Paris. A vast army of citizen-soldiers gave him unsolicited their united suffrages. This was a rank, says Mr. Rabaut, worthy of the celebrated friend of Washington. To govern the enthusiasm that animated this newly emancipated people, required a temperate conduct; a middle line of behaviour, partaking neither of extreme indulgence nor extreme severity. La Fayette's disposition and experience both concurred to make him, under these circumstances, at once an efficient and a popular leader with the soldiery; for whenever he had to do with them, he could execute the laws and prevent excesses. Not so with the populace, whose barbarity occasioned disgust and horror. In vain did he endeavour to rescue the unfortunate Foulon and his son-in-law Berthier from their murderous grasp. His authority, his entreaties, his tears were disregarded; and the laws of the new government, as yet too feeble to restrain these atrocities, were unhappily often violated in his presence by the licentious inhabitants of the suburbs. On one occasion, however, he snatched with his own hands from an infuriate mob, and at the imminent risk of his life, a wretched man, just about being sacrificed to their rage.

Every moment of his existence now became the property of his country. One day we see him disciplining and commanding the National Guards, and the next presiding in the national assembly. Already had the Bastile been demolished, and its key sent by him to his friend, the great Washington; already had the bill of rights been formed principally by his agency, and the new constitution put in a train of adoption, when some jealousy between the militia and the body-guards, induced La Fayette to place himself at the head of fifteen thousand men and lead them to Versailles, where the court resided, and to keep them there as an army of observation, to watch over the movements of the populace, and

if necessary, to protect the royal family. Scarcely had he arrived at the castle, when he found it besieged by a multitude of noisy women and men disguised in female's clothes. They retired at his approach to repose during the night in the churches and various other places, and presuming every thing was safe, he quartered his troops on the inhabitants, and withdrew himself to his hotel after an anxious and fatiguing night, to write to the municipality of Paris, who were alarmed hourly by extravagant rumours. But before he had finished his letter, word was brought him that some evil spirits had reassembled the mob, and that it actually had possession of the palace. In a moment the marquis despatched his aids, who soon collected his troops, with which he drove the intruders from the castle. The least delay would have been fatal to the royal family. The queen had escaped from her room by a private door which led to the king's apartment; and scarcely had she left it when the ruffians entered over the bodies of her faithful guards. La Fayette's interposition saved her a second time from her pursuers. It is to be lamented that the state of the times did not permit him to gratify his love of justice, and perform to society a sacred duty, by punishing with immediate death this horde of miscreants. But unhappily the reins of the law were so slack that they escaped unhurt, and even returned to their homes and to Paris, carrying the heads of two of the body-guards upon their pikes.

The king, yielding to the wishes of the militia-soldiers, went the same day to Paris, accompanied by the queen and his children, and promised to make that city henceforward his principal residence. Here he remained amid the jarring of parties, and rude insults of his subjects, until the latter end of lent, when he gave out that he intended to pass the easter holy-days at St. Cloud. The Parisian mob, who had watched him with vexatious jealousy, had the audacity to oppose his departure, and La Fayette had once more the mortification to see the rabble triumph over the law; for after placing their majesties in their carriage, and loudly insisting upon their right to depart, he was obliged to yield to the clamours of the surrounding multitude, and to witness the return of the royal pair to their palace. The king, however, persisting in his right to leave Paris when he chose, set off for St. Cloud :

few days after. The marquis was then persuaded of the sincerity of Louis, and never doubted his intention to continue in France at the head of the new government: nor do I presume to asperse the character of that good and patriotic prince, by surmising that he ever meant to dissemble; but certain it is that, previous to his departure for the frontiers, on the 20th of June 1791, a strong suspicion was entertained throughout Paris, that he was contriving some plan of escape from his jailor-subjects, in order to join the emigrant princes on the Rhine. Then it became the duty of La Fayette, as commander of the national guards, to take precautionary measures against any such design. He did so: but they did not prove efficacious: yet he does not appear to have incurred any censure upon this occasion, or to have lost in any degree the confidence of the nation, since on the return of the king to the Thuilleries, when a special guard was appointed to watch him, the command of it was given to the marquis.

The turbulent times of the revolution were now fast approaching. The populace had increased in insolence, and instigated by those dangerous men who soon after gained the ascendancy, and usurped in rapid succession, the government of the country, began to create very great uneasiness in the minds of the real friends of France, who were principally the advocates of a limited monarchy, and the coadjutors of La Fayette. Santerre, a brewer in one of the suburbs, flattered the people, and pleased them more by his ungracious manners, than the accomplished and elegant deportment of the marquis. The levelling system had already shown itself, and every one who sustained the character of a gentleman, either by his manners or his dress, became unpopular. In the public papers it was proposed to abolish all pleasure carriages, and to oblige people either to walk or to go on horseback. The order of procession proposed was, that those on horses should walk at a slow pace, and follow in a straight line; nobody but a doctor or a surgeon was to be permitted to trot his horse in the streets. La Fayette and Bailly the mayor, were particularly aimed at in these strictures. The rising party called every decent indulgence, a shameful luxury, and became clamorous for the suppression of all coaches and other distinctive marks of elegance and comfort. *Danton*, who was just emerging from

darkness was strongly suspected at this period of having collected a mob at the *Champ de Mars* for the worst of purposes. The marquis accompanied by the mayor, marched an armed force against them. Many fruitless attempts were made to persuade this ignorant multitude to retire; but, mistaking, as is common on such occasions, the mild language of entreaty for fear, they assailed the commandant with a volley of stones. The humane La Fayette directed his troops to endeavour to intimidate them by firing without balls; they did so: but without effect: the shower of stones continued and was answered by a shower of bullets. The mob ran off in all directions, leaving about a dozen dead upon the field. The national assembly applauded the conduct of the marquis, and for a moment all insurrections were suppressed. Not long after he proposed to the legislature to pass an act of oblivion, and to put a stop to all proceedings against people suspected of revolutionary crimes.

By this time the king of Prussia had taken up arms against France, and threatened, in conjunction with a host of emigrants who were assembling on the borders of the Rhine, to overturn the new order of things at the point of the bayonet. It was thought necessary to form three large armies and to place them in opposition to the invaders. The command of which was given to the three most popular generals of the kingdom. At the head of this list stood the name of La Fayette. The marquis departed from Paris, and by proper exertions organized and disciplined a large body of troops. In the midst of these labours, his mind was distracted by the daily accounts brought from the capital of the constant and cruel persecution exercised toward the king by the Jacobin Club; a society that was fast gaining the ascendancy. La Fayette, alarmed for the safety of the chief magistrate, and fearful of losing through the rising influence of the anarchists, the noble work which he and the constituent assembly had so happily consummated, left his army in the most sudden manner, and appeared in the midst of the representatives of the nation. The limits of this sketch do not permit the writer to attempt even a faint description of the animated speech he pronounced on that occasion. Replete with energy and patriotism, it humbled for a moment the insolence of jacobinism. For a day or two the king and his constitutional

rights were respected; but the military duties of the marquis, obliging him to return to his camp, the savages, unrestrained by his presence, resumed their nefarious designs, and even dared to accuse the virtuous La Fayette of aiming at the protectorship of the empire. The assembly, however, had yet sufficient justice left, to absolve him from any such intention.

Heretofore we have seen our amiable and excellent friend successful in most of his projects; but, like all mortals, he was destined to meet with reverses, and reverses too of no ordinary kind. Raised to the first offices and honours in the state, a sudden cloud enveloped him, and the daring intrigues of his enemies at Paris, hurled him from his well-deserved eminence into the depths of a tyrant's dungeon. The jacobins, who never forgave him for exposing their villany to the people, resolved on his destruction. By arts the most diabolical, and accusations the most false, they prevailed upon the assembly to depute commissioners with authority to arrest him at the head of his army. Fortunately he had time to anticipate their design, and cause them to be stopt and imprisoned, while he escaped with a few faithful friends. Obligated thus to abandon the country for which he had done so much, for which he had sacrificed every thing, and which he loved so ardently, he directed his steps towards Germany; but scarcely had he put his foot upon the neutral dominions of Austria, when he was arrested by order of the emperor, who, contrary to the usages of all civilized nations, and in opposition to all public law, caused him to be chained and conducted to the castle of Olmutz, in one of the dungeons of which he was confined for four long years. But even here, immured as he was, and surrounded by obdurate jailors, his firm mind and quiet conscience sustained him: he bore his misfortunes with becoming resignation; nor was he altogether without external comfort. The American consul at Hamburg, John Parish, Esq. obtained leave to supply him with small sums of money, and Madame De La Fayette, and her two daughters were permitted to share his fate during the last year of his confinement. The tender affection of these three females speak volumes in praise of our unfortunate prisoner; and prove him to be no less exemplary as a husband and father, than as a patriot. They became his voluntary inmates in that gloomy for-

treachery, and helped to assuage by their touching sympathy those keener sorrows, which refused to yield to the voice of philosophy.

At length in October 1797, the emperor becoming ashamed of his injustice, affected to listen with a friendly ear to the solicitations of the American government, which were made through their consul at Hamburg, and consented to his enlargement, upon condition that Mr. Parish would engage that he should leave Germany in ten days. It is due to Mr. Barthelemy, who was then in the French directory, and perhaps the most worthy man in the French government, to mention, that he warmly solicited the deliverance of his friend La Fayette. Mr. Parish likewise deserves the greatest praise for his liberality, zeal, and kindness upon that occasion. The share which the American government had in the business is shown by the following correspondence: Ausub was tired of persecuting an innocent man, and glad to seize any opportunity to release him.—Mr. Parish addressed a letter on the 25th of August 1797, to the baron De Thurgut, minister of state of his imperial and royal majesty at Vienna, containing the following passage: "Mr. Rameuf will have the honour of acquainting your excellency with the dispositions that have been made towards procuring a vessel for the prisoners, on their arrival in this city (Hamburg) to facilitate their passage to America. I beg permission for Mr. Rameuf to offer to the prisoners, as well in my own name as in that of the United States, whatever assistance and care they may stand in need of at the moment of their enlargement."

To this letter the baron De Thurgut replies as follows: "the merchant Hirsch has been permitted to furnish, agreeably to your desire, the money necessary to defray the expenses that the family of La Fayette would be at for matters of convenience and pleasure. The baron De Buol, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the princes and state of Lower Saxony, will inform you of the particular deference of his majesty to the interest which the United States appear to take in the liberation of this prisoner." The same minister of state in a letter of the 13th of September 1797 to the Baron De Buol, speaks thus: "You will take care, Mr. Baron, to inform the American consul on this occasion that his majesty having made no positive engagement with the French respecting the enlargement of this prisoner—the motive of the par-

ticular interest that the United States of America appear to attach to it, has contributed not a little to engage his majesty in this beneficent action; that, for the rest—his majesty will be always happy in furnishing the United States of America, on all occasions, real marks of his friendship and benevolence.”

On the 19th of September 1797, the precious light of Heaven once more gladdened the heart of the much injured marquis. On that day his fetters were knocked off, and accompanied by his wife and daughters, he left his prison under the escort of an officer, who was to deliver him into the hands of our worthy consul. I cannot do better than give Mr. Parish's own words in relating the very interesting manner in which he was received at Hamburg.

“The marquis's departure from Olmutz, says that gentleman, was notified to Monsieur De Buol and myself, and I concerted measures for his being delivered over to me in my own house. Every thing was so arranged as to have the ceremony performed as quietly and secretly as possible; and the 4th of October was fixed for their being conveyed to my house. Mr. Morris and I dined that day with the minister, the baron De Buol. I left them at 4 o'clock in order to be at home when they arrived. An immense crowd of people announced their arrival. The streets were lined, and my house was soon filled with them. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. La Fayette led the way and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. A silence—an expressive silence took place. It was broken by an exclamation of, “my friend! my dearest friend! my deliverer! see the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself.” And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm imbrued with tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of the other. The scene was extremely affecting, and I was very much agitated. The room was full, and I am sure there was not a dry eye in it. I placed the marchioness upon a sofa: she sobbed and wept much, and could utter but few words. Again the marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind.—He is a very handsome man, in the prime of life, and seemed to have suffered but little from his confinement. It required a good quarter of an hour to compose him.

"In the midst of this scene, the minister joined us: I introduced the marquis and his family to him, and then requested that the ceremony about to be performed, might be in my private room, and desired that the rest of the company might remain where they were.

"The minister and his secretary, with the officer of the escort, Mr. Morris and the prisoner retired with me to an inner apartment, where Monsieur De Buol, after a very handsome address to the prisoner, stated the particular satisfaction he had in delivering him over to a friend who loved and respected him so much: he then addressed me, and after some flattering compliments, reminded me of my engagement to the emperor to have the marquis removed out of Germany in ten days, which I again promised to fulfil, when he told La Fayette that he was now completely restored to liberty.

"I had provided lodgings for them at Altona, but the gates being shut they remained all night in town. Next day the whole party, with a number of other friends dined with me at my country house. It was a charming day: I never saw an assemblage of more pleasant countenances. The garden was filled with people whom curiosity had drawn there from town, and who had every opportunity of seeing the illustrious family that had excited their sympathy; nor did they quit the place until the carriages drove off. The next day but one, these interesting exiles went to Weismoldt, a little town in Holstein, where they will remain for the winter."

Mr. Parish's advances were very considerable; but the reign of terror having ceased in France, the marquis had leave to return and gather up the fragments of his fortune: in addition to which the congress of the United States, passed a law in march 1803, directing the secretary of war to issue land warrants to major general La Fayette for eleven thousand five hundred and twenty acres of land, which was no more than an equivalent for that very pay he had refused to receive for his services during our revolutionary war.

The marquis now resides near Paris, in the enjoyment of good health, and, I believe, a tolerable competency. Long may he live through days of unclouded serenity, conscious of his own rectitude, and soothed by the affections of his family. Long may

he, amid the tranquil scenes which now surround him, derive augmented happiness by contrasting them with the stormy times of injustice and tyranny, which he encountered with so much fortitude. His labours have merited the esteem and love of both hemispheres: his illustrious name will be venerated by posterity; for his virtues and his deeds have distinguished it in an age "when extensive celebrity is no trifling possession; when the world appears to have conspired for the destruction of mediocrity, and is agreed to repulse with contempt the ambitious pretenders, that besiege on all sides the temple of renown." S. B.

THE ADVERSARIA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WOMAN.—As the fair are endowed with every charm to captivate and to persuade, it is of the greatest consequence to the happiness of a nation, that they exert their powerful influence in the cause of virtue. The illustrious Montesquieu has said, in his immortal work, that when the women become corrupt, the manners of a nation are lost.* It is certain that they hold a despotic empire over the fashionable world, and give the *ton* to the times. When they deviate from the natural dignity of their character, from the native dignity of modesty, so commanding yet so amiable, they may be considered as principal instruments in corrupting and ruining a nation. A profligate woman affects the amiable and reflecting moralist with more disgust than a profligate man, as it is more repugnant to that purity and delicacy which is naturally to be expected in the softer sex. Nothing to him is so angelic and lovely as female beauty and virtue, and nothing so hideous and deformed as female depravity and vice. When, therefore, the majority of the women of any country becomes dissipated, faithless to the marriage vow, rapacious and vain, we

* Il y a tant d'imperfections attachées à la perte de la vertu, dans les femmes, toute leur ame en est si fort dégradée, ce point principal ôté en fait tomber tant d'autres que l'on peut regarder dans un état populaire l'incontinence publique comme le dernier des malheurs, et la certitude d'un changement dans la constitution.

De *L'Esprit des Loix*, ch. 8.

may justly consider the morals of the people to be corrupted in the highest degree. Banish modesty, that queen of the virtues, from the earth, and you destroy every sentiment that is noble and pure; without her generous influence and magic refinements, mankind sink into brutes.

The morals and principles of women are, consequently, of the greatest importance to the well-being of a state, as they affect in so great a degree the general manners of the people.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.—The writings of the vain and conceited sophists who arose in Greece, whose Philosophy was imported into Rome, and who disseminated principles which were extremely pernicious to the welfare and peace of mankind, were the offspring of vanity and presumption: these philosophers, if they deserve so respectable a name, were actuated by motives very similar to those which influence the moderns of the same school. The fever of ambition, the desire of distinction, which sometimes inspires the literary hero, is often as fatal to the repose of mankind as the military ardor which impels the conqueror to carry devastation and terror over the world, in search of laurels and of triumphs. Every consideration is sacrificed to vanity and fame; and the praise of men, by people of this stamp, is preferred to the approbation of Heaven. The most effectual method, therefore, to gratify this restless passion, and to obtain the admiration of the crowd, is to attack every thing which the world had hitherto deemed sacred and venerable in religion and in morals. To endeavour to confound the distinctions of right and wrong, to mislead and to corrupt the giddy populace by the boldness and the novelty of their assertions, is a sure way to be conspicuous for a time, and to live in the mouths of men; and paradoxes, absurdities, cynic arrogance, and obscenity, will too often, in a vicious age, gain more applause than the sublime productions of genius and virtue. The epigrams of a buffoon, the whining elegy, and the flimsy novel, will be read with avidity in frivolous times, while Homer and Milton, and Demosthenes and Burke, will be neglected: for luxury and vice have a tendency to corrupt and debilitate the mind as well as the body: to contaminate our intellectual taste, as well as our moral perceptions; and, when we

want energy and purity of soul to comprehend the vast and grand, or to be charmed with the delicate and elegant compositions of true genius, we, from the mere depravity of our faculties, delight to feed upon the disgusting garbage, or the impertinent conceits, of the literary profligates of the day, the immoral and puny writers of a degenerate age; and there is nothing, perhaps, so fatal to the morals of a nation as corrupt and vicious literary productions, as they diffuse their influence over a large space, and affect all ranks and descriptions of men.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.—“The Mysteries” and “the Italian” are pieces of a very similar nature. They both profess to speak to the imagination and the passions; and produce their effects by dark shades of character, terrific incident, and picturesque description. In both, Mrs. Radcliffe is peculiarly happy in her delineation of guilt; tracing its various progress in the soul, exhibiting its powers over the features, and rendering in some of her personages the very *conscience* visible.

Her monks and her nuns pass, in succession, before us, tintured with the deepest stains of depravity: and, whether we visit the palace or the cottage, we meet the perfidious plotter, or the scowling assassin. In her portraits of virtue and innocence, Mrs. Radcliffe almost invariably fails, particularly in “the Italian.” We say this, comparing her with herself; for the virtuous characters of Mrs. R. would do honour to the abilities of an inferior writer. In the mean time, the wildness, the mysterious horror of many situations and events in Mrs. R. are rather German than English: they partake of Leonora’s spirit; they freeze: they “curdle up the blood.” They are always improbable: they are, apparently, supernatural. They bring us to the very confines of the other world; and we fancy that we are plunged into the gloom, “where spectres only glide;” and can no otherwise account for strange appearances, and singular transactions. Thus we proceed until the development takes place. But then, we never see the veil of mysteriousness drawn aside to our perfect satisfaction. Something supernatural still remains: and, at the close of the story, we look back, through the whole, as through a moonlight haze; as through the coloured atmosphere of a Gilpin.

With the scenery of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances we have been almost uniformly delighted. It is not only magnificent and beautiful in itself, but it possesses the high merit of being characteristic of the country where it is supposed to be copied. In proportion as this can be ascertained, it engages the attention of those who despise or disregard the mere effusions of the imagination. We often, however, perceive a description to be overcharged; and we are frequently displeased by the recurrence of images too striking to be soon forgotten; especially by sun-risings and sun-settings, diversified as they may be, by clouds and mountains, woodlands and plains, seas and rivers.

ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS — The general resemblance that subsists between the arts, is not confined to their operation and effects, but is visible in their very origin. By tracing them to their source, we shall find, that they were universally means suggested by necessity, for the alleviation of the wants of mankind. The first efforts of this urgent motive, display the rudiments of almost every invention, which the refinements of succeeding ages have improved into an ornament of polished life. Vitruvius could discern the principles of architecture in a cottage; and the rude songs and coarse drawings by which barbarous nations record their sports and triumphs, present us with the dawnings of those arts which enlighten the most advanced periods of civil society.

The want of letters, in the early ages, precluded every method of giving a permanent form to the fluctuating ideas of the mind, but by an immediate address to the senses; and painting was the expedient first adopted for the attainment of this end. The moral and religious precepts of the Egyptian sages were conveyed by painted symbols, to which they annexed peculiar ideas; and it was by these natural characters alone, that a correspondence could be maintained, or the account of any memorable event transmitted to posterity. But the explanation of ideas, by emblematic signs, was not peculiar to that sagacious people. It was, probably, used in the infancy of Greece and Rome. In the former, it was, certainly, once the same thing to paint as to write; as the language, copious as it was, afforded but one expression for both. In the latter, it is recorded by its own historians, that it was usual for those, who had been shipwrecked, to

carry with them a painted representation of their misfortunes, as a readier method of exciting compassion, than the most pathetic recital of them.

Though the reference of poetry to the wants of mankind, does not appear to have been so direct as that of the other arts, yet it has, indisputably, a high claim to antiquity. Its first descriptions were, probably, confined to the external beauties of nature, or to such circumstances or events as had been exhibited within its own view. But the relation between the senses and the cadence of numbers, and the assistance afforded by the ear to the memory, did not long escape observation. We accordingly find that at a very early period in history, the most remarkable and interesting occurrences were related in verse, and priests, legislators, and philosophers adopted poetry as the language of instruction.

INFLUENCE OF DESPOTISM: FEATURES OF THE MOORISH CHARACTER.—Among rude nations, while property is insecure or undivided, the same degree of turpitude is not attached to the same crimes as in civilized countries; but there is generally a frankness and sincerity of character which is not found in a declining state in the same degree of ignorance. Friendship and fidelity are produced by oppression, which at first unites men more firmly for their mutual defence: but when despondence seizes the general mass, the character of man embitters with the pain he endures; every virtue, even humanity itself, is destroyed, and society is as easily dissolved as among those tribes who acknowledge no ruler. Thus, among the Moors of Barbary, depressed from their former glory by inveterate oppression, distrust and malevolence have eradicated the natural sense of right and wrong; the opinion of general perfidy prevails; all wish to oppress and plunder, as they have been oppressed and plundered, and consider detection as the only misfortune. *A dismal uncertainty broods over life, which impairs the greatest energy of the mind, and stifles every voluntary exertion.* Men dread to give scope to their natural feelings, because they feel nothing but pain; influenced by some obscure hopes of happiness, like their flocks, they are driven along through life, without any fixed intention or object, and, like these,

attempt to snatch a little enjoyment as they pass. Thus we may perceive how naturally despotism by the same process produces a ferocity and a voluptuousness of character; how it equally chills the heart and palsies the understanding, causing an apathy as well as an absence of thought, which soon subside in the dejection of meanness, and the debility of vice. But despotism is as weak as it is violent; it never possesses more than half the power which it pretends to exercise; its motions are irregular and convulsive, which exhaust their power by their own violence, and are only useful for destruction; now all is spasmodic energy, now all is inaction and death. In this state of society, it is fortunate that something like religion should prevail to stop the violence of bloody and rapacious tyranny, to disarm private vengeance, and reduce to mortal strength the iron arm of power. The veneration paid to the Marabouts among the Moors, is only useful in this view, for the intolerance and irrationality of the Mahometan religion not only check the progress of truth, but, by sanctioning the seclusion of females, deprives man of his dearest happiness, and supplants the most powerful support of social order, the free and innocent intercourse of the sexes. The apparent imbecility of understanding, which is venerated as a kind of inspiration, destroys in a great measure the utility of the Marabouts, though it increases their licentiousness. The mutual distrust in which the Moors live, increases their natural sagacity in penetrating the designs and characters of each other, as well as the low cunning which they display in all their transactions. But this excessive distrust renders them as capricious as deceitful; for when suspicion agitates the mind, its resolutions will vary with every change of circumstances, and temporary shifts are substituted readily in the stead of the *best arranged* measures.

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CHARACTER OF ACHILLES.—In the following remarks from the pen of one of the most accomplished critics of the Gallic school, we find a picture of the hero of the Iliad, in which he is represented in a far more interesting light than he is usually regarded.

The character of Achilles is the finest production of Epic poetry. It is the effect of admirable address in the poet to have given

this young hero the certainty that he was to perish before the walls of Troy. In vain is it for him to spread death all around him; he may find it at every step; and though he cannot meet a conqueror, he is sure of marching to death. His youth, his beauty, a goddess for his mother,—all these advantages which he sacrificed to glory, when he voluntarily accepted a premature and inevitable end, all serve to diffuse around him that lustre and interest which belong to extraordinary men. What a noble and sublime idea, to make the repose of a warrior the action of an Epic poem! That single conception would be sufficient to characterize a man of genius. Every event in the Iliad is disposed to aggrandize the hero; and every thing which is great about him elevates him still more. Into what profound grief is he thrown by the loss of his friend, the companion of his infancy! Vengeance made him quit arms; vengeance alone can make him resume them. It is not Greece that he wishes to serve, it is Patroclus whom he resolves to revenge. He still weeps over Patroclus, while dragging in the dust the dead body of his murderer; and with the tears of friendship he mingles those of rage. But he weeps also when restoring to the aged Priam the body of his unfortunate son; he melts into pity over that ill-fated old man, and still menaces even while he pities. From that mixture, accordingly, of sensibility and fury, of ferocity and tenderness, from that ascendancy which we love to behold in one man over others, and those weaknesses which we love to find in every thing that is great, a character is formed the most poetical that has ever been imagined.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations on a paper in the March number of the Port Folio, "touching the Peopling of the Continent of America."

FROM the reformation to the present day, the Bible has been consulted not only as a book of divine authority, but as a volume of reference whereby men have sought to derive aid to the various historical, etymological, or physical hypotheses, which the fertility of the human mind is continually engendering. Sectarians respectively find in the holy scriptures every illustration and con-

firmation, which they can desire for their conflicting doctrines. Theological theories, altogether hostile to each other, can be clearly affirmed and sustained upon the authority of the Bible.

Without it the splendid, yet dubious area of etymology must be abandoned, and the sceptic deprived of the real pleasure he feels, in assuring us that it is a mere piece of priestcraft. The unbeliever, who, in one page exultingly exposes its impostures, and rides triumphant over our prejudices with the weight of his arguments, is sometimes, in imitation of a practice imputed to the enemy of the human race, found in the next page, quoting scripture in support of his opinions: and the *friend* to the Bible, as he generally calls himself, will not scruple to build up some theory altogether unimportant to the world, at the expense of reasoning away the simplicity and unity of its design. These discordant labours in which men are continually engaged, have hitherto brought us no proof of the imperfectness of the instrument, but abundance of reason to lament the ignorance and perversity of the workmen. An uninstructed performer may mistake loud sounds for all the harmony of which a fine instrument is capable, and the harp of David may speak discord to our ears if pressed by unskilful fingers. Smatterers in literature, like those in music, are too often totally insensible to the capacity of the subject in hand. How can any one barely able to get over the grammatical difficulties of a chapter in Genesis, be supposed to feel aught of the sublimity of the spirit of the prophets? or does any one expect to be instructed in the higher branches of human learning by a teacher himself acquainted but with the rudiments? Yet it is a notorious thing that by far the greater number of these sectarians, sceptics, and theorists, who would mould our plastic minds to conformity with their crude opinions, are the best of them scarcely acquainted with the elements of the Hebrew language, and all totally ignorant of the great family of oriental languages, where the high collateral evidences of the sacred book are to be found. Mischievous as the intentions of many of these innovators are, and deserving of the severest reprehension, yet it were better that those who love and believe the sacred word from conviction of grace and knowledge, should extend a spirit of christian moderation and charity to them. The exposition of their blind

ignorance will be co-existent with the progress of human learning, which is always aspiring, and always advancing. The pertinacity of their erroneous opinions will stimulate men to examine for themselves, and as the conflict shall eventually force men to look well and truly into the primary sources of evidences, it will be found that the teachers of false doctrines will have enabled more than the number of their disciples, to become acquainted with those which are true, and thus the knowledge of the true religion will be forwarded even by the labours of a superficial Volney, a conceited Priestley, and a blasphemous Paine.

It is unfortunately true, that too many of us with the most sincere intentions are from unavoidable necessity, unable to approach higher than to the brink of the fountain of these high attainments; but confined, as we are, to intellectual limits and acquirements, we have the imperishable consolation of knowing, that by far the greatest portion of those men, who have rendered themselves illustrious by unsullied virtue and the most extensive learning, have devoted their lives to the practice and exposition of those sacred doctrines, their love and confidence in which many have not hesitated to seal with their blood. A proper faith and reliance in their great examples, will always be a sufficient security against scepticism. The bosom which is inaccessible to faith, can never hope to feel that repose which arises from a satisfactory conviction of the operation, existence, and identity of all things and qualities, moral and physical, and which is the very essence of human happiness. Without faith the reality of the events of yesterday, and of our present existence, would become a chimera, the consideration of which would be constantly tending to deprive us of the light of reason: indeed, faith and reason are so much the same, that what we find it reasonable to believe in, we give our faith to. And this is the foundation of the faith of the holy martyrs, and the great christian scholars who are gone, together with those who still live. The human mind after a deliberate examination of the holy Scriptures invariably becomes satisfied with their divine character; faith springs in the bosom, and according to the degree of its sincerity, grace fills the heart; as St. John says, "the victory that overcometh the world is even our faith."

These remarks have grown out of the perusal of a paper in the March number of the Port Folio, which offers a solution of the question, touching the Peopling of the Continent of America. Their severity is not meant to be extended to the writer of that article, who it is to be presumed is a *friend* to the Bible; for although the degree of consideration in which he holds that sacred book, is a mere matter of inference, yet the absence of every thing directly hostile, affords a less equivocal presumption of his sentiments.

The hypothesis of this writer is, that where the Atlantic Ocean now rolls its multitudinous waves, land formerly existed; that the continents of Europe and America were at such a time united by "continuous land," over which "men and animals passed." In this manner he supposes America to have been peopled. The scenery and machinery of this scheme is upon a very large scale, and may have been suggested by a scene in Macbeth.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble,

for at the convenient moment, the projector, without manifesting the least degree of remorse, sinks the whole of this immense tract of terra firma, with its men, women, children, birds, beasts and living things, its cities, temples and hamlets, to where is now supposed to be the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. To clothe this shadow of a dream with somewhat like consistency, he calls to his aid evidences, some of which will be hereafter examined; but he principally relies upon a very constrained interpretation of a passage in Genesis, x. 25: "The name of one was Peleg, for in his days was the earth divided." The word Peleg, which in the Hebrew means "division," is accordingly supposed in this paper to mean a physical disruption of the earth, of breaking up of the great waters, whereby the division now existing betwixt Europe and America took place. Thus, notwithstanding the irrefragable evidences we possess at this day, of the steady transmission of the names of the numerous descendants of Noah in various quarters of the earth, which in the days of Peleg was divided amongst them, and in contempt of the simplicity and unity which are so remarkable and so essential to the Mosaic account

of this particular epoch, we find this writer unceremoniously voiding the whole scope and bearing of this important record, merely to grace with a decent descent the submersion of his thousands of leagues of land with all its inhabitants.

This theory is not altogether new, but certainly upon a more extended and costly scale, than any of those which have preceded it: and perhaps it is a proper matter of regret to human minds that the original population of this hemisphere, should be made necessarily dependant on so destructive a process. The creation of Adam and Eve are related in the Bible in a sufficiently detailed manner; but as in Gen. v. 2. it is said, "male and female created he *them*;" advantage has also been taken of this by other persons, to draw very ample conclusions: it has been thought that more than one Adam and Eve were created, and hence a great difficulty has been got over, by supposing a primitive black pair, as well as a primitive white one. Now if the expressions of the Bible are to be distorted, the lesser degree of violence is to be preferred, and by enlarging this last system sufficiently to admit of a primitive copper coloured pair, it is respectfully suggested to the writer of the submersive theory, whether the peopling of this continent would not be accounted for with equal ingenuity and more economy.

But it is just to pay some attention to the argument of this writer.

The verb פלג *palag* is properly rendered to "divide, to sever," and its derivative noun, *peleg* is stated to mean "in general a stream properly of water." The verb also is said to imply, "to part asunder, so as to form a passage for something else." The Atlantic Ocean, therefore, being water, may be said to divide the old world from the new. This is the amount of the strength which the writer has thought proper to bring out on the subject of this root. It may be here observed, that the sense of the verb is also to distribute and apportion, and that the primary sense of the noun *peleg* is "division," and the figurative one of stream of water is but secondary. The patriarch Peleg was himself so called "division," and this must be admitted whether the characteristic event of his days, related to a partition of the earth amongst the descendants of Noah, or to a physical disruption of it. In the song of Deborah, Judges, v. 15, 16. it means "divisions or classes of Reuben," the same in 2. Chron. v. 12. "divisions of fami-

lies," or "classes of houses." The same meaning runs in the Chaldee, where "divisions of a kingdom," "dividing of a time," are spoken of. In the Septuagint, the corresponding terms are "*καταδιαισι*," "*διαμερισθη*."—From these instances and numerous others, it is evident that "the general meaning of the noun" is not "a stream properly of water." But admitting for a moment that there was land formerly where now the Atlantic Ocean flows, that it divides the hemispheres, and that the Mosaic record relates to such a physical division; may we not, resigning ourselves to a generalizing mania, point to the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Euxine, the Caspian, which in the same figurative sense divide land from land; and ask which of all these physical disruptions or submersions is meant by the passage, "in his days was the earth divided." The consideration of this question brings us to an important part of the theory. The ingenious writer has revived an ancient relation, marvellous enough for any taste, which Plato supposes one of his characters (Chritias) to have received from his ancestor, who received it from Solon, who received it from an Egyptian. The amount of it is, that the island of Atlantis exceeding in extent Europe and Asia united, inhabited by a mighty race of conquerors, and situated near the streights of Gades, was formerly absorbed into the bosom of the ocean, with all its inhabitants. The writer observes, that a belief in this wonderful tale, "has gained considerably within the last forty or fifty years" a piece of information which must be to many, not less novel than surprising. The Hindoo records, the Asiatic researches, Buffon, Mr. Whitehurst, and above all, "an author of the highest reputation," General Vallancey, are enlisted to help this monstrous island fairly to the bottom. This last gentleman, however, it appears can conjure up islands from the sea, as fast as his friends can sink them; for we learn from him that Ireland formed part of the lost Atlantis, but that the Irish portion being possessed of a strong love of country, frequently rises on the north coast, to give its inhabitants a breathing: This patriot fragment is called O'Bra-sil or Royal Island, the capitol city Tir Hud, and general Vallancey says, "it is evidently the lost city of Arabian story, visited by their prophet Houd, namely the city and Paradise of Irem." That this gentleman should be called an "author of the highest reputation," is somewhat amusing, when it is well known that if

ever an unparalleled mass of crude absurdities has been without pity successively furnished to the public, it has been by the prolific imagination of general Vallancey, who lives and moves altogether in the superior regions of hyperbole: who believes that Ireland was settled by one of Pharoah's admirals; that the Irish language is the same as the Carthaginian, and so little dissimilar to the Bengalese, the Irish milk women and Calcutta coolies can understand each others' language: that the gardens of the Hesperides were in Ireland, and that all this and ten times more can be proved by the Hindoo Puranas where Ireland and the British isles are described at large. *Vide prospectus of an Irish dictionary.* But the general is incurable, and as it has been said of him (Ed. Rev.) has passed that bourne in history and etymology, for which few travellers ever return.

To return to the lost Atalantis. It is not denied to be deserving infinitely more attention than Tirhut or O Brazil; the account was known to many of the ancients, some of whom regarded it as no fable, and it is equally true that a constant stream of tradition of inundations and subterranean convulsions has obtained from the earliest times. Most of the respectable old writers might be quoted to prove the Euxine more extensive in their days, than it is found in these times; and the united evidence of the most intelligent modern travellers and naturalists concurs to establish a strong presumption that the Arab, the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean were once united, overflowing the adjacent Steppes and low-lands to a great extent. At what time this immense body of waters burst its confines is not known, whether at the great deluge, or subsequent to that awful judgment. Dr. Clarke in his travels observes, that the approach to the Bosphorus from the Black Sea resembles a fissure occasioned by an earthquake, and says, it is more than conjectural that the bursting of the Thracian Bosphorus, the deluge spoken of by Diodorus Siculus, and the great reduction of these now inland seas, were the consequence of earthquakes caused by subterranean fires, whose effects are yet visible, and which were described as burning at the time of the voyage of the Argonauts. If this prodigious explosion which has overwhelmed the Cyanean isles, were contemporaneous with the foregoing of the passage now called the Straits of Gibraltar, and both

subsequent to the Noachic deluge, then indeed we find ample field for tradition, out of which the story of the vast island of Atlantis may have grown.

Mount Atlas in Mauritania, which was personified by the poets, and made on account of its height the brother of Prometheus (who was said to have taken fire from Heaven) may be very reasonably derived from תלה *tala*, to hang up, to suspend; and hence the Hebrew noun תל *an elevation*. Atlas is merely the Greek form of this word with the sigma final. In the Chaldee we find תל *snow*, and the Arabic name of mount Atlas is jibbel Attila, *snow mountains*: the word taking here a very obvious secondary sense, whilst תל means equally in Arabic *an elevation*. Αταλντις again is a patronymic, "daughter of Atlas." When it is recollected that the island of Atalantis is uniformly placed near the Straights of Gades, and that mount Atlas stands in the vicinity, it is presumed that its whole history may be somewhat elucidated by the foregoing observations.

As some weight is laid upon that part of the hypothesis which regards the chronology, and the proposed amendments to it, it is but proper to say something on that subject. It is insisted upon, that the division of the earth took place after the confusion at Babel, and in the latter days of Peleg; and as in the chapter preceding the account of the confusion and dispersion, the names of the cities possessed by Nimrod are mentioned, it is contended that this could not have been before the deluge, and that therefore "the dispersion must have taken place before they began to build these cities." These observations are offered in proof "that many things are not related in exact chronological order in the Mosaic writings."

The answer to all this is briefly, that the division of the earth and the dispersion are two distinct periods, and so related in the Bible; the first being narrated in Gen. x: 25, the last in chap. xi. and that it may be reasonably supposed that the division of the earth took place at the birth of Peleg, and not "when he was advanced in life," as he received his name from that event, and we have authority to believe that it was the practice of the patriarchs to name their children whilst yet infants.

As to the improbability of cities being built by Nimrod before the dispersion, it is certain that those who met for the purpose of building the tower of Babel, and consulted together about

making brick, and burning them thoroughly, having brick for stone, and slime for mortar, Gen. xi. 3, 4, did know something about making brick well, and that they knew how to build a "city and a tower;" and therefore it amounts to a certainty, that not only were cities built before the dispersion, but that the chronological order of the Mosaic writings is found perfectly such as it ought to be, when examined in a proper state of mind.

It may now confidently be assumed, that no man of sense will hesitate to reject a theory resting altogether upon conjecture, and which when deliberately examined, like all others founded in this manner, only serves to confirm our belief in the Mosaic Records. The detailed manner in which the creation and the deluge are there related, affords sufficient evidence, that if subsequent to this latter epoch, a grand physical disruption or partition of the earth had taken place, of sufficient notoriety to have given a name to one of the patriarchs of that time, the inspired historian would not have described it in so ambiguous a manner, but would have chosen terms suited to the grandeur and novelty of the phenomenon, such as the Hebrew language is peculiarly rich in: but the steady transmission of the names of most of the patriarchs, found at this late day in the various quarters of the old world, added to other intrinsic evidences, irresistibly lead us to the conclusion, that in the days of Peleg the earth was divided or apportioned amongst the descendants of Noah.

That the original population of this continent is a matter of as deep interest as any great question which remains yet to be resolved, has long been felt by the writer of this article—with him it has always been a favourite subject. The long and attentive consideration which his humble talents have brought to this speculation, has perfectly convinced him, that a satisfactory solution of it can only be attained by a matured and laborious examination and comparison of the languages, traditions, customs and physical conformation of the aboriginal tribes, and of the appropriate objects of comparison in the old world. When sufficient materials shall at some future day be collected and properly digested by a judicious writer, he has no hesitation to express his opinion, that one of the most illustrious proofs of the consistency of the divine records will then be brought home to the world.

Duanesborough, April, 1815.

G. W. F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE IRISH AND HEBREW LANGUAGES.

"WE mean not in any degree to blame the intentions of the learned editor; but it is impossible to shut one's eyes against the effects which such insinuations as the preceding, are calculated, if not intended, to produce. They are calculated to hold up all who do not acquiesce in the opinions contained in this work, as objects of suspicion, and as men who cherish notions unfavourable to religion. This, however, is not an interpretation that should be rashly given to mere literary or scientific speculations. The system of *Copernicus* might as well be stated, as it once was, to be inconsistent with the authority of the Scriptures; and all those who hold the reality of the earth's motion, should be considered as disputing the authenticity of the sacred writings. It is unnecessary to expose the error of opinions not more hurtful to the interests of science, than contrary to the spirit of religion."

Edinb. Rev. of Cuvier on the Theory of the Earth, No 44, p. 470.

I do not wonder that men of science in Great Britain now and then complain of being trammelled in their investigations with chains imposed on them by clerical jealousy. The spirit that sent Galileo to the dungeon, and enacted sanguinary laws against witchcraft, and supported the modern impostures of demoniacal possession, and which still supplies the theatre and the nursery with ghosts and spirits and "goblins damned," is not yet laid in the Red Sea, but like his father the Devil, he goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

I, whose inclination is decidedly to keep aloof from all subjects of controversy that would excite the notice of the foul fiend, have most unfortunately, as it seems, jumped into the ditch, that I meant to avoid. I happened to send you a paper concerning something that looked like vegetable courtship among the water lilies; which I thought I might do without being guilty of a libel on the good name, fame, credit, character, and reputation of said lilies, inasmuch as I did not charge them with any indictable offence; nor when I glanced at Venus's fly-trap, had I any allusion whatever to the young ladies who frequent our ball rooms and

assemblies, or to short draperies, or wet draperies, or want of draperies, or any idea of the kind, as I vow and protest with all due solemnity; in like manner I utterly disclaim any private design of conveying six barrels of the best F F F battle powder under St. Peter's church, when I took the liberty of hinting at the vagaries of the aspin, the mimosa, or the hedeasylum gyrans; all which I do hope you will do me the justice to believe yourself, and suggest to my gainsayers in my behalf.

It was, therefore, matter of great surprise to me when the learned Greek scholar, J. W. R. as Don Quixotte of old took the wind-mills, took all the aforesaid, and the other plants and flowers arrayed in my paper on vegetable life, for a masked battery of so many two-and-thirty pounders, fired off against the most important fortresses and strong holds of orthodoxy, and in particular against the town of Man-soul, of which John Bunyan has given so admirable a description in his immortal work. Not content with unmasking this formidable battery, he has, in his great zeal for the good cause, ventured, without scruple, not only to mutilate quotations and mangle opinions, but to manufacture authorities, and forcibly impress into his service his very enemies, nolentes, volentes, with as little remorse as the British impress our seamen;

However, I determined, at all events, to steer clear of such dangerous controversies in future; to leave the Loves of the Plants to the regulation of Dr. Darwin, and choose my subjects so wide of all batteries masked and unmasked, that my readers might be in no dread or danger, whatever, of even a random shot. Accordingly, in the next paper I promised you, I undertook to discuss the question whether Paddy from Cork, might not, peradventure, have borrowed his brogue of Hanno from Carthage. Thinks I to myself, the deuce is in it if this discussion will give a fit of the ague to J. R. W. or any other learned and orthodox Grecian. Not content with this, I took the further precaution of sheltering myself behind the orthodox authority of major Vallancey, as Teucer hid himself behind the shield of Telamon, because it is well known that all officers of the British army are genuine members of the true orthodox church militant; and, under the wholesome provisions of the corporation and test act, and compelled to go to church and take the sacrament according to the reli-

gion by law established; so that no better evidence can possibly be given of a man's orthodoxy than a red coat and epaulet.

To my great surprise, however, a profound *Hebrew* scholar took a fit of the horrors, on this occasion, and has brought me up into the ecclesiastical court for slandering the title of the children of Israel to the land of Canaan, and for calling the aforesaid Israelites *a set of half-starved free-booters*. Now, Mr. Editor, to this charge I plead not guilty. I have not slandered the title of the children of Israel to the land of Canaan. I have not called them a set of half-starved free-booters, *but my opponent has*: or rather he has done worse.

Although I think my antagonist's paper may very fairly be laughed at, yet the subject of this vindication, resting upon scripture passages, is of a nature to induce me to treat it seriously. I therefore say,

1st. That in my dissertation on the Irish Language, I have not, directly or indirectly, called in question the right of the Israelites to invade the land of Canaan. But I say, that as the regular and formal manifestations of the Divine Will, appear to have been made exclusively to the Israelites, without any formal, supernatural, and repeated notices of God's intention to the Canaanites themselves who were to be dispossessed, *they* could not view the subject in the same light that the Israelites did, or that we do; and therefore could not help regarding their invaders, who had but lately escaped from Egyptian bondage, as a set of free-booters. I have not expressed my own opinion, but what might reasonably be presumed to be the opinion of the Canaanites. It will be time enough for me to state my own hypothesis when the argument requires it, and I feel inclined to this needless condescension.

Your correspondent G. W. F. therefore, is unwarranted in charging this opinion on me, who have given no opinion of my own; and his zeal for religion has induced him to go to the very verge, if not to take a step beyond the strict bounds both of truth and of candour.

2dly. I say, that this charge against my supposed sentiments is of a most extraordinary nature indeed, as coming from G. W. F.

Procopius, an author, who wrote in the time of Justinian, about 530 years after the birth of Christ, and more than 2000

years after the Exodus of the Israelites, says in the second book of the wars of Belisarius against the Vandals, that near Tangiers, (Tigisis) there were two columns of white stone, bearing an inscription in the Phenician language to this purpose:

We are those who fled before the face of JOSHUA THE ROBBER, the son of Nave (Nun.)

It is either true, or false, that there did exist two columns (the columnæ Tingilanæ) with such an inscription.

If it be true, then I say it amounts to decisive, undeniable proof, that the Phenicians or Canaanites, considered Joshua and his followers as a set of robbers and free-booters; we fled from Joshua the ROBBER.

I stated my utter disbelief of Procopius, his columns, and his inscriptions and of Selden's substitution of the modern Hebrew language and character: my antagonist, G. W. F. is of a contrary opinion, and thinks that columns, with such an inscription, were erected by the fugitive Canaanites, and that they did exist near Tangiers. It is *he*; therefore, who believes and asserts, and would willingly prove that the Canaanites considered the Israelites as freebooters and robbers; and yet he scruples not to insinuate a strong suspicion of what he would call, I suppose, infidelity against me, for suggesting the very opinion, of which he has furnished the evidence!

To cut short all charges and suspicions of this kind, upon the present occasion, I state,

1st. That I take for granted and consider as true in this discussion, whatever I find written in the books of the old Testament.

2dly. If I use other books, or other authorities, it is either in corroboration, or in explanation of the sacred writings, where these last bear upon the question.

I have ridiculed this passage of Procopius; and I do not think very highly of the discernment of those who give credit to it,

1st. Because, according to your correspondent, G. W. F. the twelve tables of stone delivered to Moses, but a few years before, are the most ancient notices of written language that a *Christian* knows of or can acknowledge. (Port Folio, 344) It is highly improbable therefore, that these fugitives would know how to write or engrave even their own language: the scripture furnishes no such information concerning the Canaanites. How were

they to learn it, till the Israelites, to whom it was first taught, and but lately taught, came among them?

3dly. It is not in nature that a people should take so much trouble to record their own disgrace. It is common to erect triumphal columns; nor would a faithful historian refuse or omit to record a defeat of his own nation by a powerful conqueror, but it is likely that the first step these Canaanites would take would be to record their own disgraceful flight *from before the face of Joshua the robber*?

3dly. Joshua the son of Nun, is not merely a Hebrew, it is peculiarly an Israelitish idiom; an idiom not of the language but of the nation. We find the genealogies of the principal men among the Israelites carefully preserved, whether the ancestor was remarkable or not, for reasons depending upon national notions and peculiarities. We have no account of any thing remarkable concerning Nun. The Jews therefore would record Joshua as the son of Nun, according to the usual heraldic practice of their nation, but the Canaanites would not take the trouble of recording Joshua in the same way. They knew him as Joshua there were no more or other Joshuas that we read of. Who inquires the name of Bonaparte's father? The Greeks used patronymics when the ancestor conferred honour on the child, as Tydides, Atreides, but seldom otherwise.

4thly. Procopius does not give us the language or character of this inscription.

5thly. Is it likely that these columns should last upwards of two thousand years?

6thly. The Pingi, and that part of the African coast, the truths and the fables concerning it, the Phœnicians settling there, its other names, Julia Trajecta, Claudia Trajecta, &c. the golden apples, the burying place of Antæus, &c. are mentioned by Pliney, Plutarch, Solinus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, and even Gregory of Tours, but no one mentions these curious pillars except Procopius.

7thly. If the passage were worth it, there would be as much reason for *Vindiciæ Procopianæ*, as *Vindiciæ Flavianæ*. I suspect the interpolation in both cases originated from the same lamentable source, unfortunately too common among us even at the present day.

Having now done with the Coleridge Tangianze, I proceed to defend the other positions I took in that paper, and which your correspondent, G. W. F. thinks fit to controvert. I do this, not induced by any difficulty which that writer has thrown in the way, or by any thing new that he has advanced; for I do not see but what my paper contains the Hebrew exposition of Bochart as fully as his. But it is really a curious question to trace the connection of the Hebrew and the Irish through the medium of the Punic.

Your correspondent G. W. F. the Hebrew, like J. R. W. the Grecian, is terribly afraid of a masked battery lurking behind the following propositions which I stated as being acknowledged by all persons well read in ancient history and languages.

1st, "That the Phenicians, Tyrians, Sidonians Canaanites, Samaritans, Edomites, Anakims (Fin-nac, in Hebrew sons of Anac) Philistines or Palastines who occupied the sea-coast from above Taidon or Sidon southward nearly to Egypt, were colonies of the same people, originally the Indo-Scythæ or perhaps Chaldeans.

2dly, "That the Jews after various attempts on Canaan were unable to obtain possession of certain parts; that they could not drive out the inhabitants, and on this account mingling with the Canaanites, the two languages became necessarily amalgamated, and the Hebrew, previous to Esdras, was Phenician with occasional variations only; hence it is, that a Punic passage may so nearly approach Hebrew.

3dly, "I am inclined to think this mother tongue was the Syrian. From the activity of the Phenicians, I should ascribe their origin to the Scythæ, although the Scythian language would give place to the Assyrian by degrees. But all this part of history is yet too obscure for any thing but conjecture. May not the Hindoo be the mother of them all?"

Now I undertake to prove the two first of these shocking propositions demonstratively, either from the text of scripture, or the express acknowledgments of G. W. F. and I will moreover corroborate them by arguments and authorities which he cannot, and which no learned man will object to.

As to the propositions that I myself consider as a part of history, as yet, too obscure for any thing but conjecture, I hope I shall not be held to the proof of what I regard as not provable.

I say then,

1. The Phenicians, Palæstines, Tyrians, Sidonians, Canaanites, and the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast, from Tyre to Egypt were one and the same people, with one and the same language, whom the Israelites understood, and with whom they intermingled.

2. That language was a dialect of the Syrian or Chaldaic, for these are synonymous, in this respect. 2 Kings, ch. xviii. v. 26. xxxvi. Is. 11.

3. That the Hebrew was also a dialect of the Chaldaic.

4. That the Carthaginians were a Phœnician colony, speaking Punic.

5. That the Carthaginians visited the Cassiterides, Britain and Ireland.

6. That the Punic passage in Plautus, is more fully explained by the Irish than by the Hebrew language.

The Phenicians and Canaanites were the same people.

G. W. F. acknowledges this. Port Folio, vol. V. p. 342, 343.

The Septuagint uses Phœnician and Canaanite promiscuously: G. W. F. has collected the scripture proofs in the passage above referred to, corroborated by Bechart. I refer therefore to his quotations.

The Phœnician language and the Hebrew language are the same with, or dialects of the Chaldees or Syrian.

Before I proceed to this proof, I would premise that the historians of the old Testament generally mention, when a language is not understood by the Jews, or when the name of a place is changed. I refer to Gen. xxxi. 47. Daniel: ch. i. 2 Kings, ch. xviii. v. 26. Isaiah, ch. xxxvi. v. 11. v. Jerem. 13. Numbers, ch. xxxii. 38. Abraham was a Chaldean. xi. Gen. 31. And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife, and went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan, and they came unto Haran and dwelt there. Terah did not reach Canaan but died at Haran. xii. Gen. 1, &c. Now the

Lord said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing * * * * so Abraham departed as the Lord had spoken to him, and Lot went with him, and Abraham was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran. And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls they had gotten in Haran, and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came.

In Canaan Abram lived till his death, ninety years afterward, except a short time that he sojourned in Egypt on account of a temporary famine in Canaan, which seems at that time to have been well settled, for we soon read of the wars that took place among the kings of the country, in which wars Abraham and Lot were engaged.

After Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lived in Canaan; and they must have spoken their own language, the Chaldee, or adopted the language of Canaan.

There does not appear to have been any difficulty in Abraham who was a Chaldean, understanding the Canaanites, or they him.

No such difficulty is noticed when Moses sent spies into the land of Canaan.

The spies sent by Joshua, and Rahab the harlot perfectly understood each other.

There is no notice of any difficulty in respect of language at any time whatever between the Israelites and Canaanites. Yet when in process of time the language had somewhat altered both in Canaan and in Chaldaea, this is distinctly noticed in the book of Kings, and also in Daniel.

The children of Israel also as I shall prove presently, intermingled and lived with the Canaanites, and therefore there must have been a mutual facility of understanding the language used.

But G. W. F. has a very high opinion of Bochart: so have I too: and therefore I will give a summary of Bochart's arguments, tending to show that the Hebrew and Canaanitish languages if not the same, were extremely alike.

First, The names of places in the land of Canaan, savour strongly of Hebrew; even those that were named before the Israelites left Egypt; wherever the names were changed, it is noted, as in Numbers, ch. xxi, v. 38. To this Selden adds, that the names of the deities were also Hebrew, which also shows the connection between the Syrian, Canaanitish or Phœnician, and Hebrew languages. See Boch. Phœlog. l. 2, ch. 1, passim. Selden's Prælegom. ch. 2. De Diis Syriis.

Secondly, All other nations by whom the Jews were bordered, are called foreigners, *עַרְבֵי-אֲרָצָם*, so the Egyptians are called barbarians, cxiv Ps. 1; persons speaking a strange language, lxxi Ps. 5. In process of time the dialect even of the Israelites was so varied from the mother tongue, the Chaldee and Assyrian or Syrian, that the more learned of the Jews only could converse freely in it. xxxvi Is. 11. 2 Kings, ch. xviii v. 26. v Jerem. 15. Nehem. xiii. 23.

Thirdly, The Hebrew language and the language of Canaan are used synonymously, xix Is. 17, 18. So they were afterward by Chærilus the poet, by Josephus, by Herodotus, and by Lucian.

Fourthly, The Phœnician words quoted or used by Sæmpronius, Plutarch, Suidas, Hesychius, Perphyry, &c. &c. are manifestly Hebrew.

Also St. Austin and St. Jerom acknowledge that the Phœnician and the Hebrew were so much alike as to be almost the same. St. Austin or Agustine was an African, bishop of Hippo.

Bochart then occupies nearly sixty pages in examining all the Punic words found in various authors, and their affinity to the Hebrew language, which it is needless for me to do more than notice.

I have before me the Introductory Lectures on the New Testament of the very learned professor John D. Michaeli, of Göttingen, quarto, Lond. 1761. In the preface he gives notice of his intention to publish a History of the Oriental Languages, with a short prospectus of the work in the following words: "The first chapter treats of the primitive language of man, which I believe to be somewhat related to Hebrew though not Hebrew. In this I shall endeavour to trace out the general laws of language according to which men first invented words, gave them significations, and added new significations to the old ones; in which I shall

chiefly adopt the principles laid down by the late M. Schultens. The second chapter contains the history of the Hebrew, Rabbinical, and Samaritan tongues. *I show the Hebrew to be properly the Canaanite language, and not rightly called Hebrew, which name the Evangelists gave more justly to the Chaldean tongue.* I answer the question, whether and how far it was intermixed in the earliest times, with some entirely foreign languages, by means of the trade of the Phenicians. I treat of its antiquity, and show from thence that the books of Moses could not be forged by Ezra. I give an account of the copiousness, the poetry, and the declension of that language; and how it became to be known again among the Jews, and at length among the Christians.* * * In the last place I propose to treat of the age and form of the Hebrew characters, and shall both attempt to relate and also to decide the famous controversies on that head. In the same method I shall discuss in the third chapter, the history of the Syriac, Chaldean, and Talmud languages, and in the fourth that of the Arabic and Ethiopic. If I find myself qualified to treat largely and fundamentally of the Coptic or ancient Egyptian tongue, that will be the subject of the next chapter; otherwise the fifth chapter will contain an account of what is known and still extant concerning the Carthaginian and Palmyrene languages.

"As the contents of this chapter will most excite the curiosity of those literati who do not apply themselves to the study of the oriental languages, especially since the modern discoveries of the ruins of Palmyra, of which the inscriptions have not been understood, I was particularly desirous to have it in my power to gratify the laudable curiosity of my readers, by something new and interesting on this head. I am well acquainted with the remains of the Carthaginian, *which was the Tyrian or Canaanite, and consequently Hebrew tongue,** which we find in Plantus, Jerom, Austin, Sam. Petit, Phil. Parcus, Bochart, Majus, G. Hen. Sapphun, in Rudbeck's *Atalantis*, who pretends to derive this language from the north, and particularly in that scarce and valuable work

* There is no doubt but the Hebrew character now in use is Chadean, and comparatively modern with respect to the Jews. The ancient Hebrew character was the Samaritan. Some of the sacred books are not to be found in Hebrew, but in Chaldee. See Rees's Cyclopaedia, voce Hebrew character.

of Aldrette, upon the antiquities of Spain; and I am possessed of these books, and shall apply them in aid of my design. But if any one can point out to me any other work relating to the Carthaginian tongue, he will very much oblige both me and my future readers, and I shall not fail to make him due acknowledgments. I must at the same time, confess myself not satisfied with Aldrette's account of the characters on the Carthaginian coins. I stand in need of a better explanation, and shall be thankful to those who will enable me to form some solid conjectures concerning these and the Palmyrene characters." So far Michaelis. Whether he published his proposed work I have no opportunity of knowing: I should be very glad indeed to see it.

I shall now cite a short passage for the use of such of your readers, as have not the opportunity of consulting the more scarce, voluminous and learned works of Bochart, Selden, &c. to show that these opinions of mine, are so far from being strange, and reprehensible, so far from being the cover of some deep design which G. W. F. seems to think of with so much horror, are neither more nor less than the common opinions of the best informed part of the christian world.

Rees's Encyc. voce Hebrew character. "It appears, moreover, that the Chaldee and not the Hebrew, was the language of Abraham's country, and of his kindred, Gen. xxiv. 4. Gen. xxi. 46, 47. and it is probable that Abraham's native language was Chaldee, and that the Hebrew was the language of the Canaanites, which Abraham and his posterity learned by travelling among them. For proof of this point, we refer to Le Clerc's prolegomena 1, in Pentateuch De Ling. Heb. J. Scaliger, Epist. 242. 363. Walton's Prolegom. ii. § 13-19. Selden, ch. 2. Proleg. De Diis Syriis."

Same work Voce language. "Others maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost; and that the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, are only dialects of the original tongue. So far are they from giving priority to the Hebrew, that they maintain Abraham spake Chaldee before he passed the Euphrates, and that he first learned Hebrew in the land of Canaan, so that this was not a special language consecrated to the people of God, but was originally the language of the Canaanites." That is of the Phenicians. Is

it any wonder, therefore, that a Punic passage can by moderate management be forced into a Hebrew one?

These orthodox agree with your correspondent G. W. F. are owing, therefore, to his ignorance of the discussions that have taken place on the subject, and that the most learned of the christian writers adopt the opinion, which he would willingly stigmatize as not to be tolerated when I adopt it, and corroborate the arguments of my predecessors by additional remarks. Before he thinks fit again *spargere voces in vulgus ambiguas*, and attempts to columniate instead of confuting his antagonist, he had better look about him, lest his weapon like the flail of the countryman in Hogarth's chaising of the successful candidate, should break the heads of his nearest friends.

G. W. F. is sadly scandalized at my saying, that the Jews were not able to drive out the Canaanites, and that they could not obtain possession of the promised land. Now, I say again, that they could not, and that they did not; but they intermingled with, and lived among the people of the land in a very great degree. Hence, of course, an amalgamation of the Hebrew and Canaanite, or Phenician dialect; and hence also, a ready mode of accounting for the great similarity of these two languages if there were no other: hence also, the futility of the argument that the Punic pages of Plautus could not be very near akin to the Irish because they were very near akin to the Hebrew.

Let us see how the case stands, and whether, in point of fact, the Jews did completely expel the Canaanites, or whether unable or unwilling so to do, many of them lived among that people.

vx. Joshua 63. as for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out, but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem to this day.

xvi. Joshua 10. And they drove not out the Canaanites that dwelt in Gezer, but the Canaanites dwell among the Ephraimites unto this day, and serve under tribute.

i. Judges 19. And the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron.

And the children of Benjamin (v. 21.) did not drive out the Jebusites that dwelt in Jerusalem, but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Benjamin in Jerusalem to this day.

Ib. v. 27. Neither did Manassah drive out the inhabitants of Beth-shean and her towns, nor Tanaach and her towns, nor the inhabitants of Dor and her towns, nor the inhabitants of Ibleam and her towns, nor the inhabitants of Megiddo and her towns, but the Canaanites *would* dwell in the land.

Ib. v. 29. Neither did Ephraim drive out the Canaanites that dwelt in Gezer, but the Canaanites dwelt in Gezer among them.

Ib. v. 30. Neither did Zebulun drive out the inhabitants of Kitron, nor the inhabitants of Nahalol, but the Canaanites dwelt among them and became tributaries.

Ib. v. 31. Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Achcho, nor the inhabitants of Zidon, nor of Ahlab, nor of Achzib, nor of Helbah, nor of Aphik, nor of Rehob, but the Asherites dwelt among the Canaanites, the inhabitants of the land, for they did not drive them out.

Ib. v. 33. Neither did Napthali drive out the inhabitants of Bethshemesh, nor the inhabitants of Beth-anath, but he dwelt among the Canaanites, the inhabitants of the land. Nevertheless the inhabitants of Bethshemeth, and Beth-anath became tributaries to them.

Ib. v. 34. And the Amorites forced the children of Dan into the mountains, for they would not suffer them to come down into the valley. But the Amorites would dwell in mount Heres, in Ajalon, and in Shaalbim; yet the hand of the house of Joseph prevailed so that they became tributaries.

ii. Judges 21. The Lord says, I will also, not henceforth drive out any from before them of the nations which Joshua left when he died.

Ib. 23. Therefore, the Lord left those nations without driving them out hastily, neither delivered he them into the hand of Joshua.

iii. Judges 1, 2. &c. Now these are the nations which the Lord left to prove Israel by them. * * * * Namely, five lords of the Philistines, and all the Canaanites and the Sidonians and the Hivites that dwelt in mount Lebanon, from mount Baalhermon unto the entering of Hamath.

Ib. v. 5. And the children of Israel dwelt among the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizzites, and Hivites, and Jebusites.

and they took their daughters to be their wives, and gave their daughters to their sons, and served their gods.

Neither did they drive out the Moabites, who were strong enough to compel the Israelites to serve them eighteen years, iii. Judges 14.

Neither did they drive out the Ammonites, who kept the Israelites, who had crossed Jordan, in bondage for eighteen years, x. Judges, 8.

A great part of the subsequent history of the Israelites from the time of the Judges to the time of the first captivity, is taken up with an account of their wars with the Philistines.

I have then, (I think) completely made out,

1st. That Abraham and his family were Chaldeans, where, indeed, according to the scripture account, the general source of population is to be placed; and where we are to seek for the ancestors of the western nations.

2. That the language of Abraham was Chaldee.

3. That the Israelites, the descendants of Abraham, spoke his language, and did not adopt the language of Egypt.

4. That the language of the Israelites was understood by the Canaanites, and vice versa.

5. That the Canaanites and Phenicians are synonymous.

6. That Carthage was a Phenician colony, is conceded.

7. That the Carthaginians visited and trafficked with the British Isles is conceded.

8. That the Irish language as well as the Hebrew furnishes a clue to the meaning of the passage in Plautus, and that the general sense of the passage comes out the same, which ever language you apply to it: but that the Irish explains more of the passage in the hands of Vallancey, than the Hebrew does in the hands of Bochart. Whether Vallancey's Irish be genuine, I do not pretend to determine. He appeals to the Irish as his judges.

9. Hence I deduce the probability, that the Irish, the Hebrew, and the Punic—the Canaanitish, Phenician, Samaritan, and Arabic, are dialects of the Syrian, Assyrian, Babylonish, or Chaldee, which are acknowledged to be synonymous, just as the French, Provençal, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese are all originally founded on the Latin chiefly, though greatly intermingled with words of Saxon and Arabic origin.

10. That the similarity between the *Fatid* and the Irish can not be an accidental coincidence, because the proof here adduced consists not of a few words, but of whole passages—continuous discourses and dialogues, of such length and of such a nature, as to preclude all possibility of mere chance.

G. W. F. asks for remains, monuments, antiquities; I refer him to the treatise on the Irish Antiquities of air L. Parsons. To a treatise on the same subject by Mr. Cooper, and to the *Colloanea Hibernica*. Those works are not now accessible to me.

Carlisle, April, 1815.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HAMMOND AND TIBULLUS.

WHEN the world, Mr. Oldschool, is told by English travel-writers, that we Americans are a gross, vulgar, and illiterate people, a sort of modern Boeotians, with whom a sorry smatterer in Latin or Greek may pass for a person of profound erudition, we must passively acquiesce in the representation thus given of us by our superiors, but what would the world say, should one of these unlettered Americans, presuming to impute, to the literati of England a very superficial acquaintance with the poets of ancient Rome, with the exception perhaps of the few authors whose works are read in schools. Yet such a charge is made, superlatively arrogant though it be; and if a tendency to be duped, a liability to have translations imposed upon them as originals, may be deemed evidence of the fact, that evidence is at hand, and shall be laid before your readers, if its unavoidable prolixity does not render it inadmissible. It may not, however, be wholly barren of amusement to the lovers of poetry and classical literature.

Of all the English poets, Hammond is the most celebrated for love elegies, and generally considered by his countrymen to have been the most successful in that career. In a preface by lord Chesterfield, who introduced his poems to the public, we are told that, "sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart, and that he sat down to write what he

thought, not to think what he should write. 'Twas nature and sentiment only, adds his lordship, that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Tibullus seems to have been the model our author judiciously preferred to Ovid."

Doctor Russel in his *Modern Europe*, speaks of him thus: "A new turn was given to our love verses by Hammond, a man of taste and sensibility, who has successfully imitated the elegiac manner of Tibullus, and given to his amorous solicitations a soft melancholy entirely in unison with the tone of the passion, and a tenderness to which Waller and Prior were strangers. A short extract will illustrate these observations:

With thee, I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then old with love insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom, gently breathe my last.
I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have served her, call her wife."

And doctor Johnson, in his life of this poet, differing in sentiment from these two encomiasts, says, that his elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is fiction, there is no passion; he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his Neera or Delia as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery deserves to lose her; for she may with good reason suspect his sincerity. Hammond has few sentiments drawn from nature, and few images from modern life. He produces nothing but frigid poetry. Like other lovers, he threatens the lady with dying; and what then shall follow?

Wilt thou in tears, thy lover's corse attend;
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?
To sooth the hovering soul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand:

Pamcha's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,
 Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
 And what is still more precious, give thy tear."

Now, can it be doubted, that, by each of these writers, Hammond is considered as an original author? The two first, indeed, admit him to be an imitator, whilst doctor Johnson does not even recognize that circumstance. That he looks upon him as an original poet, is, however, plainly implied, from the faults he attributes to him. His Roman imagery, frigid pedantry, and want of modern manners could not be ascribed as errors to the translator of a Roman poet. Nor is it to be supposed, that the doctor, had he been aware of the fact, would not have let it out to the world. We love to detect and expose those who attempt to deceive us, our pride is interested in it, and moreover, Mr. Hammond appears not to have been a greater favourite with the doctor, than his patron lord Chesterfield. But, if he was really disposed to keep the secret here, he certainly departs from his usual practice. He is not so tender of Pope, when he exposes his imitation of Ariosto's epitaph; nor of Prior, whom he tells us, he has traced among the French epigrammatists, and whose *Thief and Cordelier*, he takes care to inform us, is borrowed from Sabinus's epigram, *De Sacerdote Furem Consolante*. Since then, neither doctor Johnson, nor lord Chesterfield, nor doctor Russel, knew that Hammond was, for the most part, as close a translator of Tibullus as Creech was of Lucretius or Francis of Horace, we have a right to infer, that they were not extremely familiar with the beauties of the Roman bard whom the English one so happily imitated.

But it is high time to come to the proofs I have spoken of which shall be done, by taking up the elegies of Hammond in their numerical order and showing the relation they bear to those of Tibullus.

His first elegy, "on his falling in love with Nezara," begins:

Farewell that liberty our fathers gave,
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
 I saw Nezara, and her instant slave,
 Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

This answers to the fourth elegy of the second book of Tibullus; and though shortened by Hammond, most of the ideas are retained, and it is generally pretty closely translated, as will appear from the following collated instances. The original begins:

Hic mihi servitium vides dominamque paratam:
Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.
Servitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis,
Et nunquam misero vincula remittet amor.

Oh! that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills, I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone!

Answers to

O ego ne possim tales sentire dolores;
Quam mallet in gelidis montibus esse lapis!
Stare vel insanis cautes obnoxia ventis,
Naufraga quam vasti tunderet unda maris!

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:
I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.

These answer to the following two quotations of Tibullus:

Nec prosunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo,
Illa cava pretium flagitat usque manu.
Ite procul Musæ, si nil prodestis amanti:
Non ego vos, ut sint bella canenda, colo.

Nec refero solisque vias; et qualis, ubi orbem,
Complevit versis Luna recurrit equis.
Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quære
Ite procul Musæ si nihil ista valent.

Unwise who first the charm of nature lost,
With Tyrian purple soi'd the snowy sheep,

Is as literal a translation as may be, of the following couplet, with the omission of the allusion to gathering emeralds, *viridesque smaragdus*.

O pereat quicumque legit viridesque smaragdus,
Et niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem!

Hammond's second elegy, beginning,

Adieu ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound,

Is rather an imitation than translation of the sixth elegy of the second book of Tibullus, which begins,

Castra Macer sequitur: tenero quid fiet Amori?
Si comes et collo fortiter arma geret.

Castra petos valeatque Venus valcantque puella,
Et mihi sunt vires, et mihi facta tuba est!

Of the following verses of Hammond, which are evidently taken from those coming after them by Tibullus, Dr. Johnson supposing them original, might well say, they had no reference to modern life and manners. For when was it, within the last few centuries, that mistresses imposed it as a duty on their lovers, to enrich them with the spoils of war? If Mr. Hammond really meant to pay court to a real mistress, by at once complaining of her cruelty and avarice, he was certainly but an awkward gallant according to our notions of that character.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsated vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil even love itself is sold,
Her lover's heart is least Nerva's care,
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair.

At tu, quisquis is es, cui tristi fronte Cupido,
Imperitat, nostra sint tua castra domo.

Ferrea non Venerem, sed prædam secunda laudant.

Præda tamen multis est operata malis.

Præda feras acies cinxit discordibus armis:

Hinc furor, hinc cædes, mors propiorque venit.

Hammond's third elegy, beginning,

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,

being addressed to the same mistress (Neæra) and being also on the subject of her insatiable avarice, is doubtless in allusion to the same original as the former, though the resemblances are not so pointed.

Hammond's fourth elegy, to his friend, written under the confinement of a long indisposition, is an imitation in part of the third elegy of the first book of Tibullus. It begins,

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade.

But the imitation, more particularly commences in the second stanza, continuing to the two following:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought,
Oh! spare, *Persephone*, this guiltless head,
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred shrine,
I ne'er disturb'd the Gods æthereal rest,
With curses loud;—but oft have pray'd in vain.

These, no doubt, are a paraphrase on Tibullus's

Me tenet ignotis ægrum *Pisacia* terris;
Abstineas ævidas mors violenta manus.
Abstineas mors atra, precor.—

Parce pater: Gaudium non me perjuria torquet;
Non dicta in sanctæ impia verba deos.

Hammond's fifth elegy,

With wine, more wine deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love awhile consent to rest.

In the original, Tibullus's second elegy of his first book, it is

Adde merum vinoque novos compesce dolores,
Occupet ut fessi lumina victa sopor.
Neu quisquam multo perfusum tempora Baccho,
Excitet, infelix dum requiescit amor.

This, from the beginning to the end, is a pretty exact translation. All the ideas in the original seem to be preserved; and the spirit and phraseology as closely adhered to, as a liberal version will admit. The following are a few examples:

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Nam posita est nostræ custodia sæva puellæ.
Clauditur, et duræ janua fulta sera.
Janua diffilis domini, te verberet imber,
Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant.

Ah! gentle door attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Janua jam pateas uni mihi victa querelis;
Neu furtim verso cardine aperta sonas.
Et, mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,
Ignoscas: capiti sint, precor, illa meo.

Still addressing the door;

Remember now the flowery wreathes I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave,
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

Te meminisse decet quæ plurima voce peregi,
Supplice, cum posti florida sæpta darem,
Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle
Audendum est. Fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,
 She shows the virgin how to turn the door,
 Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
 And not a step betray her on the floor.

*Illa favet, seu quis juvenis nova limina tentat;
 Seu reserat fixo dente puella fores.
 Illa docet furtim molli decedere lecto;
 Illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono.*

The preceding are the five first stanzas, in regular order, both in Hammond and Tibullus, and as literally translated by the former as can well be; and so throughout in the nine following stanzas of Hammond. And does lord Chesterfield call all this "nature and sentiment only, that dictated to a real mistress?" And could Doctor Johnson possibly conceive, that this talk to, and about a door, and Venus's kindly teaching a timid virgin how to open it with the least noise, &c. was the real, serious address of the love-sick English poet to a haughty and disdainful fair one, he was labouring to mollify? If Hammond, by the elegies, sought to win such a lady, it must rather have been by the charms of his genius, than the pathos of direct and appropriate supplications.

The sixth elegy of Hammond, adjuring Delia to pity him by their friendship with Celia, lately dead, and called her sister in the original, answers to the seventh elegy of the second book of Tibullus, and begins,

Thousands would seek the lasting peace of death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
 Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath,
 She tells us still—to-morrow will be fair.

Tibullus had it,

*Finirent multi letho: mala, credula vitam,
 Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.*

Many ideas of the original, are, in this elegy, omitted by Hammond; but still enough remain to show his close attention to it, besides this faithful translation of the first stanza—for instance,

Ah! do not grieve, the dear lamented shade,
 That hovering round us all my sufferings bears.

She is my saint, to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Tibullus says,

Hei mihi, ne vincas, dura puella, Deam.
Parce, per immatura tuæ precor ossa sororis:
Sic benè sub tenera parva quiescat humo.
Hæc mihi sanota est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta meis æta feram lacrymis.
Illius ad tumultum fugiam, supplexque sedabo,
Et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.

This elegy is short both in the original and the copy; and though the resemblances are obvious throughout, they are most faint towards the conclusion, some of the allusions being wholly omitted.

Hammond's seventh elegy is a translation of the third elegy of the second book of Tibullus, shortened as usual, yet nearly all the allusions retained.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Rure meam, Cornute, tenent villæque puellam,
Ferreus est cheu! quisquis in urbe manet.
Ipsa Venus lætos jam nunc migravit in agros,
Verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.

The whole of the elegy is, perhaps as closely translated as this stanza, which is certainly sufficiently so, consistent with ease.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENERAL EXTRACTS.—ELOQUENCE.

Fox was a man of a large, capacious, powerful, and highly cultivated intellect. No man's knowledge was more sound, or more useful, or more plain;—no man's knowledge could lie in more connected and tangible masses;—No man could be more perfectly master of his ideas, could reason upon them more closely, or decide upon them more impartially. He was acquainted with the opinions and sentiments of the best authors, with the maxims of the most profound politicians, with the causes of the rise and fall of states, with the general passions of men; with the characters of different nations, and the laws and constitution of his own country.—His mind was naturally full, even to overflowing. He was so habitually conversant with the most intricate and comprehensive trains of thought, or such was the natural vigour and exuberance of his mind, that he seemed to recal them without any effort. His ideas quarrelled for utterance. Instead of ever being at a loss for them, he was obliged rather to repress and rein them in, lest they should overwhelm and confound, instead of informing the understandings of his hearers.

If to this we add the ardour and natural impetuosity of his mind, his quick sensibility, his eagerness in the defence of truth, and his impatience of every thing that looked like trick or artifice or affectation, we shall be able in some measure to account for the character of his eloquence. His thoughts came crowding in too fast for the slow and mechanical process of speech. What he saw in an instant, he could only express imperfectly, word by word, and sentence after sentence. He would, if he could, "have bared his swelling heart" and laid open at once the rich treasures of knowledge with which his bosom was fraught. It is no wonder that this difference between the rapidity of his feelings, and the formal round-about method of communicating them should produce some disorder in his frame; that the throng of his ideas should try to overleap the narrow boundaries which confined them, and tumultuously break down their prison doors, instead of waiting to be let out one by one, and following patiently at due intervals and

with mock dignity like poor dependents in the train of words: That he should express himself in hurried sentences, in involuntary exclamations, by vehement gestures, by sudden starts and bursts of passion. Every thing showed the agitation of his mind. His tongue faltered, his voice became almost suffocated, and his face was bathed in tears. He was lost in the magnitude of his subject—he reeled and staggered under the load of feeling which oppressed him. He rolled like the sea beaten by a tempest. If Fox had wanted grace, he would have had it; but it was not the character of his mind, nor would it have suited with the style of his eloquence.

It was Pitt's object to smooth over the abruptness and intricacies of his argument by the gracefulness of his manner, and to fix the attention of his hearers on the pomp and sound of his words. Lord Chatham always strove to command others; he did not try to convince them, but to overpower their understandings by the greater strength and vehemence of his own, to awe them by a sense of his personal superiority, and he therefore was obliged to assume a lofty and dignified manner. It was to him they bowed, not to truth; and whatever related to himself, therefore, must have a tendency to inspire respect and admiration. Indeed he never would have attempted to gain the ascendant over men's minds he did, if either his mind or body had been different from what they were; if his temper had not urged him to control and command others, or if his personal advantages had not enabled him to secure that kind of authority which he coveted.

In Fox it would have been ridiculous to affect either the smooth plausibility or stately gravity of the one, or the proud, domineering, imposing dignity of the other.—If even he could have succeeded it would only have injured the effect of his speeches.*—What he had to rely on was the strength, the solidity of his ideas—his complete and thorough knowledge of his subject. It was his object, therefore, to fix his attention not on himself, but on his subject; to rivet it there; to hurry it on from words to things; the only circumstance of which they required to be convinced re-

* His manner was not the best possible, but it was the best for him.

Upton on Spencer

specting himself, was the sincerity of his opinions; and this would be best done by the earnestness of his manner, by giving a loose to his feelings, and by showing the most perfect forgetfulness of himself, and of what others thought of him. The moment a man shows you either by affected words, or looks, or gestures that he is thinking of himself and you, and that he is trying to please or terrify you into compliance, there is an end at once to that kind of eloquence which owes its effect to the force of truth, and to your confidence in the sincerity of the speaker. But it was to the confidence inspired by the earnestness and simplicity of his manner that Fox was indebted for more than half the effect of his speeches. Some might possess nearly as exact information, as exact a knowledge of the situation and interests of the country; but they wanted that zeal, that animation, that enthusiasm, that deep sense of the importance of the subject, which removes all doubt or suspicion from the minds of the hearers, and communicates its own warmth to every breast. We may *convince* by argument alone, but it is by the interest we discover in the success of our reasonings that we persuade others to reason and to act with us.

There are two circumstances which Fox's speeches and lord Chatham's had in common; they are alike distinguished by a plain, downright common sense, and by the vehemence of their manners. But still there is a great difference between them in both these respects. Fox in his opinions was governed by facts—Chatham was more influenced by the feelings of others respecting these facts. Fox would endeavour to find out what the consequences of any measure would be; Chatham attended only to what people would think of it. Fox appealed to the practical reason of mankind; Chatham to popular prejudice. The one repelled the encroachments of power by supplying his hearers with arguments against it; the other by rousing their passions and arming their resentment against those who rob them of their birthright. Their vehemence and impetuosity arose too from very different feelings. In Chatham it was pride, passion, self-will, impatience of control, a determination to have his own way;—In Fox it was pure goodness, a sincere love of truth, an ardent attachment to what he conceived to be right; an anxious concern for the welfare and liberties of mankind. Or if we suppose that ambition had taken a

strong hold on both their minds, yet their ambition was of a very different kind: In the one it was the love of power,—in the other the love of fame. Nothing can be more opposite than these two principles, both in their origin and tendency. The one originated in a haughty, selfish, domineering spirit, the other in a social, generous sensibility, desirous of the love and esteem of others, and anxiously bent upon gaining merited applause. The one grasps at immediate power *by any means* within its reach; the other, if it does not square its actions by the rules of virtue, at least refers them to a standard which comes the nearest to it—the disinterested applause of our country, and the enlightened judgment of posterity. The love of fame is consistent with the steadiest attachment to principle, and indeed strengthens and supports it; whereas the love of power, where this is the ruling passion, requires the sacrifice of principle at every turn, and is inconsistent even with the shadow of it. I do not mean to say that Fox had no love of power, or Chatham no love of fame, (this would be reversing all we know of human nature) but that the one principle predominated in the one, and the other in the other. My reader will do us great injustice if he supposes that in attempting to describe the characters of different speakers by contrasting their general qualities, I mean any thing beyond the *more or less*. But it is necessary to describe those qualities simply and in the abstract, in order to make the distinction intelligible. Chatham resented any attack made upon the cause of liberty, of which he was the avowed champion, as an indignity offered to himself. Fox felt it as a stain upon the honour of his country, and as an injury to the rights of his fellow citizens. The one was swayed by his own passions and purposes, with very little regard to the consequences; the sensibility of the other was roused, and his passions kindled into a generous flame by a real interest in whatever related to the welfare of mankind, and by an intense and earnest contemplation of the consequences of the measures he opposed. It was this union of the zeal of the patriot with the enlightened knowledge of the statesman that gave to the eloquence of Fox its more than mortal energy; that warmed, expanded, penetrated every bosom. He relied on the force of truth and nature alone: the refinements of philosophy, the pomp and pageantry of the imagination were forgotten,

or seemed light and frivolous; the fate of nations, the welfare of millions hung suspended as he spoke; a torrent of manly eloquence poured from his heart, bore down every thing in its course, and surprised into a momentary sense of human feeling, the breathing corpses, the wire-moved puppets, the stuffed figures, the flexible machinery, the deaf and dumb things of a court.

I find, (I don't know how the reader feels) that it is difficult to write a character of Fox without running into insipidity or extravagance. And the reason of this is, there are no splendid contrasts, no striking irregularities, no curious distinctions to work upon—no “jutting frieze, nor coigne of vantage” for the imagination to take hold of. It was a plain marble slab inscribed in plain legible characters, without either hieroglyphics or carving. There was the same directness and manly simplicity in every thing that he did. The whole of his character indeed may be summed up in two words—strength and simplicity. Fox was in the class of common men, but he was the first in that class. Though it is easy to describe the differences of things, nothing is more difficult than to describe their degrees or quantities. In what I am going to say, I hope I shall not be suspected of a design to underrate his powers of mind, when in fact I am only trying to ascertain their nature and direction. The degree and extent to which he possessed them can only be known by reading, or indeed by having heard his speeches.

His mind, as I have already said, was purely historical, and having said this, I have, I believe, said all. I mean that his memory was in an extraordinary degree tenacious of facts: that they were crowded together in his mind without the least perplexity or confusion; that there was no chain of consequences too vast for his powers of comprehension; that the different parts and ramifications of his subject were never so involved and intricate but that they were easily disentangled in the clear prism of his understanding—the basis of his wisdom was experience. However he not only knew what had happened, but by an exact knowledge of the real state of things, he could always tell what in the common course of events would happen in future. The force of *his mind* was exerted upon facts: as long as he could lean directly upon these, as long as he had the actual objects to refer to, to steady him-

self by, he could analyse, he could combine, he could compare and reason upon them with the utmost exactness; but *he could not reason out of them*. He was what is understood by a *matter of fact* reasoner. He was better acquainted with the concrete masses of things, their substantial forms, and practical connections, than with their abstract nature or general definitions. He was a man of extensive information, of sound knowledge, and clear understanding rather than the acute observer or profound thinker. He was the man of business, the accomplished statesman rather than the philosopher. His reasonings were, generally speaking, calculations of certain positive results which, the data being given, must follow as matters of course, rather than unexpected and remote truths drawn from a deep insight into human nature, and the subtle application of general principles to particular cases. They consisted chiefly in the detail and combination of a vast number of items in an account worked by the known rules of political arithmetic; not in the bold, comprehensive, and original theorems in the science. They were rather acts of memory, of continued attention, of a power of bringing all his ideas to bear at once upon a single point, than of reason or invention. He was the attentive observer, who watches the various effects and successive movements of a machine already constructed, and can tell how to manage it, while it goes on as it has always done, but who knows little or nothing of the principles on which it is constructed, nor how to set it right if it becomes disordered, except by the most common and obvious expedients. Burke was to Fox what the geometrician is to the mechanic.—Much has been said of the prophetic mind of Mr. Fox.—The same epithet has been applied to Mr. Burke till it has become proverbial.* It has I think been applied without much reason to either. Fox wanted the scientific part,—Burke wanted the practical. Fox had too little imagination, Burke too much—that is, he was careless of facts. He was led away by his passions to look at one side of a question only. Indeed his wisdom was more that of the legislator than of the active statesman.—They both tried their strength in the Ulysses's bow of politicians—the French Revolution, and they were both foiled.—Fox foretold

* Even Mr. Shee has adopted this expression with respect to Burke who never adopts any expression till it has grown so common that he cannot be accused of plagiarism.

the success of the French in combating foreign powers—but this was no more than what every friend of the liberty of France foresaw or foretold as well as he. Burke, on the other hand, seems to have been beforehand with the public in foreboding the internal disorders that would attend the revolution: but then it becomes a question whether he did not make good his own predictions, and certainly he saw into the causes and connection of events much more clearly after they had happened than before. He was however without doubt a profound commentator on that Apocalyptic chapter in the history of human nature, which I do not think Fox was. Whether led to it by the events or not, he saw thoroughly into the principles that operated to produce them; and he pointed them out to others in a manner which could not be mistaken. I can conceive Burke as the genius of the storm hovering over Paris, the “centre and focus of anarchy, as he says, hovering with mighty wings outspread over the abyss, and rendering it pregnant;” watching the passions of men gradually unfolding themselves in new situations, penetrating those hidden motives which carried them from one extreme into the other, arranging and analyzing the principles that alternately pervaded the vast chaotic mass, and extracting the elements of order, and the cement of social life from the decomposition of all society: while Charles Fox in the mean time dogged the heels of the allies (all the way calling out to them to stop) with his sutler’s bag, his muster-roll, and army estimates at his back. He said, “you have only fifty thousand troops—the enemy has a hundred thousand—this place is dismantled, it can make no resistance: your troops were beaten last year, they must therefore be disheartened this.” This is excellent sense, and sound reasoning, but I do not see what it has to do with philosophy. But why was it necessary that Fox should be a philosopher?—Why, in the first place Burke was a philosopher, and Fox to keep up with him, must be so too. In the second place it was necessary in order that his indiscreet admirers, who have no idea of greatness but as it consists in certain names and pompous titles, might be able to talk big about their patron. It is a bad compliment we pay to our idol when we endeavour to make him out something different from himself: it shows that we are not satisfied with what he was. I have heard it said that he had as much

imagination as Burke. To this extravagant assertion I shall make what I conceive to be a very cautious and moderate answer: that Burke was as superior to Fox in this respect, as Fox perhaps was to the first person you would meet in the street. There is in fact hardly an instance of imagination to be met with in any of his speeches; what there is, is of the rhetorical kind. I may perhaps be wrong. He might excel Burke too in profound thought and richness of fancy, though I cannot perceive it. However, when any one publishes a book called the beauties of Fox, containing the original reflections, brilliant passages, lofty metaphors, &c. to be found in his speeches without the detail or connection, I shall be ready to give up the point.

In logic Fox was inferior to Pitt. Indeed in all the formalities of eloquence in which the latter excelled as much as he was deficient in the soul or substance. When I say that Pitt was superior in logic to Fox, I mean that he excelled in the formal division of the subject, in always keeping it in view, as far as he chose; in being able to detect any deviation from it in others; in the management of his general topics; in being aware of the mood and figure in which the argument must move, with all its non-essentials, dilemmas, and alternatives; in never committing himself nor ever suffering his antagonist to occupy an inch of ground, but under cover of a syllogism. He had none of "the dazzling force of argument," as it has been called. He was, in short, better at his weapons. But then, unfortunately, it was only a dagger of lath, that the wind could turn aside; whereas Fox wore a trusty blade, of solid metal and real execution.

I shall not trouble myself to inquire whether Fox was a man of strict virtue and principle; or in other words, how far he was one of those who, screw themselves up to a certain pitch of ideal perfection, who as it were, set themselves in the stocks of morality, and make mouths at their own situation. He was not one of that tribe, and shall not be tried by their self-denying ordinances. But he was endowed with one of the most excellent natures that ever fell to the lot of any of God's creatures. It has been said that "an honest man's the noblest work of God."—There is indeed a purity, a rectitude, an integrity of heart, a freedom from every selfish bias and sinister motive, a manly

simplicity and noble disinterestedness of feeling which is, in my opinion, to be preferred before every other gift of nature or art. There is a greatness of soul that is superior to all the brilliancy of the understanding. This strength of moral character, which is not only a more valuable but a rarer quality than strength of understanding (as we are oftener led astray by the narrowness of our feelings than want of knowledge) Fox possessed in the highest degree. He was superior to every kind of jealousy, of suspicion, of malevolence; to every narrow and sordid motive. He was perfectly above every species of duplicity, of low art and cunning. He judged of every thing in the downright sincerity of his nature, without being able to impose upon himself by any hollow disguise, or to lend his support to any thing unfair or dishonourable. He had an innate love of truth, of justice, of probity, of whatever was generous or liberal. Neither his education, nor his connections, nor his situation in life, nor the low intrigues and virulence of party could ever alter the simplicity of his taste, nor the candid openness of his nature. There was an elastic force about his heart, a freshness of social feeling, a warm glowing humanity which remained unimpaired to the last. He was by nature a gentleman. By this I mean that he felt a certain deference and respect for every man; he had an unaffected frankness and benignity in his behaviour to others, the utmost liberality in judging of their conduct and motives. A refined humanity constitutes the character of a gentleman.* He was the true friend of his country as far as it is possible for a statesman to be so. But his love of his country did not consist in his hatred of the rest of mankind. I shall conclude this account by repeating what Burke said of him when his testimony was of most value: "to his great and masterly understanding he joined the utmost possible degree of moderation; he was of the most artless, candid, and benevolent disposition; disinterested in the extreme; of a temper mild and placable, even to a fault; and without one drop of gall in his constitution.

* To this character none of those who were compared with him in talents had the least pretensions, as Chatham, Burke, Pitt, &c. They would blackguard and bully any man upon the slightest provocation or difference of opinion.

LORD NORTH.

His speeches in general, short, shrewd and lively, and quite free from the affectation of oratory. He spoke like a gentleman, like a man of sense and business, who had to explain himself on certain points of moment to the country, and who, in doing this, did not think that his first object was to show how well he could play the orator, by the hour. The following masterly character was given of him by Mr. Burke:

“He was a man of admirable parts; of general knowledge; of a versatile understanding, fitted for every sort of business; of infinite wit and pleasantry; of a delightful temper; and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required.”

COLONEL BARRE.

“I would borrow a simile from Burke, or a sarcasm from Barre,” says Junius. There is a vein of shrewd irony, a lively, familiar, conversational pleasantry running through all his speeches. *Garrit aniles ex re fabellas*. His eloquence is certainly the most naïve, the most unpremeditated, the most gay and heedless that can be imagined. He was really and naturally what Courteney (afterwards) only pretended to be.

SHERIDAN,

One of the most brilliant speakers that ever appeared in the House of Commons was born in 1750. He was known to the public before he came into parliament, as having written the best comedies of the age. He has said more witty things than ever were said by any one man in the House of Commons: but at present one may say of him—“the wine of life is drunk, and but the lees remain.”

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HISTORY OF ADEN.—AN ALLEGORY.

CONTENTMENT ESSENTIALLY NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF
THE MAN OF THE WORLD, AND A PHILOSOPHER.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense

Lie in these words—health, PEACE and competence. POPE.

ON the eastern verge of the city of Mecca, near the holy well of Zemzem, stood the dwelling of Merab. He was famed for the hospitality of his board; but the magnificence of his household did not waste, in frivolous superfluity, that portion of his abundance which was to satisfy the wants of the poor and maimed who assembled in his avenues.—He was one of the wealthiest of his countrymen, and was known to inherit the spirit and munificence of a Kouishite. His camels, as they journeyed with the caravans of Mecca, were distinguishable by the richness of their trappings, and the compactness of their costly burdens. His store-houses were filled with the spices of India and the treasures of Africa, added to the cloths and furs of Europe. His table was loaded with the grapes of Tayef and the fruits of Sana. The fame of his knowledge was commensurate with that of his hospitality.—Merab had travelled much, had acquired an intimate knowledge of the human character, and, while passing through distant countries, had studied their laws, manners and customs. He was now old, and the evening of his life was serene and mild. The opening virtues and expanding intellect of his son Aden, the ornament and delight of his old age, shed happiness around the dwelling of Merab, in the decline of his years. He found his cares repaid and his labours rewarded. His talents had not been uselessly devoted to the formation of the mind of Aden, nor his knowledge thrown away in his instruction. Merab delighted to follow the fervid fancy of his son, guided and chastened by the observations and maxims of his more sound and matured judgment. He listened to his youthful remarks with emotion for the present, and lively anticipations for the time to come. Thus in peace and in hope set the sun of Merab. Aden consigned with filial sorrow and resignation, the spirit of his father to the promises of the Prophet.

After the poignancy of grief was somewhat blunted by time, and had subsided into tender regret and soothing recollections, the mind of Aden was again serene, and he felt the elasticity of his spirit once more return. His prospects now brightened and his views expanded. Curiosity and a thirst after knowledge fired his breast, and to visit foreign lands became a subject of expectation and a promise of delight and instruction. He accordingly set forward on his travels, with a mind vigorous with study and animated with hope. The freshness of youth was on his countenance and its innocence in his breast. He surveyed the verdure of nature with feelings of gratified benevolence, and the glow of the season resembled the animation of his soul.

He determined to visit the ports of the Euphrates and of the Red Sea. Already had he learned that arts and sciences were wafted from afar on the wings of commerce; he knew that to it he owed the blessings of his lot; he was not insensible that to it Merab was indebted for his knowledge and his wealth; and that to its streams more fertilizing than those of the Ganges or the Nile, were attributable the fame, the wealth, and the learning of Arabia. It had enspirited the enterprises and expanded the views of the Kouishites of Mecca; and hence "the noblest of her sons had united the love of arms to the profession of merchandize."*

In those cities Aden expected to see much of mankind, to learn much of foreign countries, and to converse with the wise, who were in search of the learning and curiosities of the east. He was not disappointed. He saw much and learned much. His journey through the cities of Arabia was delightful and instructive. He listened with attention to the wise—to the moral sage (the loftiest and most ornamental pillar of real science)—he attended to the natural philosopher with all the delight with which the lover of nature learns her secrets and explores her beauties; to those who spoke of the qualifications and the fame of viziers and ministers of state, he listened with enthusiasm—his mind expanded and his soul was elevated while he heard of the fame, the knowledge and the virtues of Omar, the first vizier of the calif of Egypt; but his breast was troubled when it was related to him that Omar had been stript of

the power which he had used for the welfare of his country; and had experienced the ingratitude which, alas! so frequently falls on the "great and good." Here, however, ambition first sprung up in the bosom of Aden: forgetting the conclusion of the life of Omar, he thirsted for his fame and power. He resolved to continue his travels through the east, to acquire a knowledge of the eastern world, of its political institutions, and of the sources of its wealth. He consulted the mandarins of India, he read the works of ancient lawgivers, and studied with profound attention the works, and treasured with care the maxims, of Confucius. He became enamoured of the principles of that illustrious philosopher, and felt a throbbing desire to gain place and power that he might practice for the good of his countrymen his sublime maxims of political duty. After having sojourned in the east, he at length resolved to return to Arabia, where he hoped that his knowledge and acquirements would distinguish his name, and that he would find the *lasting gratification of his mind*, in the elevation of his *person*. Aden arrived in the land of his father, and rested in the dwellings of his ancestors. It was not long ere his genius and erudition and knowledge gained him distinction and preeminence. His house was crowded with visitors, who came to listen, and who departed in admiration. Aden's hopes were realized, and his views rose with his reputation—Resolved to offer his services to a prince, he presented himself before Iman, prince of Masket—Royalty felt itself ennobled by the proximity of genius, and Aden was declared minister of state. To him the prince left the reins and the cares of government; and Aden determined to put in practice the results of his observation and his learning—He studied the character of the people over whom he exercised the delegated power of the prince—he encouraged agriculture, and by wise regulations extended and fostered commerce. His active mind searched out the causes of existing evils, his genius supplied the remedies; his judgment directed their application. He repressed the tyranny of the courtiers of the Divan, and gave confidence and spirit to the people. The dignity of his manners silenced the flattery of sycophants, and the voice of false adulation faltered in his presence. He was, however, easy of access; the injured bowed before him with hope and confidence, while the guilty trembled

at the sternness of his justice. His ambition still kept pace with his success, and the charms and splendors of power became too great for the strength of his philosophy. His views and projects were too comprehensive for the mind of the prince. Aden grasped at too much, and, forgetting the situation of minister, forgot also the superiority of the sovereign. The prince became jealous of his reputation and power, and felt uneasy at his increasing elevation. The courtiers, whom the presence of Aden had restrained, and who had long envied his power and riches, fomented the jealousies of the prince, and intrigue and falsehood were busied for his destruction. Aden, too late, discerned the storm that had gathered at a distance, but the shadow of which had already reached him. In vain did he endeavour to avert its rage. He felt himself the subject of scrutiny and distrust, and his presence was avoided even by those who had been most active in his service and most ardent in his praise. He saw his danger, but the energy of his mind was proof against fear.

"Painful preeminence, himself to view

"Above life's weakness and its pleasures too."

He perceived that the remembrance of his services were driven from the memory of the prince, and that the success of his enemies became daily more probable. At length Aden was dismissed from the presence of Iman, and persecution followed him beyond the threshold of the court of Masket. Being forced to fly from the city, he returned to Mecca disappointed, and wretched.

But the force of his mind soon raised his depressed spirits, and opened to his view other plans. He determined to acquire an extensive reputation as a philosopher and sage. He assiduously sought for books in all sciences, and added them to his library. He studied without intermission, and consumed the midnight oil in profound research and eager inquiry. His apartments were thrown open, and the literary, the gay and the curious partook of his magnificent hospitality. The abstruse questions often proposed and discussed, furnished an opportunity for the display of his learning and eloquence. He became renowned in Mecca, and the fame of Aden was heard throughout Arabia. He enjoyed the

reverence of the sage, and the admiration of the illiterate. The voice of flattery was now pleasing to him, for it spoke of his genius and extolled his acquirements. But the soul of Aden was not satisfied. He felt uneasy at the idea, that though his learning was extensive, it was limited by the discoveries of others. He therefore left the tract of sober reason and demonstration, and dived into hidden causes. He followed the flight of his vigorous imagination, and delighted in the persuasion that he could arrive at truth through fine-spun theory and ideal paradox. He despised the doctrines of the Prophet, and endeavoured to fathom the depths of divine agency and moral cause. He attempted by the light of reason to explain seeming contradictions, and to reduce to the level of unassisted comprehension the whole range of moral existence. He thus undertook to explore the cause,

—————Why unassuming worth in secret lived
And died neglected—why the good man's share
In life was gaul and bitterness of soul.

—————Why heaven-born truth
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge!

His theories were ingenious; his disciples were delighted by their novelty, and, without the trouble of reflection and steady examination, thought they were enlightened by truth. The fame of Aden increased, and the flattery of his followers was redoubled. But, alas! his mind was not at rest. While he believed that he had convinced others, he was tossed himself on an ocean of doubt. The clouds of scepticism darkened his mental vision. He grew restless and gloomy, and the flattery of his followers ceased to beguile him. The multitude wondered at the contraction of his brow, and could not comprehend *why he who was wise should not be happy*. Aden suddenly left the city of Mecca, and resolved once more to journey through the east.

He accordingly set forward. The solitude of his way was favourable to thought, and congenial to the train of his reflections. He continued to puzzle his mind and to wander in the mazes of error. The heat of the sun became oppressive, and he left the beaten road to pursue his way through the shades of an adjacent wood. While he thus journeyed immersed in thought, his camel sudden-

ly stopped, and Aden, looking up, beheld an aged man leaning on his staff. The frost of age was on his temples;—the openness of his countenance announced the benevolence of his heart, and the steady serenity of his brow indicated thought, piety, and religion. Aden was struck at the appearance of the venerable man. He viewed him some moments in silence, and the agitation of his mind subsided into complacency. He approached and accosted the stranger with awe and reverence.—“Father, thy appearance bespeaks thy wisdom, and contentment seems the inmate of thy bosom.” A smile past over the features of the hermit, and, holding forth his hand, he invited the confidence of the traveller. Aden alighted from his camel and seated himself on a tuft to which the hermit pointed.—They conversed on the affairs of the world, and Aden at length related the events of his life, and by degrees unfolded the causes of his inquietude. The venerable stranger listened with attention and interest, and after musing in deep contemplation, thus spoke:—

“My son, the events of thy life have been few, but they have also been varied. Thou, my son, art too wise not to profit by the instruction they convey. Thy course was commenced in virtuous emulation, and the brightness of hope beamed on thy path.—Thy spirit of enterprize was attended with the vigour of youth, and the aspirings of thy soul were lofty and honourable.—Thy thirst for knowledge was the promise of usefulness, renown and happiness.—Thy course was guided at first by prudence, and in the extent of thy acquirements thou mightest have reposed with gratification and delight. But thy ambition prompted thee to the acquisition of power which it was thy delight to exercise for the good of thy fellow-men. Success inspired confidence, and thy ardor outstript the progress of thy prudence and foresight.—Hast thou, my son, been content with the power thou hadst gained, the subjects of Iman of Masket would still have been blest by thy wisdom, and wealth and commerce would have continued to scatter plenty to them and to add to their arts and sciences.—But alas! my son, contentment was a stranger to thy breast. A want of it left thee without prudence, and open to the attacks of envy and the intrigues of vice. Thou hast acknowledged that thy peace of mind did not increase with thy power. Know that

my son, that happiness is not the attendant of power and ambition: it is secured in proportion as we appreciate the circumstances that really bestow it.—I have learnt by experience, that contentment is the parent of happiness, the safeguard of virtue, and the security of its blessings.—This truth, the events of thy life have taught thee, for thou wast unhappy in the palaces of Masket. Intrigue robbed thee of power, and thou hast keenly felt persecution and ingratitude. The disappointment was sore and thou soughtst for alleviation in the delights of science. In them indeed are innumerable and indescribable pleasures.—But to realise them, the mind must be more intent on truth than upon ingenuity of theory and intricacy of deduction. Be assured, my son, they deceive themselves and others who attempt to unriddle the secrets of Nature, and to explain moral causes by the force of natural reason.—The experience of every day shows more forcibly the error of those who, to gratify a vain curiosity or to indulge the pride of boasted reason, discard the certainty of experiment, and the force of demonstration; who make not the advancement of virtue and the increase of happiness the end of their speculations; who wander in the mazes of sophistry, imagining that they have expelled the clouds of ignorance and are illuminated by the sun of truth; who fancy that they account for unaccountable things by learned phraseology, or incomprehensible hypothesis. Hence, my son, the origin of scepticism. Thou wast not content with deductions of sober reason, or with the truths which thou ascertainedst through the process of accurate research and patient investigation. Thou desiredst to be famed for discovery and invention, and hence thy mind became doubtful, because thy judgment detected the sophistry of thy reasoning. Inconsistencies in the moral creation were inexplicable to a mind determined not to believe what it could not account for by its own exertions, or explain to the satisfaction of sceptical incredulity. To thee, who hadst heard of the promises of the prophet, but withheldst from them thy credence, it was unaccountable, because it seemed unjust that virtue should suffer, while vice triumphed. Thy view was bounded by present existence, and the punishment of the one and the reward of the other, could never happen, because thou hadst not contemplated the bar at which they were to be awarded.

Thou didst not reflect that the present afflictions of virtue only prepare it for the more exquisite enjoyment of its own reward, and that the present prosperity of vice only sharpens the sting of its certain punishment. Believe me, my son, real science could never have led thee to those conclusions, which have produced the scepticism that now disturbs the serenity of thy mind. Pursue, my son, the paths of science with piety for thy guide. Be content with that which strengthens thy virtue and secures thy happiness: all else is error, which, though it may gratify thy pride, cannot satisfy thy unprejudiced reason. Thus will doubt vanish, and, in the rays of true science, thy happiness will increase." The hermit ceased, and Aden felt the mists of error vanishing before the light of his philosophy.—"Father, said he, thy wisdom has corrected the errors and made straight the deviations of the wanderer. Thou hast imparted to me a peace which I never knew, and for which I have sought in vain."

Aden left the venerable man with the profoundest respect and the warmest gratitude. He returned to Mecca, and his countrymen enjoyed the benefits of his useful and extensive learning. He passed a life of contentment, and his piety was as great as his knowledge was extensive. His tomb is still visited by the curious traveller and the pious pilgrim, who read upon it, while they acknowledge the truth of the inscription,—"*Contentment is Happiness.*" Such are the words which are inscribed on the tomb of Aden, the renowned but unfortunate minister of Masket, and the virtuous and learned philosopher of Mecca. R. H. L.

Carlisle, April, 1815.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AMERICANS are said to be deficient in modesty. We do not here, allude to any thing unbecoming in their dress, or indecent in their conversation; but to a want of deference for the feelings and

opinions of others. When in foreign countries, they are charged with a supercilious behaviour, a noisy audacity, and an ever-babbling utterance of their contempt, for the pageantry of kings, the hypocrisy of bishops, and their luxurious benefices, that fatten in idleness on the industry of the people. It is true, the young republican when placed in the midst of a British population, must make comparisons very justly in favour of the superior comfort and happiness enjoyed by his own countrymen; he feels doubly proud of their numerous privileges—at home, he has seen none of the blind veneration for the great, or the magic spell which royalty, robes, and gowns have upon the gaping multitude.—He has seen at home no cowering sycophants, dancing round voluptuous princes, dukes, marshals, earls, viscounts, barons, baronets, knights, &c. heaping upon them their outrageous adulation. He turns from such scenes with disdain, too apt to utter his detestation of distinctions in society so grating to his republican feelings—and these airs they are, which so often make the American stranger so unamiable and insufferable to his majesty's loyal subjects. The Englishman with his distant demeanour, and imperious reserve, exulting in the proud eminence of his country in the temple of science, in arts, and in arms; looks down upon such republican assurance with disgust and aversion.—Thus the manners of both, alike haughty and intolerant, too often forbids all social enjoyment, instead of that complaisance and amiable affability, without which our own feelings torment us and society is every where detestable, we would seem to study, to lessen our individual happiness, by diminishing that of others.

Not so with the modest and unassuming "young man." He meets a stranger in all parts of the world with a winning condescension—always anxious to please (the source of true politeness) he is ever alive to the feelings and prejudices of those amongst whom he is placed—if he find fault, it is in a way which never offends.—He assumes no airs of strutting indifference—he does not insult his company with muttering songs, whistling aloud, nor does he make any other rude and foppish effort to impress those around him with the comfortable idea, that they are unworthy of his notice.

It is astonishing, that even the most common understanding should ever be so deluded in pursuing the means of its gratification, as to suppose that any ridiculous assumption of affected superiority, should obtain for us an additional *importance* in the minds of others.—It would, indeed, be an unworthy and contemptible satisfaction if we *could* thus exalt our selfishness—a becoming deference and a decent respect for our fellow beings, wherever we meet them, is indispensable to our rational enjoyment of society. To be happy ourselves, we must, wherever we are placed, exercise the power we possess of conferring happiness upon others.

It can hardly be said, that our national character is yet formed. The American states are still in their infancy; and we trust, ere our course be retrograde, we are destined to improve and exalt every part of the human character for ages to come.—Free from a servile imitation of any nation, it is our interest to improve from the example of all; and we would wish in forming our manners to steer between the cold demeanour of the English, and the too excessive obsequiousness and studied familiarity of the French

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VARIETY—FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

VEGETABLE USURPATION AND AVERSION.

So numerous are the powers and properties, attributes and qualities which animals and vegetables possess in common, that it is difficult in the highest degree to point out the lines which mark distinctively the limits of the two kingdoms. To such an extent is this true, that there are not wanting naturalists of eminence who contend, that such limits are no where to be found—that they are more purely creatures of the imagination than even a *mathematical line*, which is admitted to possess *length* without breadth; whereas they have in reality neither length nor breadth, locality nor existence. These kingdoms are said to run in each other with the imperceptible gradations, the softened and exquisite blendings of twilight and

darkness, or of light and shade in a well wrought picture; the verge of the one completely interlacing with the verge of the other. Although the superior elevation on the great scale of existence decidedly appertains to the animal kingdom, yet it is strenuously contended, that the lowest animal productions are, in not a few of their qualities, undeniably inferior to the highest order of the vegetable creation.

It is said, in particular, that vegetables make no manifestation of mental powers: that they have nothing like spontaneity, much less voluntariness of motion: that their movements are most closely allied to mechanics, proceeding entirely from external impulses, not from any internal principle of action: that they are utterly unsusceptible of desires and aversions, pleasures and pains; and that they are no more capable of selections or rejections, than stones or metals.

We are not, however, without real *savans*—men highly distinguished for talents and science, who zealously impugn these sentiments, declaring that vegetables possess and manifest, though in a lower degree, many of the attributes, denominated intellectual, which belong to animals—that their sensibility and perceptivity, spontaneity and voluntariness can be as clearly established as their material existence.

We profess no love for militant operations even in science. Our pursuits and habits are inveterately peaceful. It is not our intention, therefore, at present, to break a lance with any antagonist, nor even to enter the lists in this metaphysical controversy. Leaving all explanation to the ingenuity of those who may be fond of the discussion, and who feel themselves competent to it—and from such persons we earnestly solicit communications—our present purpose is, to give a brief statement of two phenomena, which, to plain observers like ourselves, might seem, at first view, to bespeak in vegetables the existence of a disposition to "*usurp power and forget right*," and to *manifest aversion*, in common with animals.

Among others of the vegetable tribe, there stands in our own yard a flourishing plant of that species of ever-greens known by the name of the balm of Gilead. It is remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its form and foliage. Its figure consists of an

upright stalk or trunk, ornamented at intervals with four lateral branches, which shoot out around it on the same level, and form with its ascending portion an angle of about seventy-five or perhaps eighty degrees. It makes an entire breach in the configuration of this plant, and is contrary to the established principles of its progress in growth, for either of these side branches to assume an upright direction. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose, that such a direction will not be assumed, except under the influence of a very urgent and powerful cause. The trunk, rising always from the central germ, is much larger than either of the lateral branches.

In the summer of 1814, by one of those anomalies which are incident to the vegetable no less than to the animal creation, it happened to the plant we have been describing, that the lateral branch of that year, thrown out from its south side, became as large and vigorous as the central ramification which was intended for the trunk. No sooner had it acquired strength, than it appeared to become discontented with its lateral and secondary situation. Leaving, therefore, its original and natural direction, which was nearly horizontal, it began to make an evident and continued effort to ascend perpendicularly. From this period a struggle ensued, between it and the central ramification, which of the two should hold the first place of honour, by becoming and continuing the real trunk. For a considerable time the issue of the contest remained doubtful. At length, however, victory began manifestly to declare for the side branch. That vigorous and, we feel somewhat inclined to say, ambitious shoot, persevered in its scheme of self-aggrandizement, and approximating daily, more and more, an upright position, succeeded, at length, in forcing the central branch from its perpendicularly, gave it an inclined direction, usurped its place, and became itself the principal trunk. This contest for honour and rule does not appear, however, to be yet decided. The central branch, although at present deposed, and evidently the weakest, has not abandoned entirely its pretensions to supremacy. As if still mindful of its ancient prerogative, it maintains a struggle to regain the standing and dignity it has lost. This conflict, thus pertinaciously carried on, between these two belligerent branches, very seriously interferes

with the rights and interests of the surrounding neutral ones, by depriving them of their due share of nutriment, and circumscribing them, of course, in their vigour and dimensions. These latter are literally impoverished in their means by the overgrown power and rapacity of their neighbours.

VEGETABLE AVERSION.

A striking instance of this phenomenon may be observed near the engine house, which stands on the center square in this city. Within the enclosure surrounding that building, are planted, in several parts of the square, contiguous rows of those two well known trees, the Lombardy and Athenian poplars. They are placed at such a distance as to have ample room to rise in an upright direction, without at all interfering with each other's branches. This direction, however, the Athenian poplar does not pursue. It manifests a strong and deep-rooted aversion from its neighbour of Lombardy, by endeavouring to get as far out of its immediate vicinity as possible. With this view it inclines very considerably in the opposite direction from that in which its neighbour stands. Hence, within the inclosure mentioned, rows of the Athenian poplar may be seen leaning with great regularity toward the four cardinal points of the compass. Those standing on the south side of the Lombardy lean towards the south; those on the north, towards the north; those on the east, towards the east; and those on the west, towards the west: in each instance separating to as great a distance as practicable from their offensive neighbours.

Although as we have already stated, it is not our intention to enter into a serious discussion of this subject, we may, notwithstanding, be permitted to ask, whence proceeds the phenomenon in question, if not from an *instinctive vegetable aversion*? We know that naturalists stand prepared with a reply. Vegetables, say they, have an attraction for light, or, which amounts in the present case to the same thing, are attracted by light. The Lombardy poplar interposes as an opaque body, excluding from the Athenian a part of the light which would otherwise fall on the side that is next to it. Hence a larger portion falling on the opposite side, necessarily draws it in that direction—or, in other words, the plant leans in that direction in quest of light.

Were this reasoning to be admitted in its fullest extent, we are unable to perceive what our philosophers would gain by the concession. In getting clear of one difficulty they would fall into another equally great. It would be, at best, but a change of perplexities. "The Athenian poplar, say they, has an *atphetency* for light." Whence is it, we reply, that it may not possess an *aversion* as well as a *predilection*. If it *love light* and *go in search* of it, why not *dislike* a troublesome neighbour, and endeavour to *avoid it*? *Aversion* implies no more of intellect than *attachment* does; and it does appear that the admission of the existence in vegetables of properties superior to those of dead matter, is what our reasoners in this case particularly dread. For ourselves, we confess that we have no fears on the subject. Whatever properties vegetables possess were bestowed on them by a bounteous Creator, for the most wise and beneficent purposes, and no evil can possibly befall us from observing and recognizing them. In this there can surely be nothing of irreligion. The more highly we think of the works of creation, whether animal or vegetable, the more exalted must be our opinion of Him who called them into existence by an act of his will. Were we able to discover in the whole fabric of nature, nothing but pure, disembodied intelligence, the more august would be our conceptions of nature's God. A world of angels would communicate to the mind a more sublime idea than a world of men.

In corroboration of the hypothesis that the Athenian poplar leans from the Lombardy through the influence of an instinctive aversion, we will further state, that if that tree be planted in the vicinity of a house or any other lofty pile of dead matter, it will ascend in a direction nearly perpendicular. It will not uniformly and in any remarkable degree, bend its trunk from the building in quest of light. Yet surely a brick or stone wall is as well calculated for the exclusion of light from it as the branches and leaves of a Lombardy poplar.

The ambitious branch of the balm of Gilead, springing as it does from the south side of the plant, turns very evidently from the sun in assuming a perpendicular direction. It will not, therefore, be alleged that its aspiring motion is produced by an instinctive appetency for light.

Well written discussions on the subjects of these curious vegetable phenomena will be thankfully received. C.

WOLFE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS REGIMENT.

By our military gentlemen in particular the following instructions from general Wolfe to his regiment, at the time of an expected invasion, will not be read without interest. They breathe the same spirit of loyalty and heroism which gave such lustre to the dying moments of that distinguished officer.

"NEITHER officer, non-commissioned officer, nor soldier, is to leave his platoon, or abandon his colours for a slight wound: while a man is able to do his duty, and can stand, and hold his arms, it is infamous to retire.

"A soldier that takes his firelock from his shoulder, and pretends to begin the battle without orders, will be put to death that instant: the cowardice or irregular proceeding of one or two men, is enough to put a whole battalion in danger.

"There is no necessity for firing very fast, a cool well levelled fire, with the pieces carefully loaded, is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion.

"The misbehaviour of any other corps will not affect this battalion, because the officers are determined to give the strongest proofs of their fidelity, zeal, and courage, in which the soldiers will second them with their usual spirit.

"If entrenchments and redoubts are to be defended obstinately, the firing is to begin in a regular manner, when the enemy is within shot, and to continue till they approach very near, and when the troops perceive that they endeavour to get over the parapet, they are to fix their bayonets, and make a bloody resistance.

"If the seat of war should be in this strongly enclosed country, it will be managed chiefly by fire, and every inch of ground that is proper for defence, must be disputed with the enemy; in which case the soldiers will soon perceive the advantage of leveling their pieces properly; and they will likewise discover the use of several evolutions that they now are at a loss to comprehend. The greater facility they have of moving from place to place, and from one enclosure to another, (either together or in separate bodies) without confusion or disorder, the easier they will fall on the enemy with advantage, or retire when it is proper to do so: sometimes to draw the enemy into a dangerous position, and at other times to

take possession of new places of defence which will be constantly prepared behind them.

"If the battalion is to attack another battalion of equal force and like number of ranks, and the country be quite open, it is highly probable that after firing a few rounds they will be commanded to charge with them their bayonets, for which the officers and men should be prepared.

"If a body of foot is posted behind a hedge, ditch, or wall, and being attacked by a superior force, is obliged to retire, the body should move off by files in one or two lines, as perpendicular as possible to the posts they leave, that when the enemy extends himself to fire through the hedges, the object to fire at may be as small as possible, and the march of the retiring body as quick as possible.

"The death of an officer commanding a company or platoon, should be no excuse for the confusion or misbehaviour of the platoon, for while there is an officer or non-commissioned officer left alive, no man is to abandon his colours, or betray his country."

A SINGULAR TRANSLATION.

In the reign of Charles II, a professor of Glasgow, named Zachary Boyd, translated the Bible into rhyme, and left the MS. to the university of Glasgow, with a legacy of three thousand pounds, to defray the expenses of printing it. The university refused to accept the money but retained the MS. That they consulted both their own credit and that of the testator in not publishing it will appear from the following specimen:—

Jonas was three days in the whale's belly without fire or candle,
And had nothing all the while but cold fish guts to handle.

AN INSTANCE OF TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

The Russian army occupied Holstein in 1712. General Bauer commanded the cavalry. All the army were ignorant of his origin, as well as of the place of his birth. On a certain day he invited his officers, and several persons of distinction to dinner. His guests being assembled he sent an invitation to a miller and his wife who lived in the vicinity. They did not accept it without great uneasiness, nor were their troubles lessened by finding the general in the midst of so splendid a circle. Bauer said eve-

ry thing he could to encourage them; he told them that his design in inviting them was that he might enjoy their company, and have the pleasure of entertaining them. On arranging the guests at table, he took care to place them on each side of him. During the repast, he made many inquiries of the miller respecting his family affairs. The latter, having regained his confidence, informed the general that the mill had belonged to his father, and that being his oldest son, he had succeeded to it; that two of his brothers were merchants, and that his sister was married to a man of the same profession; and that with respect to himself, God had blessed his marriage, he having a son and three daughters. Bauer then asked him if there were only three brothers of them? 'We were four, but the last when very young, enlisted, and we have never heard of him; he must therefore have been killed in some battle.' The guests listened to this conversation with the greatest surprize, without being able to guess at the result of it. Bauer seemed not to notice it; at length, addressing the company, 'gentlemen,' said he, 'you have always been desirous of information respecting my birth and my parents; learn then that I was born in this place, and that you have now heard the most minute details respecting my family.' Then turning to the miller and his wife, he embraced them, declaring himself the brother whom they had thought dead, and, to convince them, mentioned several circumstances which had occurred before he quitted his paternal mansion. The next day, the general regaled all the company in the house in which he was born. He acted with the greatest generosity to his relations, and sent the miller's son to Berlin, where he received an education which enabled him to bear with honour the name of Bauer which his uncle had rendered illustrious.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A FABLE.

Intended as a satire on an affected acquaintance with the great.

How many proud of wealth and fame,
 Of fortune and a titled name,
 Of beauty, adoration, dashing,
 Of wit, and leading of the fashion:
 But many too must want the spell
 To charm these sprites from Fortune's cell;
 Yet, though another's, would they claim
 This envied, worthless, trifling fame.
 There's not a chieftain fam'd in arms,
 But, dazzling like a serpent, charms.
 Weak vanity, that from his crown,
 A laurel boasts to deck its own:
 If but a bard, whom glory fires,
 Who knows the pride that fame inspires;
 A hero of adventurous story,
 Or a proud son of naval glory,
 His friends a thousand blockheads rise,
 To share his fame, his dearest prize.
 If you but follow with delight,
 Some belle, the goddess of the night,
 And careless ask, "who is that fair one
 The eyes of all the ball-room stare on?"
 Some weak, unknown, unnoticed creature,
 Joy, pride, or scorn, in every feature:
 Eager replies—"la! sure you jest,—
 Not know Belinda!—I protest!
 I'll introduce you—you're a stranger—
 But—better not—your heart's in danger—
 Young, fair, and—*rich*, you can't withstand her:
 But then so proud—you can't command her:
 Lovers by scores she has rejected,
 And many who were ne'er suspected;
 But I'll not name them—'twould offend,
 And say no more, for—*she's my friend!*"

Thus whether fortune, honour draws,
Or merit shines with just applause,
Enough will glory ever know,
To share the praise its joys bestow.
But far unlike your flatterers bold,
Who teach fools wisdom for their gold,
These nothing take from glory's store,
But rather make it swell the more;
Or trifles—ask it to bestow,
At most a nod, or passing bow:
Forever in their mouths they hold;
A lady fair—a patriot bold;
Acquaintance with each hero claim,
Friends not to fortune but to—Fame.

A mock-bird once of music vain,
Pour'd forth his varied lively strain;
Stol'n from each songster of the grove,
Who throng'd to hear the strains they love;
Close by his side his mate so loving,
Sat mute—each melting air approving;
A stranger flown from other climes,
In raptures heard the charming rhymes;
In truth admired each borrow'd note,
And praised his ever-changing throat;
At length the vain musician pauses,
Fluttering delighted with applause:
“Such melody—such various tone,”
The stranger cries—“sure ne'er was known—
Sir, your acquaintance must be great,
Of course you must be intimate,
To imitate those airs so well.
Nay, e'en the native bird t' excel.”
The songster, in a pet, replied,
“Sir, do not think that I'm allied,
To every music-breathing wretch,
Though from the vulgar oft I catch
An air, and for my whim practise—
Things oft amuse that we despise.”

"True, true my dear" replies his mate,
 "What's mean, we must not always hate,
 But by our company we're known,
 Remember that and then disown
 The vulgar songs of vulgar fowls,
 Give us the nobler strain of owls;
 Or that great bass the peacock taught,
 At my lord Eagle's splendid rout."
 Attention all the feather'd train,
 The mock-bird in his loudest strain,
 Chatter'd in pride with pert grimace,
 The eagle's scream—the peacock's bass;
 "Vain fool," the laughing crowds exclaim,
 "To sully thus thy humbler fame;
 Can then thine equals to despise,
 To boast as friends the great or wise,
 Thy merit brighten?—hide thy flaws?
 No—'tis not thus thou gain'st applause:
*Thine equal's virtues—imitate,
 Nor ape the failings of the great."*

THE SHIP.

CHEER up, my gallant band,
 Fare thee well, dear native land,
 Our pendant waves, the anchor is a trip;
 For free trade and sailor's rights,
 The Columbian seaman fights,
 And his watchword—don't surrender the ship, &c.

 Wide rolls the mountain wave,
 But it frightens not the brave,
 With joyous hearts the cables we will slip;
 When the boasting foe appears,
 Each brave tar his comrade cheers,
 And his watchword—don't surrender the ship, &c.

 A sail, the boatswain cries,
 Her proud pendant sweeps the skies!

Perhaps its waving honours we may clip—
 Our brave captain draws his sword,
 Whilst we echo to the word,
 Gallant lads, oh!—don't surrender the ship, &c.

Now o'er th' affrighted deep,
 How the glowing bullets sweep!
 We've got the daring vaunters on the hip—
 Though their colours nail'd so fast,
 Floated proudly on the mast,
 Yet full gladly they surrender'd their ship, &c.

The free born seaman knows,
 How to spare the fallen foes,
 And cheer their souls with friendship's noble gripe,
 The high prize for which he fights,
 Is *free trade and sailors' rights*,
 But to tyrants ne'er surrenders his ship, &c.

Now to our native shore,
 Safe arrived, my lads, once more,
 Full bumpers raise to every lip;
 To the mem'ry of the brave,
 Who now sleep beneath the wave,
 Who could die—but ne'er surrender the ship.

THE AMERICAN TAR.

THE goddess of Freedom borne down by oppression,
 In Europe's fam'd regions no longer found rest,
 She wept at the heart rending wide desolation,
 And languishing look'd for relief from the west;
 She heard that Columbia was rearing a temple,
 Where she would be worship'd in peace, and in war;
 Old Neptune confirm'd it—cried, 'here is a sample,'
 Presenting with pride—an American Tar.

Cease weeping then, goddess, to thee I've consign'd him,
 He loves thee, and he thy protector will be;
 Believe me, a more gallant youth you will find him,
 Than e'er bore your banners through ocean or sea;

When his galley he trims—firm, resolv'd for the onset,
 Wo, wo to that foe who his prowess shall dare,
 Long will his country lament that he e'er met
 And brav'd the avenging American Tar.

He boasts not—but firm as the oak of his forest,
 Serene as a calm; but as fierce as a storm—
 When wild roars the battle—you'll see him the foremost,
 When victor—the prostrate protecting from harm;
 And I have decreed—he's so gallant a fellow,
 O'er my wide dominion he shall be a star,
 To light you in safety o'er every billow,
 His name—listen nations—American Tar.

The proud turban'd Turk my dominions infested,
 And piracy rang'd uncontroll'd on the wave;
 His courage the tar of Columbia tested,
 And taught him that freemen though peaceful are brave;
 The power that affects the control of the ocean,
 And unfurls her cross flag for destruction and war,
 Who, vaunting her strength, threw the world in commotion,
 The trident resign'd to the American Tar.

For the rights of his country he fights—not for plunder,
 No longer injustice shall harass the deep,
 I give my trident—and *Jove* gives his thunder,
 And well he the sacred deposits shall keep;
 Beneath his mild sway, sailors' rights well protected
 Shall be—and free trade shed its blessings afar,
 The praises of nations shall greet the respected,
 The daring, heroic, American Tar.

TO SYDNEY.

Oh! Sydney, I've a grief within,
 "That passes outward show,"
 A pang that tears my heart in twain.
 And fills my breast with wo.

It is not love's consuming fire,
 Nor wild Ambition's flame,
 No—heaven be prais'd—I ne'er aspire
 To tread the cliff of fame.

Nor is't, my friend, that fiend Remorse,
 In torments still prolific;
 Of *fruit forbidden* 'tis the curse,
 Oh! 'tis a fit of—*colic*!

QUEVEDO.

FRIBBLE.

Fribble's blam'd for torturing art,
 T' improve his form and air,
 Because upon his mind and heart,
 He ne'er bestows a care.

His censors much injustice prove,
 Condemning Fribble's whim,
 For how can the fair beau improve
 What nature *gave not him*.

QUEVEDO.

EPIGRAMS.

THE coral lips' seducing pout,
 Methought 'twere heaven to kiss;
 They op'd—such venom'd words came out,
 They seem'd a serpent's hiss.

So once where flow'rs their fragrance breathe,
 I stoop'd to smell a rose,
 A caitiff bee, that slept beneath,
 Awaking, stung my nose.

QUEVEDO.

Abroad Flirtilla laughs for ay,
 At home it is not so,
 Is't from good nature? no! then why?
Her teeth are white as snow.

ON A MISER.

Old Gripeall, on his wretched bed lay ill,
 Grim death preferring to the doctor's bill,
 And if at Heaven's own gate were claim'd a toll,
 Rather than pay, he'd forfeit e'en his soul.

TO ———.

That Nature gave not Beauty's charms,
 Was she to thee unkind?
 Her proudest work, that Time disarms,
 She lavish'd on thy mind.

QUEVEDO.

PROFUNDITY.

That Tom's a sage to doubt's a sin,
 His learning's so profound;
 In truth it lies so deep within,
 It never has been found.

SENSIBILITY.

You say Tom has a callous breast,
 He's feeling I'll be sworn;
 What, doubting still? apply the test,
 Go, tread upon his *corn*.

FLIRTILLA.

Dost know why bound in jewels bright
 Flirtilla's *head* is seen?
 To dazzle by external light,
 Since *darkness* *rests* *within*.

QUEVEDO.

THE RESCUED LAMB.

THE ground was thick covered with new-fallen snow,
And chill blew the north wind around;
When a poor little lamb that had strayed from its flock,
Half perished and starving I found.

Its delicate limbs were all stiff with the cold,
And so touching its weak plaintive cry,
That as it look'd wistfully up in my face,
I felt a tear start to my eye.

Poor wanderer! I cried, hard indeed is thy fate,
Thus early left friendless, alone;
Whilst thy mother distracted perhaps at thy loss,
Makes the vallies resound to her moan.

But thou ne'er shall have cause to repine at thy lot,
For I'll be a mother to thee;
I'll cherish thee fondly, and feed thee with care,
And my own little pet thou shalt be.

In my arms I then raised it, and, wrapt in my cloak,
To my cottage I gently convey'd;
Where nursing it tenderly, soon it reviv'd,
And with bleatings my kindness repaid.

Each morn from my hand now its food it receives,
While it frisks at my side all the day,
And gratefully tries by its innocent sports,
To beguile the lone hours away.

Oft I envy the quiet that reigns in its breast,
And to share in its sportiveness try;
But it looks in my face, and seems meekly to say,
Thou'lt ne'er be as happy as I.

ELIZA.

To the authoress of "Moral Pieces in prose and verse," lately published
at Hartford, in Connecticut.

FROM whence those notes so soft and clear,
That drop their sweetness on my ear!

Some shepherd's pipe, whose little flock,
 Reclines beneath the shelving rock,
 That echoes back the sylvan sound,
 And bears its plaintive murmur round.
 Full well I ween that strains like these,
 May float upon the evening breeze,
 And as the shadowy forms arise,
 Mingle soft music with their sighs!
 Whate'er thou art, thy gentle strain,
 Has rous'd my dying Muse again—
 But soft! Ah! yes, I know thee now,
 No mountain shepherd boy art thou,
 That tend'st thy sheep on summits rude,
 Tuning thy pipe in solitude;
 And yet, a *shepherdess* thou art,
 Thy precious flock, the infant heart!
 I too, like thee, am called to bend
 The pliant osier to its end,
 And may it grow beneath my guide,
 Like willow by the water side.

Sweet shepherdess, my Muse has spoke,
 And in *thy cause* her silence broke,
 Full many a year has pass'd its round,
 Since her wrapt spirit breath'd a sound;
 Nor will she turn again to stone,
 Without one lesson from thy own,
 She knows the witching arts that bind,
 In fancy's chain the ardent mind.

Yes! ever let thy youthful care,
 First in thy heart their influence bear;
 "And, when thy Muse, with syren smile,
 Shall bring her sweetest rhyme,
 Still, coldly, bid her go away,
 And come another time."^{*}

* "Desertion of the Muse," by the authoress of "Occasional Poems."

SONG.

AT Columbia's loud call my dear William consented,
And to my fond arms bade a tender adieu,
In hopes to return with the laurels of glory;
And reap all the fruits of affection so true.

While Fortune, who laughs at the purpose of mortals,
Had said that I ne'er should behold him again;
In the cold silent grave, my sweet William neglected,
Lies far from his love among heaps of the slain.

When bravely he fell, in the front of the battle,
Contending with Britons by Erie's dark wave,
Oh! had I been there to expire with my lover,
Nor lived thus a victim to woe for the brave.

Yet, cease my poor widowed heart from thy sorrow,
A few years at most, shall thy William restore,
In the pure land of heroes with transport I'll join him,
Where war and where death shall divide us no more.

—

THE following acrostic on the name of Washington, must be regarded as a kind of literary curiosity. It was written immediately after the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, during our Revolutionary War, by a lady approaching Silybian age. A *full century* had emptied its accumulated snows on her head, without chilling her virtues or impairing her intellect. Her heart was still susceptible, her fancy warm, and her diction pliable. Her mind appears to have contracted through indolence nothing of the rust of age, nor was her sensibility blunted by reiterated impression. Although she did not write with all the elegance and ease of a well disciplined poet, she appears to have felt, at a period of life when others have almost ceased to feel, with the spring-tide glow and enthusiasm of youth, while she judged with the ripened experience of age. Independently of other considerations, the lines are hallowed by the exalted name which their initials record.

WITNESS ye sons of Tyranny's dark womb,
And see in laurelled state the hero come;
Serene, majestic, lo! he gains the field,
His heart is tender, though his arm is steeled.

Intent on Virtue and her cause so fair,
None treats the bleeding captive with such care:
Greatness of soul his course resplendent shows,
Thus virtue from celestial bounty flows.
Our George, ordained the victor's sword to wield,
Now breaks the British yoke and is his country's shield.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR correspondents will not, we trust, consider themselves neglected because they are not particularly addressed by name or in character. While we feel as strongly as gratitude *can* feel, the favours of each, it shall be our study, as it is our earnest desire, to do strict and even handed justice to all. Their communications shall appear at such times and in such order as may, in our deliberate and best judgment, contribute most to enhance the merit of the Port Folio, and increase its interest in the minds of our readers. In selecting and arranging our articles, we can truly say, with all the impartiality of the Carthaginian queen,

"Tros Tyriusque nobis nullo discrimine agetur."

A continuation of favours as usual is requested.

An interview with Quevedo, (whom we believe to be a Philadelphian) if not disagreeable to him, would be gratifying to us, and not, perhaps, altogether useless to either. This request, as we are persuaded our correspondent will do us the justice to believe, proceeds from no prurient curiosity to know who he is. We are wholly incapable of being influenced by such a motive. Our object is, simply to settle, in a personal conference, a point or two of literary business, which cannot so well be adjusted by letter.

In case of Quevedo's desiring his name to remain concealed, his wish to that effect shall be scrupulously regarded.

Such authors and publishers of new and interesting works, in different parts of the United States, as may wish to have the same noticed or reviewed in the Port Folio, shall be gratified.

tified, with as little delay as possible, provided they will either furnish us with suitable notices or reviews themselves, or transmit to us copies of the works to enable us to have the requisite articles prepared. In either case they will have the goodness to make such arrangements as not to subject the proprietor of *The Port Folio* to the expense of postage.

The review of *Lara* by our obliging correspondent X. will appear in the July number of *The Port Folio*. The delay that has occurred in the publication of that paper has arisen from a concurrence of circumstances which we could not well control. The author will greatly oblige us by continuing his favours.

We flatter ourselves that some of our poetic correspondents will feel a sufficiency of the *amor patriæ*, quickened by the influence of the Pythian god, to induce them to furnish us with a few songs or odes suitable for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of our national independence. We are, at this interesting conjuncture, the more anxious for the reception of some productions worthy of the occasion, from a belief, that it will be celebrated with every possible demonstration of joy, and in a style of unusual splendour and magnificence. Nor have we, for many years, had such powerful incentives to fire our enthusiasm as at the present moment. Thanks to our heroes of the ocean, and to those valiant and high-minded warriors on shore, who have been so prodigal of their blood in the north and the south, our character as a people, as well for skill in arms as for courage and enterprize, has attained to a height which cannot be surpassed. In foreign countries, an American is now a personage, if not of distinction, at least of flattering consideration and respect. His name alone is an infallible passport to the ranks of honour.

Under such circumstances, we should be mortified at not being enabled to contribute our part, in our editorial capacity, to swell and enliven the fete that is approaching.

Our military and naval officers, who, during the late war, have so repeatedly witnessed the heroic conduct of their soldiers and sailors, will confer a particular favour on us, gratify our read-

ers in no common degree, and, which is still more important, aid in doing justice to the American character, by communicating to us, for publication, accounts of such distinguished acts of individual gallantry, or of the gallantry of divisions or corps as may, from time to time, have fallen under their notice. In making such communications, it will be important that the places of achievement be specified, and the meritorious individuals or corps designated by name.

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